

Australian

PENTHOUSE

NEW ZEALAND \$4.25

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1984 \$2.95

SEX AND DRUGS: THE DANGEROUS QUEST FOR ECSTASY

STING:
A POLICE VERBAL

BIRD SMUGGLING:
THE COCKATOO
CONNECTION

THE '87 CHALLENGE:
CAN WE KEEP
THE AMERICA'S CUP?

MR MARTIAL ARTS:
BOB JONES
INTERVIEW

**THE GREAT
AUSTRALIAN
GRAND PRIX
RACE**

WIN A \$4000
ADVENTURE
HOLIDAY!

New Toyota Supra. Move over Turin, here comes Tokyo.



The areas of Turin and Milan, in Northern Italy, have long been leading centres in the world of high performance automotive innovation. The home of such legendary names as Ferrari, Maserati, Lancia, Alfa Romeo, Bertone and Pininfarina.

New Toyota Supra is about to challenge such European exclusivity.

It has been described as the most exciting Toyota ever, the flagship of Toyota technology, and with very good reason.

Supra will be as impressive on our highways as it is on an autostrada.

A welcome development from the Spartan style of road warriors, to a luxury sports car that still has the iron will of a Samurai without denying the driver or passengers their creature comforts.

SUPERLATIVE STYLING.

You simply have to look at Supra to see that it is a super car.

The wedge-shaped styling literally slips through the air. With wind resistance cut to a mere 0.35 drag coefficient (the same as a Porsche 944).

The retractable headlights, built-in driving lights, bumper and air-scoop combine to present a picture of aerodynamic efficiency and elegant design.

A LUXURY INTERIOR THAT IS ANYTHING BUT SUPERFICIAL.

Sit inside and you enter a world like that of Luke

Skywalker, ready to win the 'car wars'.

The instruments are completely digital. Concise and easy to read. They feature a speed sensor, zone display tachometer and fuel gauge, and a segmented water temperature gauge.

Another impressive element is something the driver will rarely look at, but always use. The sports driver's seat is adjustable 16 separate ways, including something no other car has in Australia, a pneumatic lumbar support.

And there are so many standard luxury features on this anything but standard car, like a stereo system better than those in many homes, the only major options to consider are electric sun roof, genuine Toyota air conditioning and cruise control.

A TRUE SUPER POWER.

If the engine is the heart of a true performance sports car, Supra is indeed in excellent shape.



It is powered by Toyota's remarkable new, low inertia Super Responsive engine.

A 2.8 litre, OHC 6 cylinder, electronically fuel injected power plant that turns the accelerator into an exhilarator. With engineering that refines this raw ability into sheer driving enjoyment.

YOU DON'T NEED TO BE SUPERMAN.

Unlike some sports cars you don't have to work like Fangio to handle the excellent performance.

Supra's road manners are impeccable.

The flared guards house low profile 60 series tyres on 7" alloy wheels that hug the road.

The rack and pinion power steering, combined with all-independent Toyota Suspension Tuning, and a limited slip differential let you hug corners and straighten out sharp curves.

You also have a choice of a snappy 5-speed manual transmission, or responsive 4-speed overdrive automatic.

Not only does Supra go quickly, it also stops quickly and surely with 4-wheel disc brakes.

The other thing that sets Supra apart from other high performance sports cars is that you don't have to be a Howard Hughes to buy it.

SUPRA. THE SUPER TOYOTA.

It is a car designed for people who take their driving seriously, and place demands on their machinery.

So you get true European performance with the solid, reliable character that distinguishes Toyota.

The new Supra proves that Toyota is well on the way to becoming the new super power in affordable performance.

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

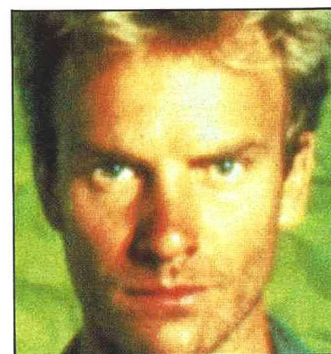
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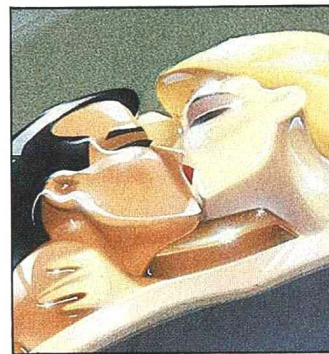
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Rustling Feathers



The Sting

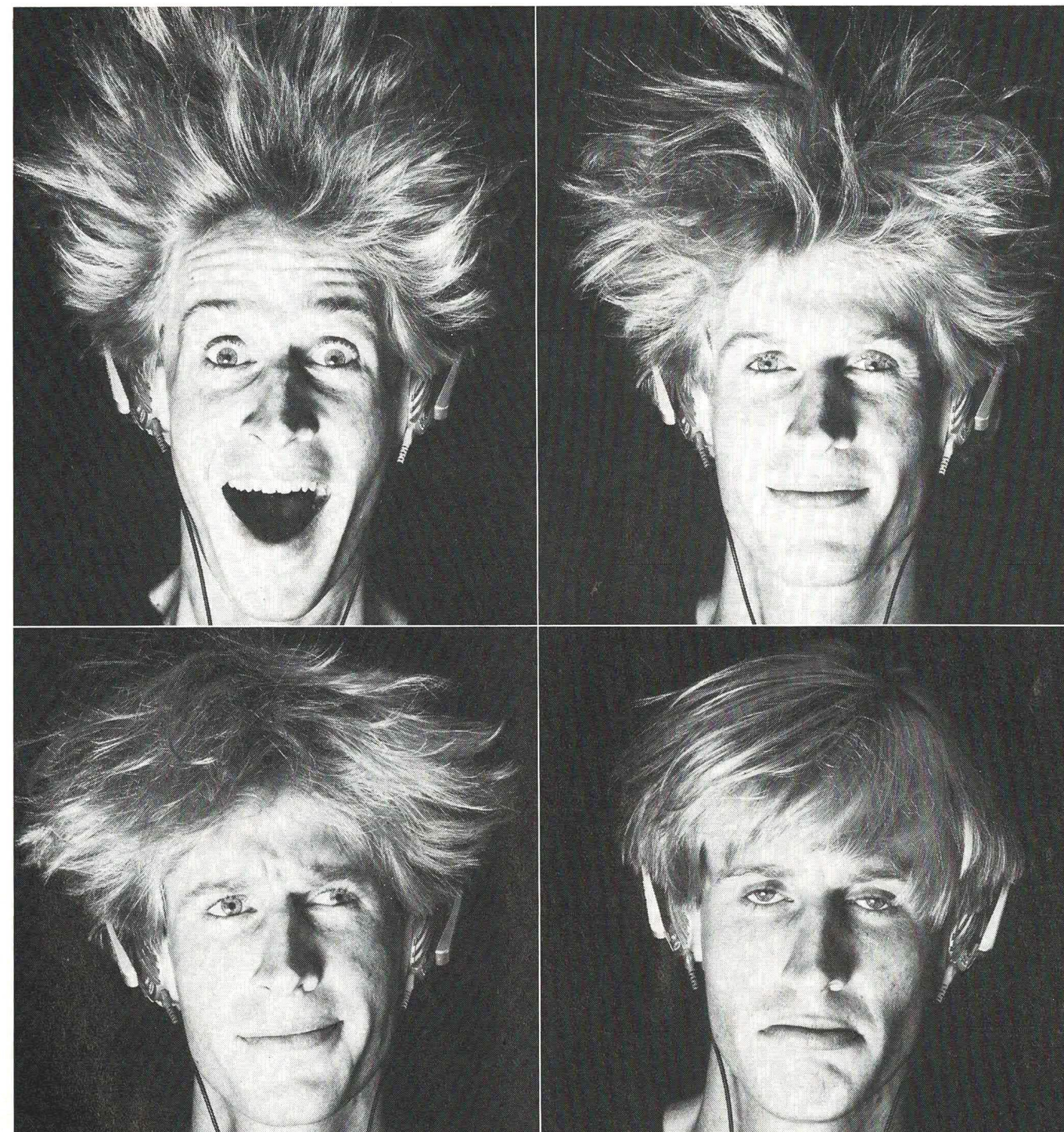


Sex and Drugs



Animal Acts

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When you buy a blank tape that's all you could end up with.

If your favourite recordings are fading away, it's not you losing your hearing, it's probably your tape losing its oxide coating.

It could be that the oxide particles weren't bound onto the tape well enough in the first place.

Or possibly they were laid unevenly which causes friction, which in turn causes shedding.

But why waste words on inferior tape when we could be telling you about Sony Tape.

At Sony we've developed a superior binding process that positively ensures the microfine magnetic particles stay put. We also polish our tape to a mirror finish to reduce the friction that can also cause fading.

Sony's unique SP mechanism means the tape winds evenly and runs smoothly without sticking or jamming.

So that in years to come, your recordings will sound as crisp and clean as the day you recorded them.

Look for the Sony range from Type I to Type IV 'metal' tapes. There's a new BHF Type I tape in a shiny green foil pack that sets a new standard in sound.

You've got everything to gain. And nothing to lose.



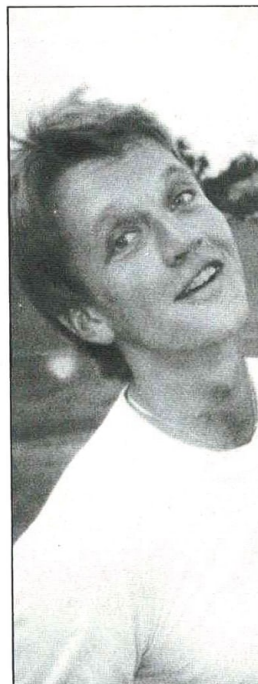
SONY
True sound time after time.
ClemSyd SAT 9132



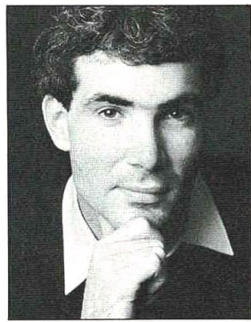
NIGEL BUCHANAN



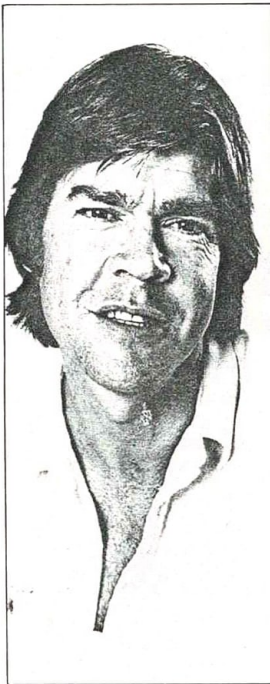
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GREG HUNTER



MARK FOGARTY



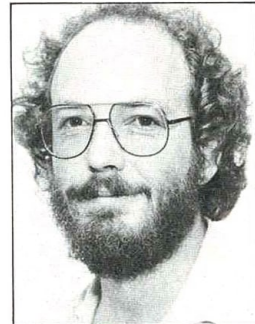
PETER CORRIS



DEAN TAYLOR



PHIL ABRAHAM



DANNY MORTISON

HOUSECALL

The effect of drugs on human sexuality is a subject which has always been avoided by the scientific community. The result is that seekers of drug-inspired sexual bliss face a dangerous information gap. *Penthouse* staff writer Greg Hunter sets out to remedy that situation this month by examining the short and long-term effects of the more popular illicit substances on sexual desire and performance. His conclusions will force a rethink by the youthful gurus of the drug culture. Nigel Buchanan created the stylish illustration for Sex and Drugs. Turn to page 52.

While the sex and drug connection may be taboo, the link between drugs and smuggling is consistently prominent in the media. However, one racket which rivals drug smuggling for sheer profitability remains low-profile. Every year thousands of birds, reptiles and other protected animals are smuggled out of Australia for sale to wealthy buyers in the US and Europe. Authorities estimate that the turnover of this contemptible trade exceeds \$40 million a year. In *Rustling Feathers*, starting on page 34, *Penthouse* crime writer Bob Bottom reveals the sophisticated methods employed by Australian wildlife smugglers.

Humorist Adam Bowen is the first to admit he's no Robert Redford. But even so, nobody should have to endure the adolescent tortures he suffered before finally breaking his duck. In *Young Love* on page 58, Bowen describes the series of absurd encounters with the opposite sex which led to the loss of his virginity. Graeme Davey created the eccentric artwork.

Now that the euphoria of winning the America's Cup has subsided, it's a good time to take a realistic look at Australia's chances of keeping the Auld Mug, which is what Mark Fogarty does in *Soothsailing*, on page 82. Fogarty, whose predictions on the '83 Cup challenge in last September's *Penthouse* turned out to be spot on, has been keeping tabs on the fleet of foreign challengers who are already preparing to do battle off Fremantle in 1987. He concludes that winning the Cup was a piece of cake compared with the task of hanging on to it.

The Australian rodeo circuit is one of the roughest, toughest sporting arenas on the planet, and the Mount Isa Rodeo is the biggest event on the calendar. Roving *Penthouse* correspondent Danny Mortison was at the Isa meeting to capture the action in a sport that sorts out the pros from the pretenders in a matter of seconds. *Animal Acts* starts on page 88.

You'd expect the lead singer from the world's most successful

rock band to be wallowing in the rewards of stardom. But the Police's frontman Sting says he feels like the man on the highest tightrope in the circus tent. Timothy White's penetrating profile on page 62 — the result of many hours of interviews and observation — reveals a complex character who claims that insanity would have intervened if he had not found his musical outlet.

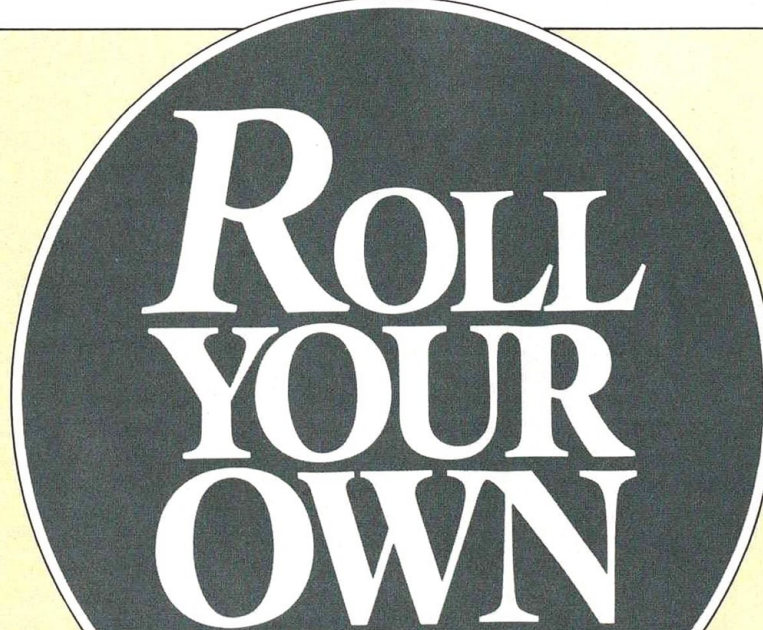
Detective story writer Peter Corris created a winner with his Cliff Hardy character. After spending months on the local best-seller lists, Cliff will soon appear on the big screen after the sale of film rights for *The Empty Beach*. *Penthouse* presents the laconic detective's latest exploits in *Cliff Hardy And The Maltese Falcon*, starting on page 102. Dean Taylor sets the mood with his colorful illustration.

In this month's motoring feature, Peter McKay looks at the machinations of boardroom power as a bunch of heavyweight contenders vie for the right to stage Australia's first Formula One grand prix. On the motorcycle scene, Noel Christensen explains why BMW have come up with their first genuinely new model in 60 years. The *Rising Son* is on page 124. And in *Stereo Simpatico* (page 96), hi-fi expert Mike Taylor looks at the future of consumer electronics, where "integration" has become the operative word.

Martial arts entrepreneur Bob Jones has progressed from streetfighting in the Fifties, to being a bouncer in the Sixties, to doing security work in the Seventies and becoming a martial arts entrepreneur in the Eighties. On his way to the top of an unusual profession, he's amassed some remarkable experiences. Jones talks about some of his confrontations with Phil Abraham on page 128. He proved to be such a lucid and entertaining subject that the interview has been divided into two parts, with the second instalment appearing next month.

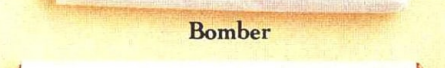
Pet of the Month Karen James is the prettiest thing that's ever been exported from Newcastle. As the lead vocalist for a band called Blind Faith, she's much more than a pretty face. You'll agree with that assessment after glancing at her stunning centre-spread. Chris Dickson was the man behind the lens. Ed Holzman captured 21-year-old Julia Parton while Hank Londoner shot the delightful Lisa Schultz to complete this month's complement of Pets. Lisa boasts that she's as strong as an ox — but she certainly doesn't look like one.

Last but not least, *Penthouse* continues its popular policy of offering you something for nothing. And this month it's really something: a 48-day adventure holiday which encompasses the best of Australian Himalayan Expeditions' adventure options, valued at more than \$4000. It's the ultimate hairy-chested holiday and you can have it by answering three simple questions on page 142. Have a go — you're mad if you don't. O+



Roll YOUR OWN

Different smokes
for different folks.

-  El Supremo
-  Racehorse
-  Bomber
-  Regular
-  Trumpet

It's all
a matter of
taste.



Flavour & mildness in one



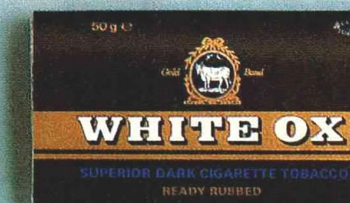
Smooth, full flavoured



Full taste, easy roll



Mild toasted American



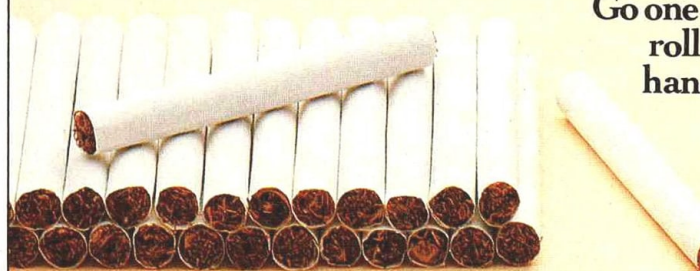
Fire cured, rich flavour



Subtle, sweet, aromatic



Mild cool menthol



Go one better—
roll one
handed.



A luxury that's an economy.

M O R E S A T I S F Y I N G

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Fair play

I'm not surprised that Greg Hunter's excellent article *The Great Yowie Hunt* (August *Penthouse*) drew some heavy flak from Yowie hunter Rex Gilroy (Feedback, November *Penthouse*). Rex, apparently unable to handle the difficult questions posed by Mr Hunter during their interview, has now accused him of being a "rude" and inaccurate reporter.

In the interests of fair play, I'd like to say that in my 10 years of Bigfoot/Yowie/Yeti research I've never met a journalist who approached the subject in a more professional manner than Greg Hunter. During our lengthy interview I found him to be highly organised, clear-thinking and thorough. Although properly sceptical, he was at all times friendly and polite. The Great Yowie Hunt is far and away the best article ever written about the Australian apeman.

Incidentally, a fellow researcher and I are presently attempting to plot — geographically and chronologically — all apparently genuine Yowie reports. If *Penthouse* readers have any relevant information we would greatly appreciate their sending it to us, c/o Box 253, Kingston, ACT 2604. — *Tony Healy, Canberra, ACT*

Monkey business

I would like to comment on Denis Whitburn's article *Monkey Business* in October *Penthouse*. This is more than a letter to the editor. It is an expression of appreciation from one Tarzan fan to another.

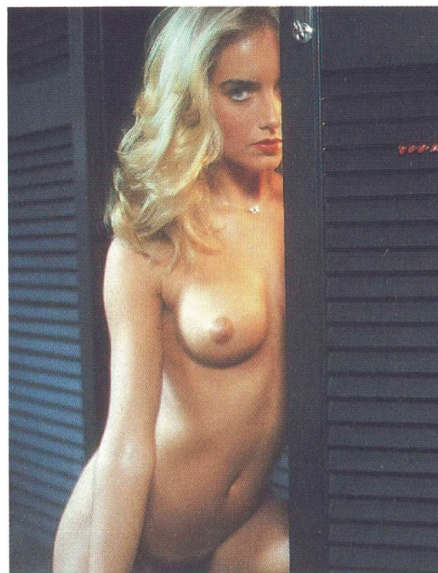
I thought the article was an excellent precis of the many books on Tarzan and appreciated the information Whitburn provided on the upcoming Tarzan movie. I thoroughly enjoyed *Monkey Business*. — *Bob Wood, Wallsend, NSW*

The critic's lot

Well fuck you too, Denis Whitburn. How dare you casually dismiss Francis Ford Coppola's *One From The Heart* (September *Penthouse*) as "dreadful".

Not only do I consider this film to be a cinematic breakthrough, I also believe it to be the first film to use over-the-top technical effects to create pure romance. It redefines the shape of the movie musical.

One From The Heart is dreadful only if you have a square head and a heart of stone. If Whitburn thinks this film is "studio bound" and "non-musical", then he must



Karina Schally... hot strudel?

be about as romantic as a computer. — *Clive Dorman, Norwood SA*

Chesty bonds

I am a 21-year-old girl. I am extremely big and heavily busted. Despite this, I enjoy swimming and sunbaking in the nude. In fact, I feel shy and self-conscious in bikinis and swimsuits which draw attention to my proportions. I have talked to other big girls and they feel the same way. So how about featuring some over-generously endowed women in your magazine to give us encouragement. — *Mary Beasley, Beenleigh, Qld*

An Asian affair

As a regular reader of your magazine I would appreciate seeing an in-depth article on the sexual services which are available to travellers in Asia.

My interest is inspired by my intention to holiday in this region in the near future. However, I am at a loss to find any information on the quality and costs of the services which are available. Thank you for a terrific magazine and keep up the good work. — *Graham Taylor, Mosman Park, WA*

A story on this very subject is currently in the pipeline. — *Ed*

Smorgasbord

Congratulations on the new *Penthouse* International pictorial feature. I just picked

up your December issue and all my Christmases came at once. Nine Pet Of The Year finalists, a cheeky centrefold in Japanese get-up, a scantily clad ballerina (tutu terrific), plus this new international smorgasbord — this issue's got to be a collectors' item! How about another look at your Austrian representative, Karina Schally? Mate, she was one hot strudel. — *J. Davis, WA*

Say cheese

I'm a regular *Penthouse* buyer and I must say I was very impressed with the stunning credentials of your November Pet Of The Month, New Zealander Candis Davey. She's certainly the best advertisement for dairy products I've seen for a long time.

It makes me wonder why some bigoted Aussies complain so bitterly about expatriate Kiwis flocking to our shores, when their number includes the likes of Candis Davey.

I'm also pleased to say that the appearance of the curvaceous Candis in *Penthouse* serves as another breakthrough for open-mindedness, by helping to destroy the much-perpetuated myth that Australia holds some sort of monopoly when it comes to more-than-attractive ladies.

In fact, as a well-travelled voyeur, I can assure you that there are many stunners in lands other than Australia and New Zealand. Some of those countries with warmer climes to our north, in particular, come to mind. So, what's the chance of having a roving photographer venture off to such places as Thailand or the Philippines, with the idea of capturing some of their fair and fragrant petals on film? An exotic spread, tanned and tropical, would be most appreciated. — *Barry Robinson, Sydney*

Keep an eye out for upcoming *Pet of the Month*, Asian beauty May Ling: she'll blow your socks off. — *Ed*

Flatbush fan

My greatest turn-on is pantyhose. I think this item of female apparel is extremely sexy and I am sure many other men would agree. However, I have never seen your Pets wearing this sort of underwear. I am sure you would arouse a great deal of appreciation if you featured some pantyhose in a *Pet Pictorial*. — *PJ, Hexham, Vic*

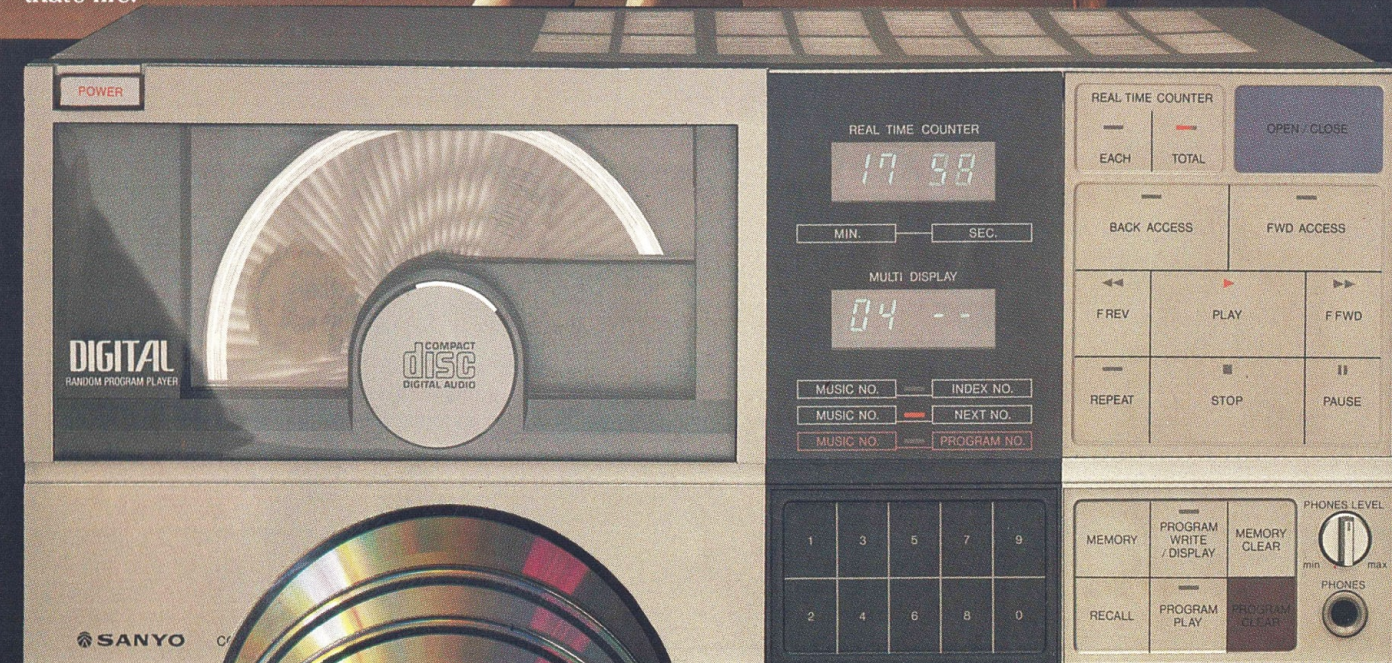
"My Dad taught me the true meaning of the word fidelity."

Totally faithful sound reproduction, the elusive goal of all hi-fi makers, has always been just out of reach... until now.

Sound quality from the Sanyo's Dad 8 is identical to that of the original digital master tape bringing for the first time, studio quality sound to you in the comfort of your home.

It's Sanyo's Compact Disc technology, a revolution in more compact, more beautiful, more lasting listening pleasure. Already this digital audio technology using laser optics is transforming the true audiophile's world and a wealth of commercially-available 12cm, hour-long, one-sided compact discs are sold at leading audio/high fidelity outlets. Why don't you pause in your travels and experience this incredible quantum leap into the future of pre-recorded audio equipment? The Sanyo Digital Audio Disc Player awaits you...with pleasure!

I always listen to my dad...but that's life.



DAD 8

Revolutionary advancement in high-fidelity sound reproduction through computer technology.

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Flavour and mildness rolled into one.



New Drum Mild.
The flavour and satisfaction of Drum, now in a mild version too.

BDP(S)DRM19

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

False advertising

Up and down and up and down moved my furiously pumping hand; the fingers tightly gripping my blood-engorged shaft. I looked down to stare at the swollen purpleness of my glans, the crack of my piss hole opening and closing, smiling at me as I beat it into ecstasy. In front of me lay a sun-bronzed love goddess from a recent *Penthouse*, her body posed in a particularly alluring way, one finger pulling her labia open for all to see. The moist pinkness sent the deepest pleasure centres of my brain buzzing with activity. Once again, the familiar yet magical feeling of increasing tension exploding into orgasm overwhelmed me. I looked down again, and opened my eyes just in time to witness the initial splurt of creamy testicular juice jetting from my dick. Despite my momentary loss of control, I was suprised to find that I'd managed to land my wad dead centre, all over the vagina of my *Penthouse* partner. Unquestionably, this ruined the page for any future observer — but then, orgasm is the most selfish moment one can experience. I closed the magazine, thus glueing together pages 80/81 forever, and ending yet another in a series of mid-evening stroke sessions. I felt relieved, and "Mr Happy" shrivelled from pure exhaustion.

After cleaning up and relaxing for a while, I pondered what to do next. Hmmm, I could go out to the neighborhood pub for a few cold ones and some casual chat with the locals. But there wasn't much chance to meet women there, so I opted for a club in the centre of town.

Dressed smartly, with a very thin tie, I entered the club and surveyed the surroundings. Darkness alternated with the flash of strobes and the flicker of neon. Monster speakers blasted a pulsating rhythm that I could feel as well as hear. My body moved quite naturally on to the crowded dance floor. Slightly inhibited at first, I soon warmed and began to really move.

It was then that I noticed her. She was dressed (almost) in a skintight latex outfit, thrusting her pelvis to the beat, her breasts struggling to break free of their tenuous confinement. She was just one of many gorgeous women there, but she was watching me. Our eyes met and she gave me the hungriest, most inviting look I could imagine. We moved closer and danced together to the next few tunes. Finally, with

sweat pouring off my brow, I pulled her off the dance floor and yelled that I wanted to buy her a drink.

We found two stools at the bar and ordered drinks. We had to almost shout to communicate, but I managed to learn that her name was Heather, she was a secretary, and was with her friend Sara, who was still dancing. She wasted no time in telling me that she was attracted to my "big bulge" and that she wanted to see how much of me she could stuff inside her mouth. I began to salivate at the thought, but then I remembered that it was the sock I had stuffed in my crotch that had caught her eye. Panic engulfed me as I pictured the potentially embarrassing scene that was bound to occur once she unzipped my pants.

"Is size really that important to you?" I managed to stammer out.

"You know it, lover," she said. "But from the looks of it, you don't have anything to worry about."

Then she suddenly reached out and grabbed my crotch. Her change of expression left no doubt that she was aware of my deception.

Just then her friend walked up and blurted out, "Hey, you found a hot one there, didn't you?"

"No! This faggot should be arrested for false advertising," and she explained my fake bulge.

"The nerve of some arseholes. Let's go," Sara said with a look of pure disgust, and in an instant they were gone to hunt further in the neon jungle.

I can't actually remember leaving the club; such was my state of dazed humiliation. When I was back in my room, still blushing with embarrassment, my thoughts drifted back again to the sight of Heather's pert breasts bouncing to the beat, her hard nipples straining against her top. And that memory stiffened my pal, small though he may be, and gave him a well-deserved stretch. — Name and address withheld.

Fringe benefits

My wife and I both work and we have two small children. It has been a continuous problem to find and keep a good baby-sitter. Since we have a large home we decided to hire a live-in baby-sitter, and it has worked out exceedingly well.

Lucy, our baby-sitter, is short, with dark hair. She is not fat but has a full figure with

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Andrew Cowell

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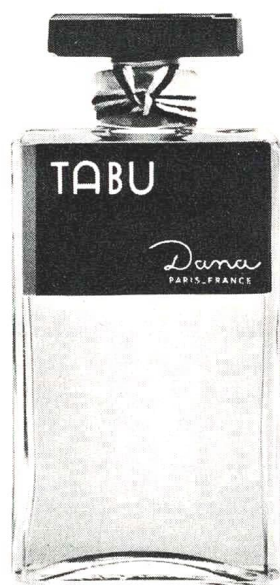
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FEBRUARY



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The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

shapely legs and full breasts. I was turned on by her right from the beginning but I had to hide this fact so that my wife, Paula, would not be suspicious.

Lucy was a very warm and friendly person who likes to kiss and hug the children all the time. She could be described as a "touchy-feely" person who liked warm physical contact with others. She was the perfect babysitter.

Whenever I could, I arranged to sit beside Lucy on the couch when watching TV so I could "accidentally" touch knees, elbows, or feet. Whenever I did this she made no efforts to move away; in fact, she always adjusted her position to make the warm contact closer. It was the same when sitting or lying on the children's bed just before they went to sleep. At all times I was very subtle and shy about this. I really didn't want to get caught.

Another thing that really turned me on was that Lucy was very open and free and natural about touching Paula. It was interesting to note that Paula never made any efforts to reduce the contact, whether it was brushing each other's hair, adjusting each other's clothing, or just holding on to each other as they passed in a busy, crowded kitchen. Paula always was a bit of an exhibitionist and would often walk around almost nude when Lucy was around.

One Friday night I came home and found Lucy and Paula lying on the floor in front of the TV. Paula was teaching Lucy how to do some exercises. I sat down pretending to watch TV but really intending to watch the girls exercise.

Both girls had satiny nighties on with nothing underneath. How did I know this? Well, when they started to do leg circles up in the air, I got a full view of two beautiful cunts and I think they knew what they were doing. I was going crazy trying to look at the view yet appear to be watching the TV. Finally, when they were doing spread-eagles lying on their backs and I was staring at the cunt lips with all my concentration, Lucy said, "Hey, no peeking." This made both of them laugh and embarrassed me so much I didn't know that to say.

Right after that we all retired for the evening. I was so horny I could hardly take it. Funny thing was, so was Paula. When my fingers found her cunt I could not believe how wet with excitement she was. She was literally dripping streams down the inside of her leg. She helped me finger herself and we both enjoyed the slurping and slushing sounds of her cunt. At one point I immersed my two fingers in her and brought them to her mouth and she eagerly licked and sucked them. She had never tasted cunt juice before, and this was great turn-on for both of us. Soon she was licking her own juiced-up fingers. She

said two things that surprised me: She asked me if I enjoyed the view, and of course I said yes, and she said, "Eat me" Never before had she said such a thing. This all made me think that she and Lucy knew what they were doing during the exercises and they knew I was watching and that I was turned on. It also made me think that my wife might be slightly bisexual.

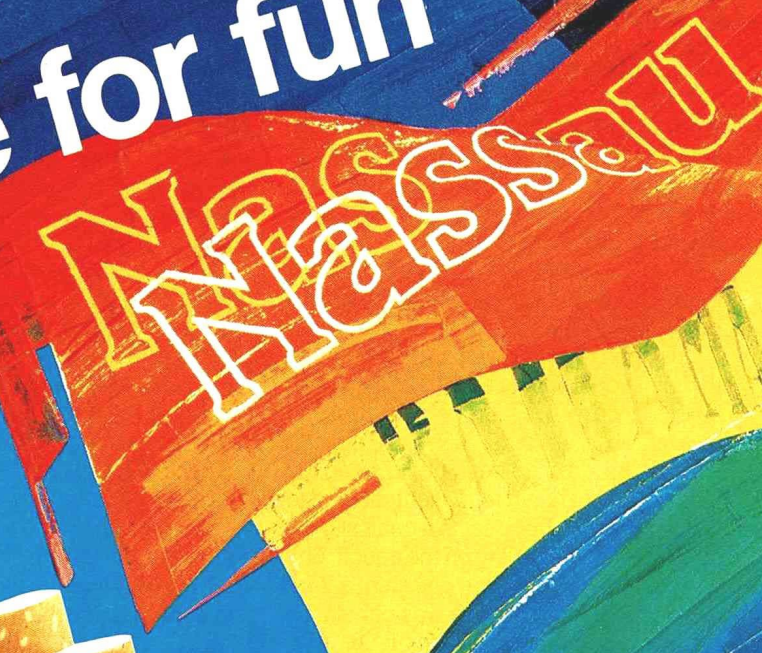
The next day was a hot, beautiful Saturday. It was too hot to do anything but just laze around, and that was exactly what we did. Both Lucy and Paula had skimpy bikinis on and they lay out on the deck to sunbathe. I took a chair in the shade with a strategic view, pretending to read a book.

For the most part the girls lay on their stomachs and there was not much to see. Eventually Lucy turned over on her back. I remembered from the night before that she had a very thick, black, hairy patch around her cunt, but the light was poor and her legs were constantly moving, so I didn't get a good look. Today was different, though. She had on a skimpy bottom that was really too small. She had beautiful curly pubies poking out the sides and the top of her bikini. This was a real turn-on for me because it reminds me of raw, natural womanhood I was having a real good stare trying to make out the faint impression of her cunt lips when she caught me looking and our eyes met. Unexpectedly, she half-smiled and stared in a warm way. Soon she started to part her legs and raise her one knee in the air. This created a great view for me as I saw more and more pubic hair sticking out. Then she adjusted her bathing suit bottom right in my plain view only a little way away. Her hands lingered around her crotch for what seemed like minutes. All this time her eyes were closed but I knew that she knew I was watching intently. My heart was pumping like crazy. I was so nervous I didn't know what to do.

Right at that time Paula stirred and asked if I would put some suntan oil on, but I muttered that Lucy would be better at it. Lucy agreed to do it and stood on her knees over Paula, who was now lying on her back. She was between Paula's parted legs and started up at her shoulders. When she got near her bikini top I started to pay attention. She was applying oil very slowly and smoothly in a massage-like manner. Her hands slipped in and out of Paula's bikini top, which was quite loose. She kept on getting closer and closer to her nipples. Paula was getting turned on, because there was a wet spot between her legs and she was mildly moaning and moving her body like she was in heat. Finally, Lucy put her whole hand in and gently cupped Paula's breast.

All this time Paula's eyes were closed and she did not resist Lucy's roaming hands. By now the wet spot was getting more noticeable, and I know from experience that the more gooey she gets between the legs the more she's turned on.

Set course for fun



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Lucy quickly moved to the crotch area and she applied oil all around the bikini bottoms. She started to get bolder and bolder and was forcing Paula in a gentle way to open her legs. All the time she kept brushing Paula's mound and eventually actually slipped her hand under the suit. This was a scene right out of my wildest fantasy happening right before my eyes. I could hardly breathe.

Just then the kids came running up from their little pool yelling and screaming, and our little party was broken up. But not forever.

After the kids had been put to sleep the three of us sat down for a nightcap and to watch some TV. Lucy sat in a chair slightly opposite from us, sitting on the couch. She had her sheer nightie from the night before hiked up her leg a bit. She was constantly changing her position in her chair, and each time she did I/we got a little better leg view. Then she put her knees up and slightly spread her legs. There it was: her beautiful, black, hairy cunt staring Paula and me right in the face. It was hard for us to compose ourselves and I knew she was doing it on purpose. Paula responded by raising her knees in the same fashion. So here was the three of us, all silent, but all communicating.

I had such a hard-on I could barely

stand it, but I almost popped when Lucy started to subtly play with her pussy lips right in plain view. Well, the silence was killing.

Finally Paula said her back was sore and she would really like a massage. Lucy quickly got Paula on the floor and started running her fingers all over her. I asked if I could help, so I started to massage too, but I went after Lucy, not Paula. I soon had my hands on her breasts and there was no resistance, so I promptly slipped her nightie off her shoulders and revealed the most beautiful breasts with huge nipples. By this time Paula knew what was going on and we all started kissing and caressing each other. Man, it was great.

The best thrill was when the girls started to eat each other, and after that they kissed each other and their faces were all wet and slobbery with cunt juice. I look forward to great times in the future. — *Name and address withheld.*

Bring me a dream

I want to relate an experience and offer a course of action for men whose wives or girlfriends shun anal intercourse.

After six years of marriage, my wife, Beth, had never allowed me to butt-fuck her. She feared both the pain and taboo of the act. Her anal embargo, however, only stirred my desire to have her that way, until the thought became an obsession. I decided to devise a game plan; a slow,

methodical sex schedule that climaxed — literally — on the night I unbuttoned her forbidden fanny.

I started six months ago by complimenting her on the shape and appeal of her hips and bottom. Within a month, my flatteries produced results: I observed her, on certain mornings, standing and turning at the dressing mirror, admiring the lines of her rump.

"I do have a nice butt," she declared one day, standing on tiptoe, flexing her cheeks.

"Yes," I said. "But you could use some new underpants."

Beth was used to wearing plain white cotton underwear that fully covered her buttocks and eclipsed her navel. Nevertheless, that night I bought several pairs of fancier ones, put them in her drawer, and mentioned this purchase at dinner. The next morning, she put on a pair of the new undies, examined herself in the mirror, and proceeded to remove the price tags from all the others. This signalled the achievement of my first goal: I had shown Beth the beauty of her arse and the pleasure derived from displaying it attractively. In short, she was "arse-conscious," and it didn't hurt a bit.

For the next few months, whenever I performed cunnilingus, I made a point of tongue-bathing her arsehole. But when I finally tried to finger it, even lightly, she clenched her legs. This left me with the choice of either settling for cunnilingus or discovering a way to at least get a pinky up her arse. That sage advice, "Just sleep on it," provided the answer.

One night I awoke with a hard-on and found my left hand wedged firmly between Beth's legs. She was sound asleep, and her pussy was soaked. I figured we were having a kind of simultaneous wet dream. Somehow, my roaming hand had excited her clitoris in spite of her being asleep. This gave me an important edge: she was slick, ready, and dead to the world. With racing heart, I touched her clitoris and nearly swooned when I felt its hardness. Beth murmured, rolled over on her side, and brought one knee up to her chest. This made both her vagina and arsehole amply accessible.

Keeping my left hand in her vagina, I rose to my knees. I reached for the window-blinds opener and twirled it. Shafts of moonlight fell like pencils across her form. Her vagina was tropical, and she cooed complainingly whenever I nudged her clitoris. The more I did this, the more she opened her legs. Gently massaging her clitoris, I lowered my head and spat liberally into her arsehole. I spread the saliva around with my tongue. Beth's murmurings turned to moans as my left hand continued stroking. Still asleep, she arched her hips and began to move in tandem with my hand. The time was right to go for her arse.

Parting her buttocks with my right

thumb and middle finger, I gently introduced my forefinger into her arsehole. Her body twitched, but her annoyance passed, and she continued rocking with my clitoris strokes. I was so excited that sperm bubbles appeared on my cock. As she neared orgasm, her anus started to clutch and pull at my finger. This startled me. I was in to the last knuckle, and I could feel the serrated edge of her coccyx. I brought her to climax by rubbing her clitoris and not-so-gently finger-fucking her arsehole. Afterwards, I collapsed in a sweaty heap and jerked off in fewer than ten pulls. The next morning, Beth made no mention of the night. The second step of my plan was achieved: I had penetrated, albeit manually, her virgin butt.

Throughout the fifth and part of the sixth month, I contented myself with similar nocturnal adventures. I learned that I could manufacture "simultaneous wet dreams" by waiting for Beth to fall asleep. Then I would slather her up with saliva and go to work. I had to smile (and feel a little guilty) when she complained one day that neither of us had been very horny lately.

The final stage of my plan, of course, was to butt-fuck Beth with my penis, but only if she was wide-awake. This last step would prove tricky, for though her body had grown accustomed (and even fond, I think) of having as many as four fingers in her arses, her brain would probably still

oppose the idea — especially if the invader were not fingers but a cock. On the twentieth night of the sixth month, Beth went shopping. When she came home, loaded with bundles, and told me how much she'd spent, I decided that she deserved a spanking. I strode her into the bedroom, sat on the edge of the bed, lowered her pants and panties, bent her over my lap, and slapped her buttocks hard. Feeling aggressive, I decided to take a risk and allow my free hand to explore her arse crack. When my fingers touched her arsehole, I noticed her head tilt quizzically to the side, as if she were feeling something strangely familiar and yet not unpleasant. Taking heart, I leaned over and drooled into her crack. Still swatting her, I rimmed her arsehole with my finger, and, to my delight, felt it being invited in. I quit the spanking, naturally.

In seconds I had Beth on all fours on the bed. With my finger still on her arsehole, I began to rub her vagina and clitoris. Her response encouraged me. She parted her knees as best she could to allow access to both her pussy and butt. She groaned as I eased the tip of my finger into her arse. Her clitoris stiffened in my other hand as she began to approach orgasm. I put in a second finger. Instinctively, she reached back to remove them, but I brushed away her hand and started earnestly to finger-fuck her. Her cries became too irregular to suggest I was hurting her.

I left her in the doggie position as I quickly threw off my clothes. Then I got behind her and resumed stroking her clitoris. Next, to my great satisfaction, I heard her whisper, "My butt, my butt..." She wanted a finger up her arse! Unbeknownst to Beth, However, Her fanny was about to meet a new friend. I brought my penis up to her arsehole. Her orgasm, drawing dangerously near, promoted me to slow down on her clitoris. Still kneading it, though, I pushed the tip of my dick against her arsehole. At a quarter-inch, she groaned. At half an inch, she grunted. When the entire head popped in, she cried out sharply and began gulping for breaths. I took her mind off her arse by getting aggressive again with her clitoris, and soon her groans and grunting turned to long, shrill sighs. Sensing her impending orgasm, I shoved my cock in deeper. Her sighs rose to a wail, but just for a moment. Then I began to fuck her, thrusting deeper and deeper in until half my cock was buried. When I plunged to the fifth inch, Beth bellowed and I began to really pound her arse and stroke her clitoris savagely. She began to scream.

Beth's orgasm was excruciating: she bucked and shrieked and punched the pillows with her fists. She hoisted her arse so high in the air I had to rise from my knees to stay inside her. In that posture, half standing, I could bring my entire weight to bear on her butt. Her anus clut-

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ched wildly at my penis, chunking it down, down, down like a car jack. She cried hysterically when I drove the full measure of my cock into her burning, outraged arse. In the seconds prior to filling her rectum with come, I felt, for a moment, like a god of myth, a Hercules of the heavens, ramming his pecker into the fiery loins of some Pegasus, some winged and wild, creamy-arsed beast of the night.

Her bum buzzed for three days. We put cream on it. In the week or more since it's healed, we've had anal intercourse three times. None has been as violent as the first; none probably ever will be. My wife prefers it up her arse gently, and she's already learning to finger and tongue my hole when she blows or fucks or masturbates me.

I should note that Beth's arsehole has not usurped the star-status of her vagina. The two are simply co-stars, sharing the same pleasure stage (from separate corridors). She is grateful for our discovery of her new orifice. For you fellows who dream of arse-fucking, a simple plan, a measure of patience, and a dose of luck from the sandman could well make your honey want it too. — *Name and address withheld*

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Apparent approval

My wife Karen and I just returned from a great holiday! I could tell it was going to be sensational by the way it began. At first, I wasn't thrilled at the prospect of spending 10 days (and nights) with my wife's parents on holiday in Victoria, but I soon changed my attitude.

Her parents picked us up at 3am to begin our trip early and to miss traffic. Karen and I piled into the back seat and briefly talked with her parents about our plans. After about 30 minutes of riding in the back seat, Karen complained of being sleepy. She tossed a pillow on to my lap and laid her head on the pillow, with her head facing me. I stroked her hair softly as her left hand silently slipped beneath the pillow to massage my slumbering member. My cock began to swell under her caress, and she grinned at me when I squirmed, trying to relieve the confining pressure of my blue jeans. The back seat was completely dark except for an occasional reflecting light from the highway.

Karen tugged my zipper down as I put up a silent but feeble protest. She just smiled and unbuckled my pants completely. She was very smooth in her actions. Her mother occasionally turned and asked me a softly spoken question, and because of the darkness that covered Karen's movements, I could answer her with difficulty. Deftly, Karen reached in and pulled out my hard, throbbing cock, and placed it an inch from her lips. I stiffened and squirmed as she slowly pumped my cock in and out of her soft fist. Her head shifted on the pillow and I could feel her tongue licking the swollen head of my cock.

I immediately looked toward the front seat to see if her parents were suspicious of anything. Unbelievably they weren't.

Another shift of her head, and I felt Karen's lips open wide and smoothly engulf the first half of my stiff rod. As she slowly withdrew it from her mouth, she dragged her lower lip and tongue along the rippling shaft. She began an excruciatingly slow rhythm of silent cocksucking.

As we crossed the border, Karen's mother turned quickly to ask her a trivial question about a Victorian relative. She had just completed a long downstroke and had to slip my cock from her swollen lips and hide it under the pillow before she could answer the question. Undaunted by this close call, Karen giggled and resumed her concealed sucking.

A little later, I squirmed and thrust my hips quietly upward to meet her hungry mouth. It was driving me crazy! I tried to keep quiet as I watched her parents in the front seat and smoothly fucked Karen's mouth in the back seat. The occasional glimpse of my glistening, hard cock gliding in and out of her mouth and throat were too much for me, so with one hand tightly gripping on her bottom and my other hand on the back of her head, pushing ever

downward, I came in Karen's mouth. She smoothly continued her sucking until she had swallowed it all with no problem.

Karen then rubbed my cock lightly over her cheeks, chin, and lips as it slowly dwindled to softness, then covered my spent prick, sat up, smiled at me, and said, "I feel so much better after a nap!"

The remainder of our holiday was spent trying to outdo the daring of that early morning blowjob. One night we fucked doggie-style beside her parents' bed in a motel room we shared. The next day, we even sucked each other behind an exhibit counter at a museum with her parents in the very next room.

It turned out to be our most memorable holiday yet, and we are making plans to go on another vacation with them as soon as possible. — *Name and address withheld*

Rubber lover

I was brought up on an isolated farm. The only females I saw were my sister and mother, because the school I went to was sex segregated and all the teachers were men. The corresponding girls' school, where my sister went, was on the other side of town. Since nobody lived within a mile of us, after school I associated with animals much more than with people. I loved to ride on the wagons that the farmers drove and watched with mounting interest when the drivers whipped the horses. I spent many hours waiting for this to happen and was filled with secret glee when it did. Once, I remember whipping a horse with the reins and seeing the imprint of the swat on his rump. I think I got my first erection then — at about age six or seven.

In my early teens, I developed what I now know is a rubber-leather fetish. I had quite an assortment of boots, coats, and whips which, when I went away to boarding school, were packed in my trunk. I had to pack the whips coiled, because they were so long they would get bent otherwise. I had a pair of knee-high rubber boots for work in the rain, black rubber hip boots for wading in streams, knee-high leather riding boots, riding breeches with leather knee patches, a long black rubber raincoat with a shoulder cape of light-weight rubber, and a pair of nice black rubber pants (no fly opening) with a matching hip-length black rubber jacket — and, of course, a long black whip for riding. Most of these items I ordered from catalogues, as we lived about four miles from town. I would often masturbate while looking at the drawings of each item shown in the catalogue.

At boarding school, I took horseback riding as a sport for obvious personal reasons and found the hip and pelvic motion used while riding stimulating. I had heard that teenage girls masturbated while riding and that it was good for their future sex lives (or so the rumor went) but I had never heard what it did for boys. I soon found the hip motion, plus the pounding of



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my buttocks, the caressing of my inner thighs, and the massaging effect of the leather saddle on my cock and balls, irresistible. I used to cream in my jeans, to use a trite expression, at least once during each fast ride. I achieved greater excitement when wearing spurs on my riding boots, using my whip just prior to ejaculation, and wearing my leather or rubber boots and coat while riding.

I enjoyed horsebackriding both at school and when on holiday at the farm. When nobody was around, especially on rainy days, I would whip myself, which stimulated me, then take out my cock and masturbate. Sometimes the skin of my penis was so sore from excessive friction that I would cup part of the skirt of my long raincoat in my hand, and with the tips of my hip boots caressing my thighs and my flapping raincoat tickling my balls, I would slide cool, black rubber up and down my prick until I ejaculated all over my shiny-wet black rubber boots.

After I matriculated, I went to an all-male college and then into the service, where I travelled widely with the navy and visited some exotic ports. During this time, I did not have the opportunity to act out my fetishes too often, but I did get involved with girls. I had several love affairs (some platonic, some not), was engaged twice, and had a couple of mistresses.

Now I keep a lookout for women wearing boots. Recently, on a business trip to Sydney, I saw an aboriginal girl walking in the Cross. She was wearing leather boots. After making my interests known, I found out she was a prostitute. After agreeing on a price, we went to a nearby place where we could consummate the deal. Never having had a black girl before, I was quite apprehensive at first and too nervous to get an erection. She pushed me back on the bed and encouraged me to relax. Then she undid my pants and proceeded to give me the most terrific blowjob I'd ever had. She alternately sucked and licked my swollen prickhead while masturbating the lower end of my rod with one hand and cupping and tickling my balls with the other. When I relaxed enough to really enjoy the feeling of those luscious lips and titillating fingers, I asked her to position herself so that I could see her long legs sheathed in those beautiful, high, shining boots. She obligingly put her booted feet up over the bedstead (she had been kneeling between my knees) and then gave me the most terrific orgasm I'd ever had. I arched my back and screamed aloud and was shaken to the core when I shot into her moist mouth. I must have made quite a lot of noise, because when walking out later I noticed a number of (envious?) side glances and knowing smiles on the faces of people in the hallway. — *Name and address withheld*

Torpedoes away

I am presently stationed aboard a ship which stays out at sea for several months at a time. We have one female officer and 180 men onboard. She is a tall buxom blonde bombshell. You could say she was built like a brick battleship with large mounds forward and a shapely stern.

As is customary on our vessel, every Saturday night is designated "morale night," when fuck flicks are shown on closed-circuit TV. During the showing of these movies, it is normal for many to relieve themselves.

One particularly Saturday night, I was pissed off because I was unable to view the movie due to the fact I was the duty boatswain mate. This turned out to be a blessing in disguise. While I was on a round about the ship, I ran into the female officer on the main deck. She told me to swing by her stateroom because she had some questions about seamanship. This seemed odd to me, but I didn't think much of it at the time.

As soon as I got off watch, I went to her room, knocked on the door, and was invited in. I couldn't believe my eyes. She was wearing a revealing robe with nothing on underneath. I realised that she might have something more on her mind than seamanship. When she produced a bottle of Jamaican rum, which is strictly taboo, my suspicions were confirmed.

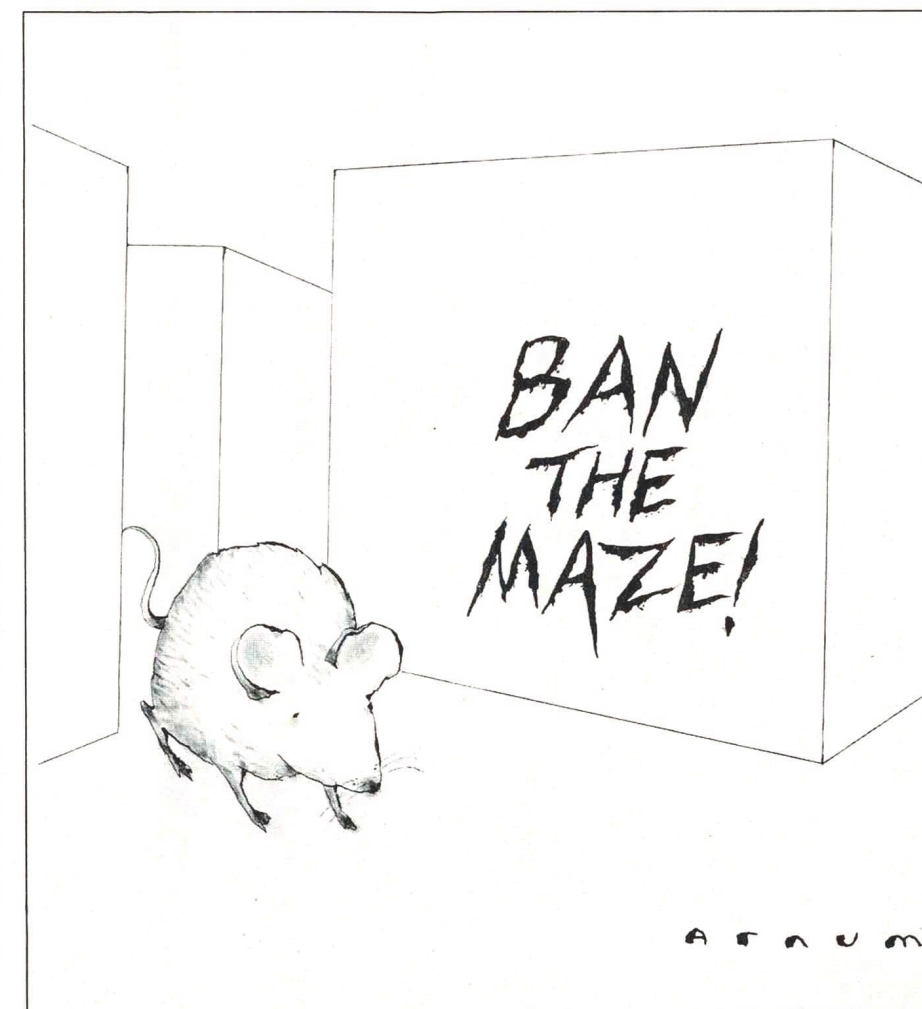
After a few stiff drinks, we were feeling

really good. During the course of our conversation, I caught several glimpses of her golden muff. By this time I couldn't conceal my throbbing 22 centimetres, which stood at attention. She noticed my embarrassment and took command of the situation.

As her robe dropped to the floor, she fell to her knees, unzipped my pants, and withdrew my conga. No sooner than she had taken my full length into her throat, I blew my two-month surplus of spunk. With her expert tongue, she quickly brought my sailor back to life. Assuming command, I gently manoeuvred her to the deck. When my tongue found her golden fleece, she moved with the gentle rocking of the ship as my expert tongue brought her to a shuddering orgasm.

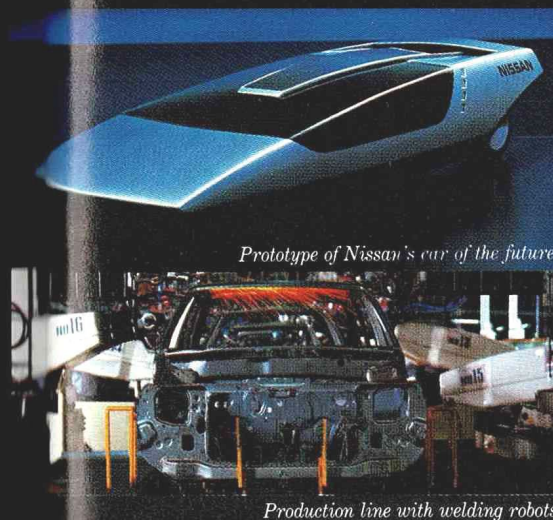
By this time, she was begging for my love torpedo. In one, swift movement, I turned her over and mounted her doggie style, giving her the full length of my gang plank. I started pumping her slowly and then came up to a full bell. I was soon wallowing in the wake of her love juices. I could hold back no longer, and shot my hot shell into her receptive love box. We continued these night manoeuvres until the next morning.

We've repeated our morale-night escapades several times since our first rendezvous. She says I've really mastered the art of "seanship." — *Name and address withheld*



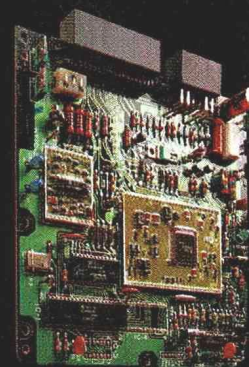
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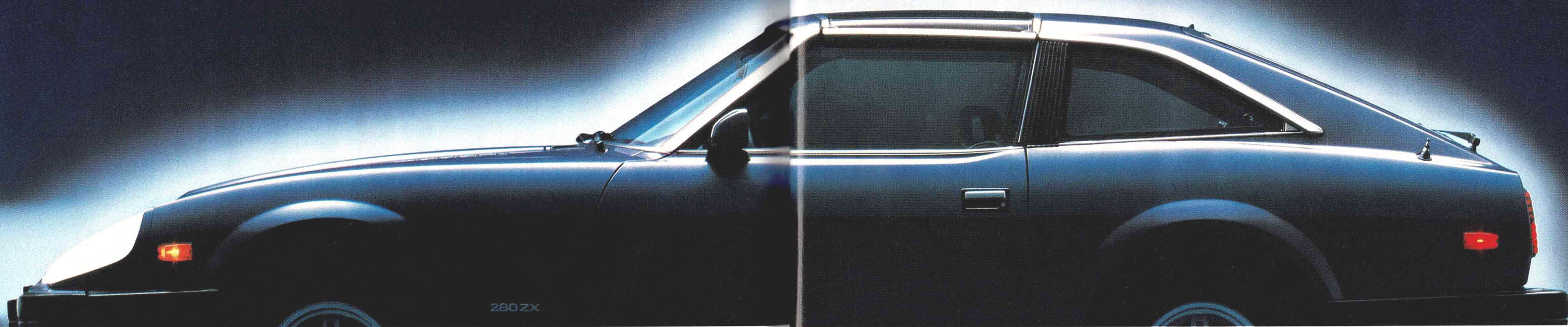
Prototype of Nissan's car of the future

Production line with welding robots

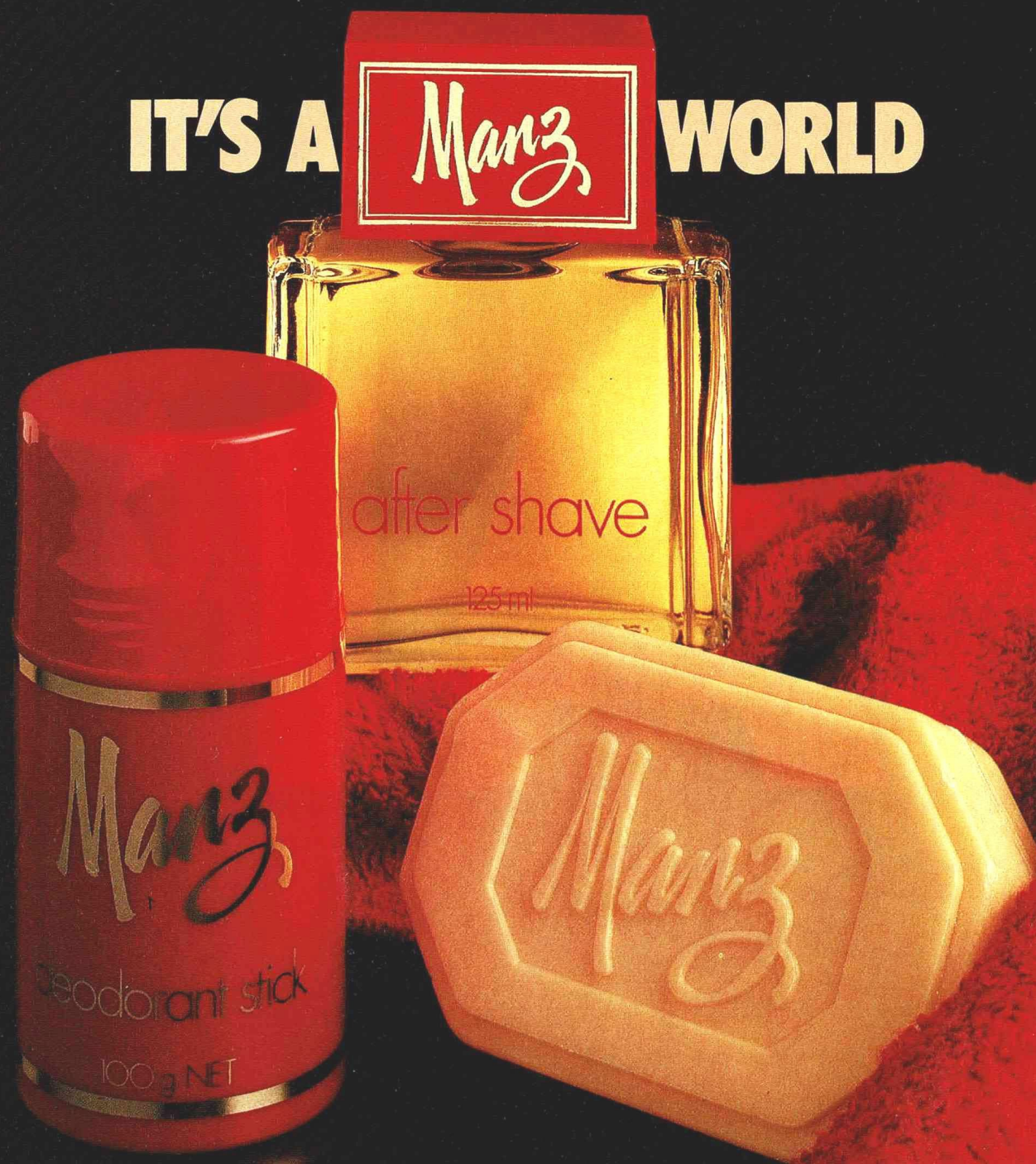


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• The average man between the ages of 20 and 45 prefers sex once, if not twice, a day and almost always in the morning •

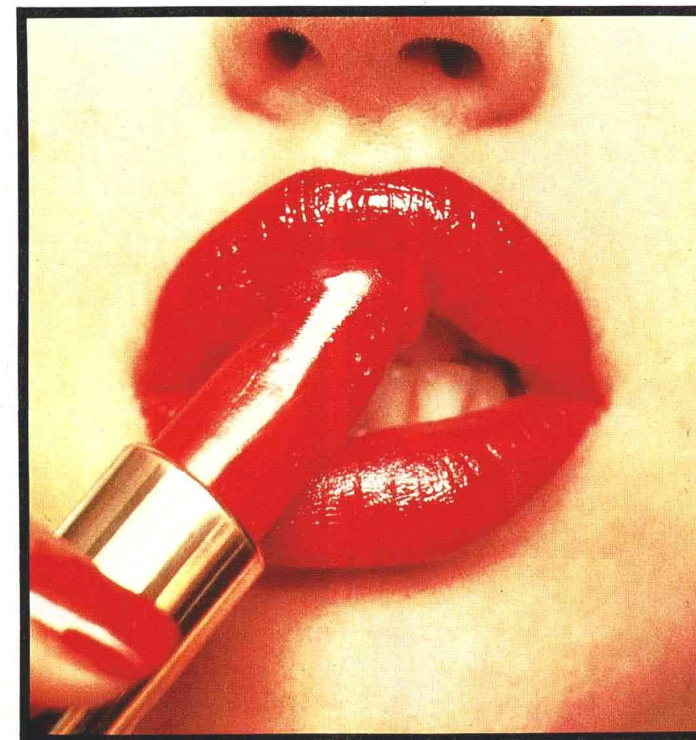
XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm considered a very attractive 41-year-old woman. For many years now I've enjoyed a wonderful marriage with what I felt was a satisfactory sex life. Recently, however, I engaged in a sexual encounter that has left me in a state of heightened sexual awareness, so that now I am climbing the walls in a constant state of horniness. Let me describe the details of the incident as they occurred so that you can understand what has driven me to this feeling.

One night a couple of months ago, my husband and I had an unusually nasty argument just as he was leaving on a business trip. Emotionally distraught, I sought comfort from Don, a mutual friend who was living by himself after a divorce. We talked and talked, and soon we lost track of time. There was a terrible storm outside, which increased to an intensity until it became necessary for me to remain the night. After Don and I had taken leisurely showers, we returned to the living room for nightcaps, dressed in bathrobes. Somehow the conversation turned to sex and that, combined with the drinks, made me feel quite uninhibited and horny. Don's sensitivity had attracted me to him like no other man since I'd met my husband. All of a sudden, I knew what was going to happen.

Instinctively, I allowed my robe to open just enough to expose the enticing fullness of my voluptuous breasts, giving a glimpse of my already stiff, dark nipples. The effect was immediate. Don's mouth fell open, his eyes flickered with open lust. However, the sexual reaction I find the most thrilling is when a man's penis grows rapidly tumescent. I was eagerly anticipating this when, through the slit in his robe, there appeared a bright rod of flesh so enormous that I froze in disbelief. It didn't just "grow"; it swelled to



such an incredible size that it didn't seem to belong to him.

I twisted my shoulders back, causing my breasts to sway. That movement incited Don to plunge his head between them. His face was buried in my shuddering flesh, and although I couldn't see it, I could feel his mouth sucking madly at my stiffened nipples. I was so aroused that I temporarily forgot about that huge cock of his until he turned me over on to my back, straddled my stomach, and plopped that bright, moist tube between my tits. At this close range, it seemed much larger than before and as he thrust back and forth, the huge blood-filled glans seemed to swell even more as a silky pre-come fluid trickled out from the foreskin.

My mouth involuntarily opened as if destined to take

it in, but before I knew it Don had moved down my body and placed his exploring lips right on my cunt. This was all new to me. My swollen pussy lips were virgin meat to a man's mouth. It felt like sparks were flying each time his tongue touched my clitoris. To each flick of his tongue, I flung my hips as hard as I could against his face, "pumping" his mouth in rapid strokes.

I had an uncontrollable craving to fuck him, but before I had a chance to tell him Don had moved up and hung that huge shaft right over my face. It was as if I were looking at any other man's cock through a magnifying glass. I reached up, grabbed it, and started to stuff the huge, bulbous head in my mouth. The stiffness of the muscle was so imposing that I felt dominated by it. My tongue couldn't get enough of the silky texture of the bloated glans. Could I be so degenerate as to be wantonly sucking for the taste of semen? And yet I was going crazy at the sight of the smooth foreskin slipping back off the cockhead and the blood-filled glans popping out. Sensing that it was close to blowing its

XAVIERA

wad, I clamped my lips around it and sucked with a powerful frenzy to get it to release its boiling contents. Suddenly, Don started to yell in supreme ecstasy, and the warm sweetness of jism flooded into my mouth. I had never seen a man get so much pleasure from any sexual act of my own. As for myself, I had exploded into such a magnificent orgasm that my entire body shook.

In my feverish delirium, I pleaded with Don to let me fuck that giant muscle. He brought the monstrous head down to my swollen pussy lips, and they seemed to open of their own volition. As Don slowly manoeuvred the oversized head into my soaking lips, I was consumed in a swoon of lust. During the process, his cock got fully stimulated and reached its magnificent, maximum magnitude. My pussy lips were gradually being stretched way beyond normal capacity and I felt pain, but at the same time another gorgeous feeling engulfed me. As he continued those long, hard thrusts, I hungrily responded by arching my back and slamming my body into his, pumping insatiably, faster and faster into delirium. I was overcome with sex-crazed madness and didn't ever want to stop fucking and fucking and fucking.

I have not returned to normal since that fantastic night. I find myself constantly

fantasising about men's cocks. I love my husband very much, so my relationship with Don will always be clandestine. I'm sure Dick would be devastated if he ever knew the truth. Also, because of our prominence in the community, I am unable to fulfill all of my sexual desires locally, so I am thinking about taking a trip to some strange place and sucking and fucking myself silly with anyone I can find, and maybe with a whole gang of men. Will a trip like that satisfy me and make me settle down, or will it just intensify my desire and make me worse? — E.C.

Lucky you, to have encountered a man who is so well-endowed and full of fire that he can answer your sexual fantasies! As you are still in love with your own husband and the other man only fulfills your sexual desires, I suggest you go on with your illicit affair, but only in such a way that nobody will find out. If you want a whole gang of men with large, thick cocks at once, you are best off saving up and booking a flight to one of the Caribbean islands, where the local inhabitants are known not only to be larger than average but also have voracious appetites for sex. There you can really go wild, as many women have done before. Most of them fly there when they are uptight or concerned about their reputation at home. As soon as they find some sexy native who approaches them, they let it all hang out. The warm weather,

palm trees, white sand beaches, and cheerful local music are all factors that will enhance quite a few sexual adventures.

I am sure that once you have had one native, he can arrange to have a few of his friends service you, so that your ultimate fantasy of being surrounded by many men may come true. Hopefully you will be satisfied after such a vacation, so that you can go home and play the good wife again — until your next sexcapade.

ENDLESS LUST

Xaviera, I need help. I have been married twice. I couldn't stand sex with my first husband, so I got a divorce. With my second husband, I love sex. I don't care what time it is. I can be sound asleep and all it takes is a touch to wake me up, hot and ready to go.

I can be washing dishes and out of the blue I'll get horny. I can go to bed worrying about bills, kids, and family problems, but when I wake up I'll find I've been dreaming about sex. Most of the time the dream will stay with me all day.

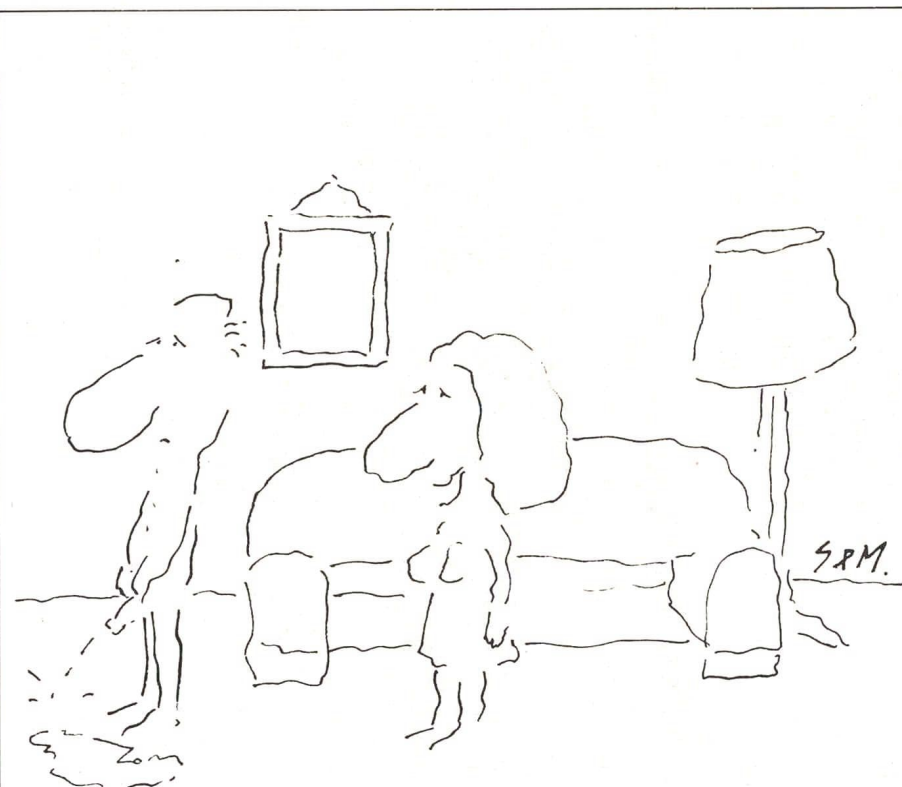
Craving more and more sex all the time is making me a nervous wreck. My husband works long hours and is tired when he gets home. I love to go down on him. I rake my nails lightly over his stomach muscles while I lick and suck him off. I'll try any type of sex he wants. But I still crave more and more.

It has made me start to overeat. So what's the answer to help quell my craving? How can I calm myself down? — H.A.

Instead of climbing the walls with frustration, I suggest that you try masturbating. Buy yourself a vibrator with various attachments and relieve the nervous pressure in your aching pussy by retiring to your bedroom or even the bathroom and satisfying your needs. Try out whatever wild ideas come to your mind. If you still feel the need for real action, why not cruise around and find yourself a lover or two? There's always a great demand for sexy women like you.

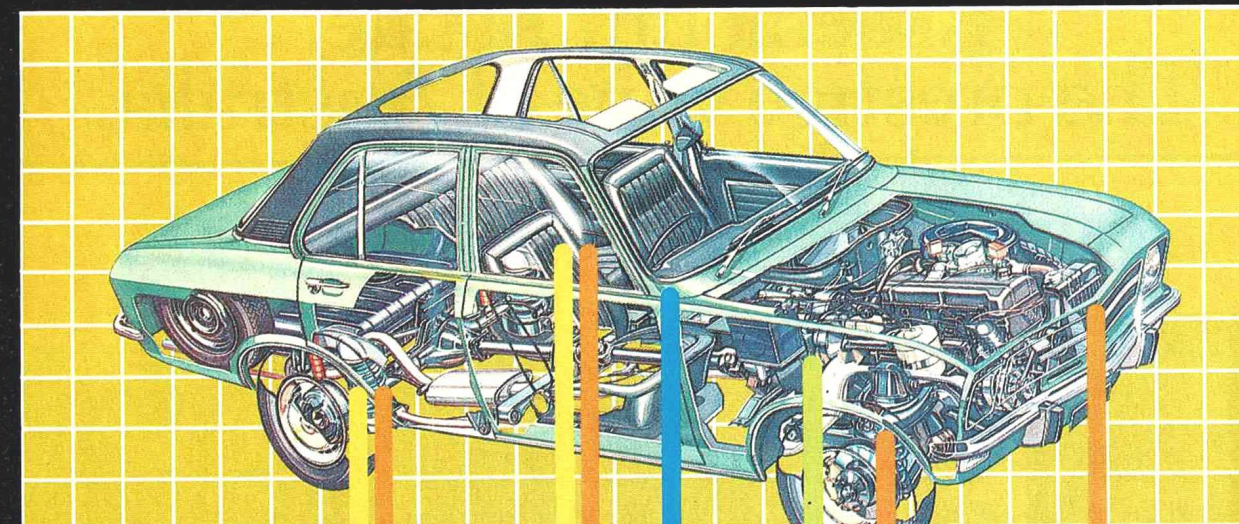
As for the overeating problem, a dear friend of mine who goes up and down in weight like a yo-yo once told me that food was not the substitute for sex: sex was the substitute for food. I think you are better off staying off excessive food and indulging in excessive sex, as long as it does not ruin your marriage. You can always join a health or country club, where you will both meet lots of new people, some of whom may be willing to embark on a fling in bed with the two of you.

What is a normal amount of sex to one person may be inadequate to another or "excessive" to someone else. The average woman seems to be content when she gets one orgasm every two days, while the average man between the ages of 20 and 45 seems to prefer to have sex at least once, if not twice, a day and almost always in the morning. —



"God I love you, Trevor..."

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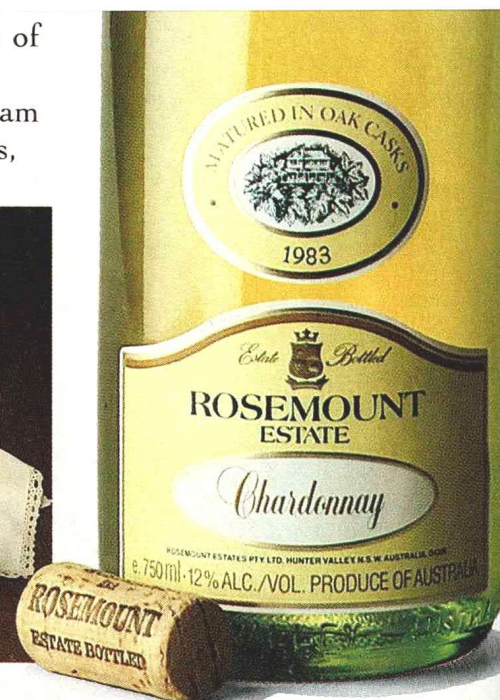
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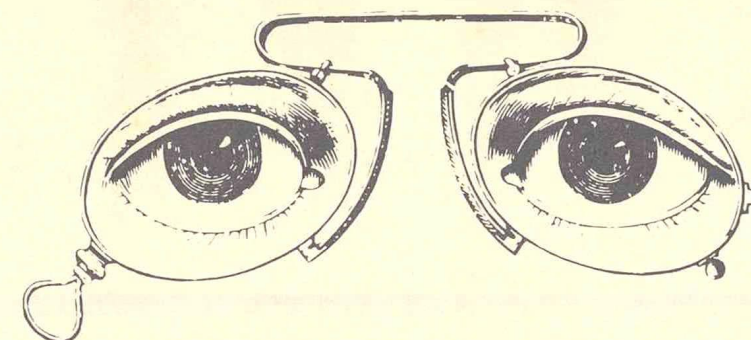


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VIEW FROM THE TOP

TOO MANY COOKS

BY LAWRENCE EISENBERG

I was sitting in a suburban milkbar with a new girlfriend who'd shown a lot of promise. While scanning the menu, she came across: "Spaghetti — side order — \$1." She turned to the waitress and said, "I'll have the pasta — and make it al dente." I stabbed her.

But with time off for good behavior, I will soon be out to stab again. What I mean to do is rid the world of the people who are attempting to make the croissant our national breakfast, *Gourmet* magazine the Bible, tomato sauce a dim memory and mustard too good to smear on a snag. These food pervs are creating a veritable army of nouveau gourmets that is taking what was once a simple and beautiful pastime — cooking and eating — and turning it into such a razzle dazzle of hype and pretentiousness that it's beginning to seep, like radiation, into every area of our lives.

Merely eating a decent dinner is becoming passe. Hurry! Dash over to Double Bay, where Rene Merde-Cerveaux — just awarded a second star by Michelin for his amusing little bistro in Chartres, Le Douchebagge — has opened an Australian version. His crowning glory: your entire silver service baked into puff pastry and set adrift in a pond of reduced shallots and creme fraiche. Heaven!

They're forming gourmet societies. They're auditing cooking seminars in foreign cities. Even fast food land is paying attention. McDonalds may soon come out with McFoie Gras. And what's new in cookwear? Well, I hear one leading chain is getting close to marketing an attachment that churns out 18,000 filo pastry leaves in four minutes and also tweezes chickens. In pots, ma petite, copper is in. "Brew a court bouillon in your copper poacher and hard-cook six eggs . . ." (It's no longer cool to say "hard-boil.") Shall we get the newest garlic basket — eleven tiers — which you can hang out the window? It gives the garlic a chance to breathe and wards off low-flying vampires. Or perhaps the \$300 electric pasta maker with 44 shapes and a \$200

cappuccino machine that cries out for the \$150 gelato-maker? (No one eats plain old icecream any more.)

Well, once you've bought all those divine machines and the even more divine cookbooks (Cookbook of the Month is about to release *Bye-Bye Anorexia*, *Hello Gout* as a dual selection with *Desserts For Herpes Shut-ins*), it's time to get ready for a picnic. Take the wok for stir-frying alfresco (that's al dente's cousin). Then pack the pate of thrush, the terrine of kiwi and Swiss chard, the larks' tongues and dill, the veal birds primavera, the sourdough bread from Iraq (harder to get now), the Camembert (which must stand at room temperature for four days to bring out the ammonia bouquet; Brie, mes amis, is as out as Steak Diane), the olive oil from Kenya — so zesty we use it as a fondue — and a whole truffle to be shaved over everything.

Perhaps we can accompany this with a selection from Pierre Cardin's new line of kosher foods. (Why not? He's designed everything else.) And for dessert, some chocolates. Not Pierre's, but those cooked up by Michel Guerard, who began as the creator of nouvelle cuisine and who has branched out into cookwear, eatwear, and soon, perhaps, underwear. (Once upon a time you could just buy a pound of chocolates; now it's getting to be \$18 for the 200-gram

ballotin — "ballotin" is a "small bundle" to you, Kev.)

And once you've been sated will we perchance go for a roll in the grass? Don't be gauche, mon cher! We will seek out and pick wild basil. And that's what's bothering me most: it's getting to the stage where nobody has time for love any more. What happened to the perfect orgasm? Now it's the quest for the perfect omelette. Which may explain why I'm working as a sous-chef in the prison cafeteria (the "Dining Out" column was filled). Via the subtle blending of exotic herbs, I've saved the state a fortune, because few of my customers ever make it to a parole hearing. And when I'm released, I'm going to toss a food-and-wine tasting for the gourmet industry that'll really knock 'em dead.

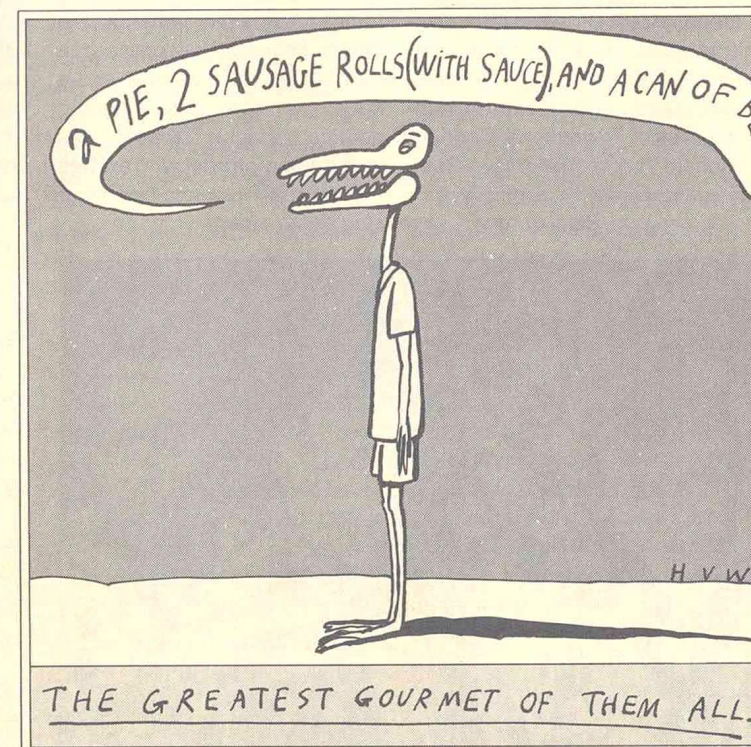
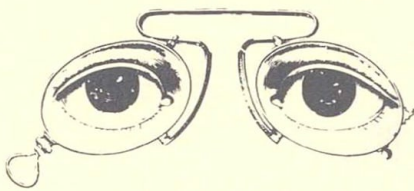


Illustration by Phillip Kanlidis



SOUNDS



CELTIC COUNTRY

Storming down from the deep north of the British Isles, **Big Country** make *The Crossing* (Mercury) over the Scottish border with one of the most rousing singles of recent months in "Fields Of Fire". The rest of their debut album is equally powered by an enormous drum sound ("The Storm" being a momentary brushed but beaty lapse) and charged with soaring guitar lines reminiscent of producer Steve "Megatom" Lillywhite's work with U2. Both bands feature strong guitar based rock but Big Country utilises more folk melodies, whilst they evoke a hundred pipers with their rhythm section. Despite their cupboard full of check shirts they don't smell as much of cow patties as fellow sons of the thistle, the Chaps ("Rawhide Jimmy!"). Whereas American country rock of the Eagles' ilk celebrates Western decadence ("Hotel California", "Life In The Fast Lane") B.C. are more in the folk rock vein of ye olde Fairport Convention — though with less interest in traditional instrumentation. They don't sing in direct political terms like U2, but more with the noble essence of the simple rural spirit ("Just as you sow shall you reap"). The mood is not self-righteous, it merely means they have some strong images to throw around, which

complement the directness of the music. Whether or not there is much scope for diversity — given their premise of two guitars as bagpipes and a rhythm section that pounds along like earthworks machinery — matters not for this record. The strength of some of the songs saves this initial highland fling from becoming a celtic drone.

Literate **T-Bone Burnett** provides ample *Proof Through The Night* (Warners) of why he has been held in high regard by people like Pete Townshend, Ry Cooder, Bob Dylan and Leo Kottke. In fact Townshend's solo outings of late have obviously taken huge inspiration from Burnett's writing style. Instrumentation is sparse with guitars (electric and acoustic), bass and drums and backup singers. The way Burnett's laconic vocals float over this often countrified acoustic rock recalls the delivery of his one-time employer Bob Dylan ("Rolling Thunder"). Burnett recently had the good sense to deliver a rocked up version of the old Marilyn Monroe song "Diamonds Are A Girls Best Friend." This album sees no covers but eleven originals from T-Bone, alone, and in collaboration with the likes of Townshend, Cooder, Richard Thomson and Mick Ron-

son. His Christian beliefs don't surface directly in the songs. Dylan went off telling us that we had to "serve somebody" but Burnett is more of a cynical chronicler in his appraisal of the world — "somewhere between Never Neverland and Wonderland, in a land called Never Wonderland, ... where the children didn't know any better and they didn't know any worse". T-Bone is a man with a refreshingly clear vision and a great turn to phrase.

Freed from the Jam shackles of mod suits, Who inspired stage antics and being touted as a spokesman for his generation **Paul Weller** has entered a much more relaxed period of writing strong pop songs. His comrade in this newly converted **Style Council**, Mick Talbot, plays a decidedly "uncurrent" keyboard set-up of acoustic piano and organ. Both Council members display an ongoing infatuation with early to mid-Sixties pop in their music, clips and artwork. The mini-LP *Introducing The Style Council* (Polydor) is a project conceived over countless cappuccinos. Many Campari and tonics later Weller laments "the long hot summer just passed me by", but he still has time and a need to vent his ongoing political stance. Weller has found a new partner who excites

him musically and he is not afraid to attempt to improve by redirecting his music making.

Another performer who has had a constructive change in direction is **Linda Ronstadt**. In 1980 she took to the boards, not in front of a rock band, but as the heroine in a revamped version of the Gilbert and Sullivan chestnut "The Pirates Of Penzance". Staged outdoors in Central Park, New York she was easily out-sung by the more experienced show throats and the sound of her thin nasal voice coming to terms with "Poor wandering one, though thou hast surely strayed" was far from electrifying. The intervening Broadway

Style Council... relaxed

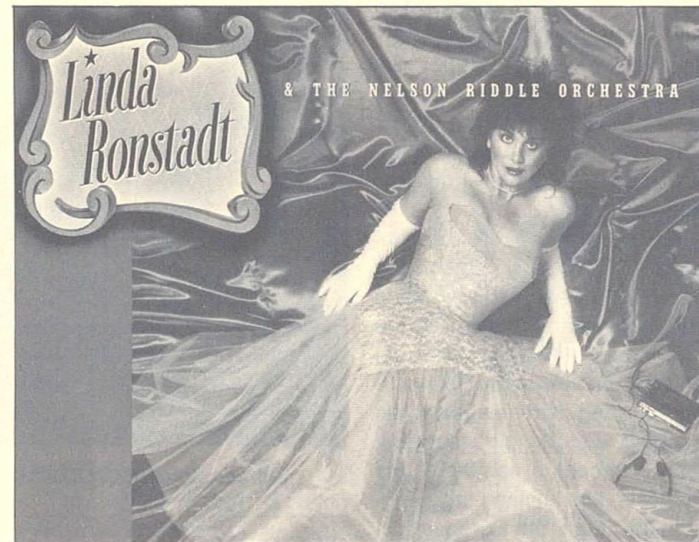


run and film soundtrack has obviously been a great education for Ms Ronstadt. On her recent cheekily titled *What's New* (Asylum) she attempts nine classics that span the period 1924 to 1949. For arrangements and backing she used Nelson Riddle and his Orchestra. It may never get much radio play, but it might provide a few torch songs for mime drag shows — although wanting to grow up to be Linda Ronstadt is probably not as common a fantasy/fetish as Judy Garland. Still, it's probably her first record since the Stone Poneys I'll play more than once and enjoy.

The casual observer could be excused for thinking that Melbourne band **The Models** had some in-house competition as to how many times they can

change lineup without blowing their record contract. The current quartet, nominally the ninth permutation since mid-1978, has *The Pleasure Of Your Company* (Mushroom) two years after the *Local And/Or General* album. The one constant has been vocalist Sean Kelly, whose distinctive snarled vocals and fiercely idiosyncratic view of the world have provided a constant public persona for the band. Back from their recent visit to trio-land, bass and drums still dominate the sound with the melodies and lyrics as clear as the printed words on the inner cover. Over the constant thump of drummer Barton Price (ex Crocodiles, Sardine) and bassist James Freud (ex himself), Kelly's vocals alternate with wheezy male chorusing and treat us to some thoughts on "Facing The North Pole In August", the imminence of a lava coating courtesy of Vesuvius ("79 AD"), a breezy country and western warning to "Watch Your Mouth" and a rousing sing-along message from the front — "I lie rotting ... don't wait mother of my visits, for me to come home again, no shoulders no head". The Models and producer Nick Launay (Midnight Oil, Church) have delivered a cavernous, resounding celebration that hails not so much from Dante's Inferno but his beer-hall across the road.

Motown Records recently celebrated their 25th anniversary with a television special and some retrospective discs. **Smokey Robinson** has *Blame It On Love And All The Great Hits* that curiously feels the need to point out "some tunes have been previously released" and omits all his classic numbers from the Sixties. There is also the ideal exercise album for non-committed masochists featuring *The Temptations, Four Tops Medley* (Motown) as well as one from the **Jackson Five**. Ideal, as no song is given more than thirty seconds airing, not even time to



Linda Ronstadt... smooth renditions of the classics

raise a sweat. What is more interesting though is the most recent success story inspired by this musical stable. England's Boy George is an unlikely hero, but he and his **Culture Club** are riding the crest of a wave of success made ever bigger by the release of their second album *Colour By Numbers* (Virgin). Mr George has all the glamor of a sexless, pear-shaped tent. But he does have a velvety smooth voice. After a farcical stint singing in Bow Wow Wow and being booed off stage in preference to 15-year-old Annabella he minced back into the limelight with the declamatory "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?" Apparently nobody did and people have furiously bought his records since. The Club has been essentially expanded from four to eight with the addition live and in the studio of brass, keyboards and resident wailer Helen Terry. The lad George vaguely espouses some notion of universal togetherness, we can all be as one, a kind of global androgeny. Still, in the meantime he manages to pull out some strong pop soul from under his dreadlocks.

UB40 perform a *Labour Of Love* (Virgin) in bringing to our ears a batch of songs from 1969 to 1972

that originally inspired them along the reggae road. A celebration of the days when reggae was more into pop sway and politics were left at the door.

John Lydon (aka Johnny Rotten) demonstrates that music making can be fairly drab as a post-punk-punk (don't let the suit fool you). *Live In Tokyo* (Virgin) captures him and **Public Image Limited** in glorious monotone. The single "This Is Not A Love Song" is worth a chuckle especially if you remember the great sixties ditty "Desdemona" ("Lift up your skirts and fly").

Matt Finish, a powerful little combo live, have an EP *I Out On Those Moments* (CBS) to remind people of their return from a lengthy stay in the land of the undead to the stage, and studio for the "comeback" album. This preview is crammed with three tracks of highly restful moments you can easily out on (yawn).

Moving Pictures have finally screened their *Matinee* (EMI) album and true to its nominated timeslot features the equivalent of B-grade reruns. The Pics cling to a rock tradition of boogie get down that even Oz Crawl seem to have shelved.

If **10cc** ever reunited with Godley and Creme for more than

the "Feel The Love" clip they might produce a large album — one with wit, style and melody. Until that first of never we can peer through their *Windows In The Jungle* (Mercury) at tuneful competence.

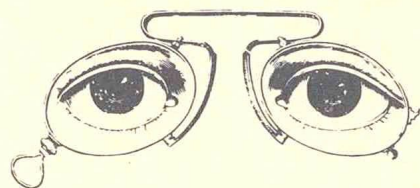
Graham Parker may be in love and proclaim it *The Real Macaw* (Liberation) but he still views the world through non-rose colored glasses and can translate these observations into a passionate vocal delivery.

"I'm hanging out with the boys and making noise" opens Eric Burdon on *Ark* (IRS). The "boys" are the original **Animals** reassembled after 18 years whether the world likes it or not. They look a lot more lived-in and Burdon's raucous vocals with Alan Price's bluesy keyboards make it sound like ... well, the Animals.

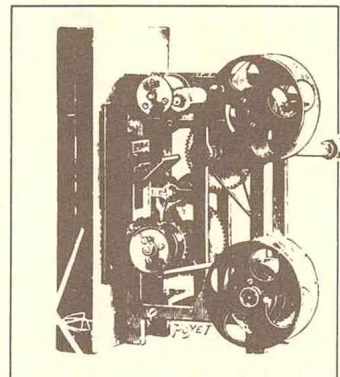
Former dirge minimalists turned dance pit favorites **New Order** have finally teamed with ace New York disco producer Arthur Baker (Freez, New Edition). The resulting dance chant *Confusion* (Factory) comes in three great mix flavors — rough, smooth and short. Another disc that also possesses hugh foot motivational potential is **Pel Mel's** state of *Pandemonium* (Gap) though with a slightly more traditional (gasp!) song orientation. — *Jeremy Cook*

Boy George... velvet voice





FILMS



LICENCE TO SPILL

The hairy back is back in *Never Say Never Again*, the film they said could never be made with the star who vowed he'd never again play James Bond. Sean Connery hung up his gun after six Bond epics, the last being *Diamonds Are Forever* back in 1971. But the suave former coffin polisher made a meal of his words and inspired the title of this film when he was lured back to Bondage by the film's producer, Jack Schwartzman.

Under the direction of Irvin Kershner (fresh from the success of *The Empire Strikes Back*), Connery shapes up well — for all his 50-odd years — in a role which requires him to perform feats of derring-do in Britain, the Bahamas, the Riviera and North Africa.

Bond is in a health clinic, ironing out the kinks in his frame and porking his chiropractor, when he cottons on to the latest evil doings of SPECTRE (Special Executive for Counter-intelligence, Terrorism, Revenge and Extortion). Seems the bad boys have swiped a pair of missiles and plan to hold the world to ransom.

Back at HQ, Bond is briefed by M (played with crusty bureaucratic panache by Edward Fox) and outfitted with the latest whiz-bang-pow gadgetry by Algy, the armorer (Alec

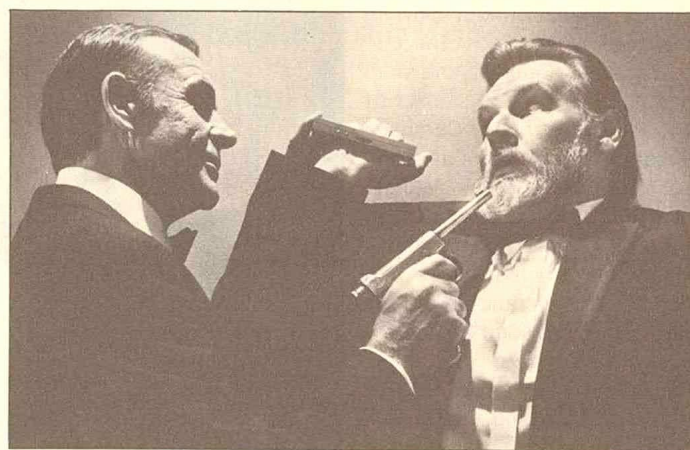
McGowen). Algy, overworked and underpaid in the poorly heated bowels of British Intelligence, welcomes Bond's return to action with the words: "Now you're on, we can look forward to plenty of gratuitous sex and violence."

Bond does Algy proud, screwing his way merrily through the good and the bad, while avoiding the ugly, making foie gras of the heavies sent to rough him up, and pitting the matter beneath his receding hairline against the cunning wit lurking beneath the equally receding hairline of his nemesis, Maximilian Largo.

In the Largo role, European actor Klaus Maria Brandauer makes his first English-speaking appearance. Largely unknown outside Europe for many years, the Austrian attracted worldwide attention with his superb performance in *Mephisto*, the film which picked up the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film in 1981. His Largo is a subtle, handsome, charming and very rich villain who is certain to have Bond's female fans' alliances wavering.

As Largo's bosom baddie, model-turned-actress Barbara Carrera is a knockout. This Nicaraguan-born beauty throws herself into the role of villainess Fatima Blush with an alacrity and humor reminiscent of the best work of comedy actress Madeleine Kahn. As a former top

Connery... at it again



James Bond never picks on anybody his own size

New York clothes horse, Carrera looks superb as she swans from one murderous encounter to another, dressed to kill. Like the deadly black widow spider, Fatima Blush mates with her prey before destroying him. She porks Bond, then sicks a pack of tiger sharks on him. Foiled, she plots to bomb his bed... but Bond gets lucky with a female angler and is flashing his licence to spill in another part of the hotel when the earth moves. Fatima finally gets her just deserts in an entertaining scene which proves to all that this eye-catching actress is one hell of a hot property.

For his first film as an independent producer, Schwartzman has assembled one of the finest casts seen on the screen in recent times. Other members of the lineup include newcomer Kim Bassinger, Max Von Sydow as SPECTRE chief Ernst Stavro Blofeld, and Rowan Atkinson (*Not The Nine O'Clock News*) as Nigel Small-Fawcett, a British consular official in the Bahamas with an acutely protruding mandible.

But the calibre of the cast may well prove to be one of the drawbacks of the film. Whereas the film is cleverly scripted and well acted all round, it runs for nigh on two hours — too long for a tongue-in-cheek adventure flick. Schwartzman may have felt

a trifle wary of leaving any part of the performances of his galactic cast on the cutting room floor. If so, the film has suffered for it.

Never Say Never Again is also lacking in the frequency of big-budget stunts Bond fans have come to expect. Still, there are plenty of opportunities to clench your cheeks to the cinema seat — the tiger shark scene being one of the best.

Overall, the film is an entertaining romp in the best Bond tradition, and well worth seeing to catch Connery back in the thick of it — thrilling, killing and spilling just like in the good old days. — C.J. Mackay

Trading Places is Eddie Murphy's movie. Although he shares the screen with an impressive cast of comic luminaries in this very funny film, Murphy's rising star eclipses them all.

So who the hell is Eddie Murphy? This is the man *Rolling Stone* magazine described as "the Bob Hope for our time": a comic actor who did his apprenticeship on the *Saturday Night Live* television show, then moved into film in a co-starring role with Nick Nolte in the highly acclaimed *48 Hours*. That film gave Australian audiences their first glimpse of an actor who has been receiving an inordinate amount of praise from the usu-

ally reticent American critics.

Check out *Trading Places* and you'll see what all the fuss is about. Only a Ku Klux Klansman could fail to be impressed by Murphy's talent. He plays Billy Ray Valentine, a down-and-out street-smart conman from the ghetto who, through a ridiculous set of circumstances, is suddenly elevated to the status of manager of one of New York's most prestigious and prosperous investment firms. His rise is paralleled by the downfall of the repulsively arrogant and wealthy Louis Winthorpe III (Dan Ackroyd), who is ignominiously ejected from the position of junior partner in the Duke & Duke Investment Company and replaced by Valentine.

This pair's fate has been engineered by the proprietors of the company, the Duke brothers, played by Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche — a couple of old rogues who, for the sake of an entertaining little wager, manipulate and ruin the lives of Winthorpe and Valentine. The victims eventually catch on to the game. Their method of revenge, created through a series of hilariously farcical sequences, provides a particularly cathartic brand of comedy in which everybody gets much more than their just deserts.

This coarse satire on the art of American avarice owes much of its success to two of that coun-

try's most popular comedy talents — Dan Ackroyd, who teamed with John Belushi in *The Blues Brothers*, and John Landis, the director of *Animal House*, *The Blues Brothers* and *An American Werewolf in London*.

In the tradition of American humor, subtlety is not one of this duo's characteristics. Theirs is a heavyhanded brand of slapstick situation comedy which relies upon a fast pace and a big budget production rather than incisive scripts or clever characterisation.

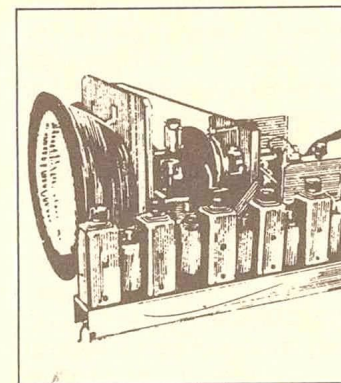
The other thing *Trading Places* has going for it is Jamie Lee Curtis, the star of a string of blood and guts teenage horror flicks like *The Fog*, *Prom Night*, *Terror Train* and *Halloween II*. She makes a particularly successful transition to the comedy genre in her role as the clichéd character Ophelia — the whore with a heart of gold.

Blues Brothers fans will already be enamored of Ackroyd, who once again displays confidence, versatility and a great sense of comic timing in his role. But in the final analysis it is Eddie Murphy who steals the limelight. His quick-witted craziness, the legacy of a lengthy training stint in stand-up comedy, is tempered by an obvious talent as a serious actor, and a winner's grin. Watch that boy. — Colin Hinton

Murphy, Curtis and Ackroyd in *Trading Places*



VIDEO



NEW BLUES

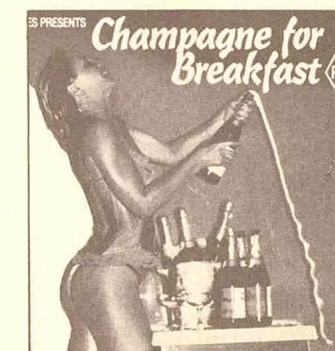
For many aspiring stars, starlets, directors, writers and cinematographers, "erotic" cinema has been a back door into the mainstream of the movie industry. Hollywood runs rife with rumors of who did what to whom long before their names became linchpins to multi-million dollar productions. Behind the cameras, it's much the same story. Even Francis Ford Coppola indulged in *cinema d'erotique* on his way up the ladder towards the *Godfather* films and *Apocalypse Now*. And as the cigarette advertising says of the modern woman, so-called "art" films have come a long way since the days of scratchy, out-of-focus, awkwardly performed sexual encounters which were usually exposed to raucous audiences on stag nights. The genre challenges mainstream cinema internationally in annual grosses, and forms the backbone of the video industry. The performers — such as John Holmes, Harry Reems, Marilyn Chambers and Samantha Fox — are as familiar (if not more so in some respects) as the Reynolds, Eastwoods, Stallones, Keatons and Streeps of the "legitimate" cinema.

The advances in the quality of erotic films are not confined to production work. A batch of cur-

rent releases highlights the humor (not always intentional), drama (some of it no better and no worse than you'd find in an average episode of *Hart To Hart*, *Knight Rider*, *The Fall Guy* and many others which clog up television sets every night), and entertaining plot devices intertwined with the numerous intertwined bodies on which the films depend for mass audience appeal.

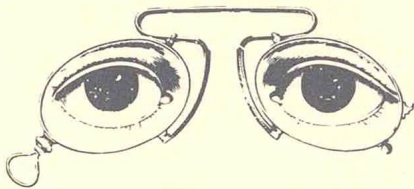
When you consider that Sylvester Stallone got film exposure in the buff long before the *Rocky* trilogy in *Italian Stallion* (available as a double with *Fantasy World* on *Play-around Video*), there is no telling where the latest erotic star, John Leslie, might end up. Something of a ring-in for Paul Michael

Something to pop your cork



Glaser (Starsky to David Soul's Hutch), Leslie features in *Co-Ed Fever* (Movies At Midnight Video), *Champagne For Breakfast* and *Exposed* (the last two a double bill from Roadshow Video).

As with many films in the genre, *Co-Ed Fever* takes its lead from the success of *Animal House*, focussing on campus fraternity fraternising in a less limited way than the *National Lampoon* satire. Uppa You fraternity is the "animal house" of the campus; the students of that outfit are the disreputables whom the sorority president gets in a sweat over when a national magazine arrives to do a story on this bastion of education. The girls "dating" these



"obnoxious, disgusting, ignorant pieces of whale shit" (including the president's daughter, Kimberly) are given a choice: drop the boys and stay in school, or else. *Co-Ed Fever* drains the plot for what it is worth and keeps the camera focussed on the *interruptus* of the *coitus* which attracts the "respectable" girls to the dregs of the sorority.

Shrugging off the Italian-American student of *Co-Ed Fever*, Leslie finds he has to go gay to keep things straight in *Champagne For Breakfast*. He takes on a job as chauffeur to a successful businesswoman named Champagne who, having made it to the top, takes a break to try and find what any nine-to-five secretary seems to be able to get plenty of without any trouble at all. The question is: how far can Leslie go in his deception (which includes giving Champagne nude massages) before his boss (finding the hunt for her Mr Goodbar less than satisfactory) realises that what she is seeking is within hand's reach?

The problem faced by Leslie, in *Exposed* is one that has confronted many thespians once their "graduation" days in the erotic genre are over. Making the transition from porn star to legit photographer, Leslie — now happily married to a girl who unwittingly luxuriates in his expertise gleaned from the past per-

formances — is tracked down by a porn film producer who is in dire need of the man's talents to finish his current flick. Eventually roped into taking on the assignment, and blackmailed by a next-door neighbor on heat who knows of his former porn star status, Leslie goes back into the saddle. Unfortunately, what his wife has come to expect each night when he gets home, Leslie is unable to perform because of his exhausting daily routine. Also missing out on her "payment", the neighbor has cause for revenge — but not even she could imagine how the wronged wife will eke out her vengeance on the wilting Mr Leslie.

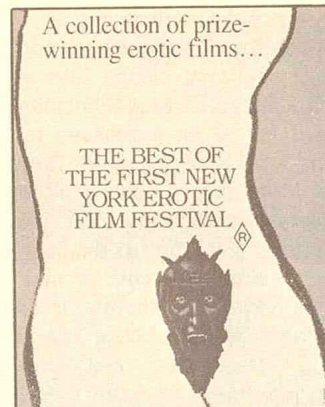
Samantha Fox, one of the fraternity sisters in *Co-Ed Fever*, is a veteran of erotica who has known a long line of male and female co-stars intimately during her rise to "name above the title" status. *The Lady is a Tramp* (Select Video), sees Sam as an insatiable woman in pursuit of both the perfect orgasm and the perfect man. He shows up in the guise of an attorney — ignorant of her previous life-style — and Sam coyly presents herself as chaste rather than chased. In *Amanda By Night* (Movies At Midnight Video), Sam turns up as a hooker hired for a bit of S and M with an influential client. Sam only lasts half the length of the

movie — she's despatched from this world for reasons that will forever remain obscure. The plot is so thin it wouldn't hold a 15-minute radio serial together. Nevertheless, thin as it might be, the "plot" is reason enough to highlight Veronica Hart, a much more convincing performer horizontally than vertically, and Richard Bolla, a cop straight out of the Hollywood book of stereotypes.

Veronica Hart is involved in more sexual shenanigans in *A Scent Of Heather*, which relies on the old erotica standby of "a sexual awakening." Our heroine, Heather — fresh from a convent upbringing — is railroaded into an arranged marriage with a gardener, who turns out to be (shades of *Sons And Daughters*!) her brother. Any consummation vital to the plot becomes a strict no-no, and the ensuring convoluted exercise has the scent of a Tom Jones-like romp with dollops of "Upstairs, Downstairs and m'lady's chamber" about it.

Every Inch a Lady (Select Video) stars Harry Reems, formerly of the breakthrough porn film, *Deep Throat*. In what seems his 100th feature as Chino the male hustler, he teams up with a female counterpart (Crystal) and builds up a cottage "massage" and "escort" service into Deviations Inc., a company prepared to offer any sexual service a client requires. However, Crystal's secretary is not the Plain Jane she seems; in fact she is Chino's secret lover and fellow-conspirator in a scheme to murder Crystal and take over the organisation. If a writer had come up with the hoary plot in Australia, *Every Inch a Lady* might well have suffered another fate — as a six-hour mini-series! When you get down to it, there is a very fine line 'twixt mainstream literature, TV and films and what the highly productive talents involved in porn/erotica churn out.

For an intelligent view on the output, *The Best of The New York*



The intellectual view

Erotic Film Festival (Roadshow) gives an insight into the underground film-makers' idea of what makes the erotic ordinary and the ordinary, in some cases erotic. The 12 shorts range from delightful silent comedy to one believed to be the world's first animated porn film. This is the type of production that darlings of the media can attach their names to and film festivals can showcase, yet those in vocal opposition to any form of free expression in the arts will still find cause to damn.

Going for the "glam" so predominant in many of the British and Continental men's magazines, *Electric Blue* is a monthly compilation of glamor spreads, reports on sexual innovations and the like (including celebrity nudes, nude wives, etc). Number 12 in the series features three glamor spreads: *Sandy* — Red-Hot And Chauffeur-Driven; *Lay Her Again Sam* ("more private dick than classic Bogart") and *Paula* "Sun and Sex in Ibiza" *Electric Blue*, unless on rental, is an expensive way to buy an electronic magazine, but the student of the latest developments in the "sexual revolution" may find it worthwhile being able to watch first-hand the girls working for one of those LA "phone-in for a sexual date" services. What they say is what you get — and it's all chargeable to any legitimate credit card. — Denis Whitburn

WORDS



TOKEN SOLDIERS

Despite the tragic legacy of this country's involvement in the conflict, and despite the fact that it presented a dramatic tableau for the storyteller, no Australian author has produced the definitive novel of the Vietnam War.

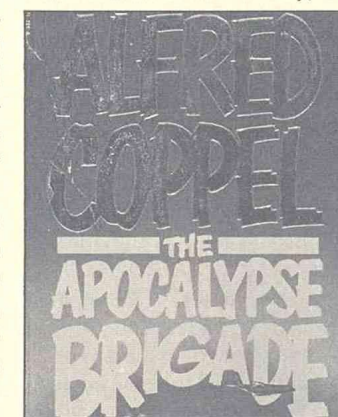
There was Kenneth Cook's *Wine Of God's Anger* and John Rowe's *Count Your Dead*, both of which had their deficiencies, and now there is John Carroll's *Token Soldiers* (Wildgrass Books, \$7.95). Carroll's novel also has its failings, but 15 years after the event, it appears to be the best fictional description of the tragedy, the futility and the terror which confronted the Australian soldier in Vietnam.

The novel's central character and narrator is corporal "Daisy" Bates. He tells his story in a laconic, almost deadpan tone. The tale concerns a single patrol: a few days of terminal horror in the jungle of North Vietnam. Bates introduces a sense of foreboding early in the piece when he informs the reader that his new platoon sergeant will be the appropriately named Neil Savage — a man renowned as a vicious, psychopathic killer on and off the battlefield. After the platoon is separated from its lieutenant, Savage goes on a murderous rampage through a Vietnamese village and Bates is

forced to take matters into his own hands.

But not before he relates a variety of shocking incidents: the inevitable deterioration of mind and body after a few days in the dank and hostile jungle, ambushes, booby traps, assorted atrocities, and the final helter-skelter escape by helicopter as the enemy surrounds the depleted platoon.

While the story is occasionally marred by clumsy flashbacks and dead-end sub-plots, *Token Soldiers'* action sequences are brilliantly realised. The narrator Bates expresses himself with a crude colloquial eloquence which gives the book such a stark sense of reality, it is



Confident and competent

difficult to believe that Carroll did not serve in Vietnam.

Although he never got a holiday in South East Asia as a national service conscript the author did spend extensive periods in New Guinea, and his close relationships with a number of Vietnam veterans aided him in his research.

This book is bound to bring back memories which many would rather forget. Platoon leader Lieutenant Shaw broods upon the appalling irrelevance of Australia's part in Vietnam before taking his men out on their ill-fated mission. "A side-show, that's all the Australians are. A walk on part in an expensive production. If we weren't here, nobody would notice.

Shaw laughed to himself. Token soldiers, that's all we are. Token soldiers in a token army." Carroll's book makes compulsive reading. It's recommended.

In contrast with Carroll's brevity, Alfred Coppell takes a long-winded approach to his tale of future war in *The Apocalypse Brigade* (Corgi, \$4.95). Apparently inspired by the debacle of the aborted rescue attempt on the US hostages in Iran, Coppell's audacious plot, set in the 1990s, involves the rescue of more than 100 Western diplomats imprisoned by fanatical Arabs in the American Embassy in Saudi Arabia.

But this time it is not the American government which comes to their rescue. The hostages are saved by an insidious band called the New Peace Corps, a private army which has its sights set on a much larger target than the American Embassy in Saudi Arabia. Inspired by its aged and slightly batty leader, multi-billionaire Calder David, the NPC intends to destroy the power of the Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Its attitude is that if the government is not prepared to act in defence of its constituents, then it is their duty to take matters into their own hands.

Coppell writes with a confident and competent understanding of the international political scene, which gives his plot a credible backdrop. He also does an admirable job of tying up an occasionally confusing array of characters and scenes into a tense and bloody climax. These two factors set *The Apocalypse Brigade* above the stack of mainly mundane thrillers which currently inhabit the bookstands.

Forget the Walkley Awards and the other official honors available to Australian journalists. My ultimate aspiration in the trade is to be quoted in the

National Times' Women's Role column. As a representative of one of the last bastions of male chauvinism in this country I feel I have a duty to my fellows to maintain an aggressively bigoted male stance in my meagre contributions to *Penthouse*. But alas, the ladies over at the *National Times* have failed to notice my neurotic, discriminatory missives. They obviously read the wrong magazines. Or maybe they've been too busy putting together a collection of the best of the column which collates the comments which perpetuate discrimination against women.

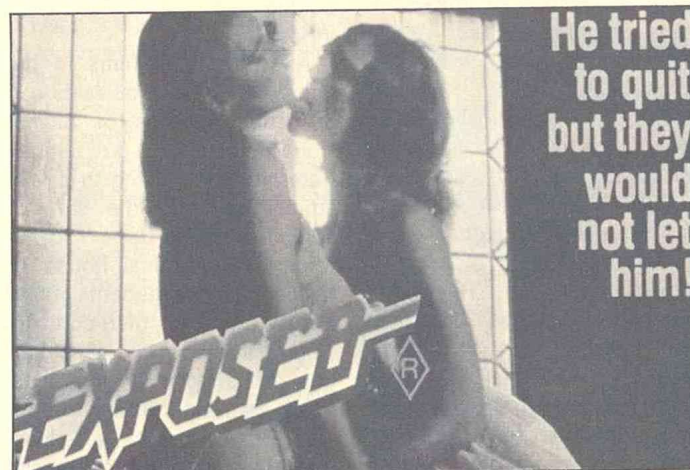
In her introduction to *Women's Role* (George Allen & Unwin, \$6.95), Robyn Archer, with a typically paranoid, hysterical, feminine over-reaction, says that after reading the collection she was filled with revulsion and despair. In fact, many of them are perfectly apt.

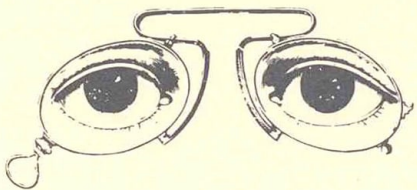
My only objection to Craig McGregor's collection of essays on popular culture in Australia, *Soundtrack For The Eighties*

Women's Role... over-reaction



Exposed... a romp through suburban loungerooms





(Hodder and Stoughton, \$12.95) is its misleading title.

Most of these essays are dated, particularly the reprinted extracts from *Up Against The Wall America*. McGregor's point of view, his language and his idols all belong to the previous decade. He is still quoting Marshall McLuhan, still claiming that The Beatles and Bob Dylan are the best songwriters of our time, and still talking about rock music as a symbol of youthful defiance. It is not. In the early Seventies, rock and drugs were the symbols of youthful revolution. In the Eighties, they are merely distractions from reality.

McGregor, like some other cultural commentators, doesn't seem to realise that "the times

Craig McGregor

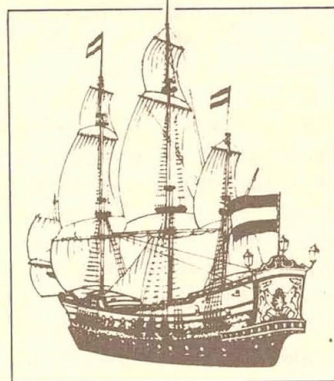
SOUND TRACK FOR THE EIGHTIES

Replaying the 70s

they are a changing." While these ivory tower academics are busy debating whether Australian society is essentially middle or working class, they ignore the most significant social phenomenon of our time — the rise of the new Australian class, the unemployed. And this class isn't interested in the counter-cultural confrontations of the Seventies. They only seek diversion from their apparently hopeless plight.

While this book reinforces McGregor's reputation as a highly perceptive and lucid social commentator, it fails to address the issues of the day. Instead of being a soundtrack for the Eighties, it is a replay of the Seventies. — Phil Abraham

TRAVEL



BEATING JET LAG

I don't believe in jet lag. It's just another travellers' tale, and right now there are a number of people making money out of books telling you how to avoid it — or at least to control the effects.

Of course, the daily rhythms we live by are important and jet flight is a disorientating experience, especially on a long flight from east to west. Doctors — and people who imagine they're victims of jet lag — describe symptoms like gastrointestinal disturbances, distorted sleep patterns and poor working performance.

But consider what you do to yourself when you fly in a jet aircraft. For starters, you're immobile for long periods and you're sitting in an atmosphere with a relative humidity of under 10 percent. If aircraft designers tried to give you sea-level humidity, they'd need to create planes capable of carrying more water than fuel. Add to that the practice of eating up to 4000 calories of the worst sort of food (by which I don't mean to say that airline food is not as good as it could be; the unavoidable fact is that it has to be kept for hours before it reaches you) and the copious quantities of alcohol most passengers pour into themselves, and it's little wonder that people tumble off

aeroplanes feeling lousy and stay that way for days.

If you were to sit in a room for 12 to 16 hours with a heater on to dry the air, eat yourself stupid and swallow plenty of grog, I guarantee you'd feel terrible.

The way to beat "jet lag" is to keep off the grog — though the odd beer can be a help — and get some exercise by walking around the cabin.

Eat heartily but wholesomely before you board the aircraft, and try to avoid airline food. Consider brown-bagging it — carrying your food with you after a raid on the local delicatessen. That way you get what you like and you can eat when and how you want. Take a modest amount of non-fortified alcohol, preferably nothing stronger than beer, and plenty of non-alcoholic fluid. That counters the dehydration and allows for the diuretic effects of the alcohol.

So-called "jet lag" is really a physical problem. You can minimise it even further by making sure you're relaxed when you board the aircraft. Get your travellers' cheques and things like that a few days before you fly instead of on the day, so you aren't rushing around. Have your injections, if you need them, at least three weeks before departure in order to get over any reaction. And put a minimum of 48 hours between your farewell party and your departure.

Always arrive at the airport in plenty of time for the formalities. Firstly, it's more relaxed, and



secondly, if you've checked in early you reduce the chances of being bumped off the flight if, as often happens, the airline has overbooked it. Once aboard, exercise. Buy one of the many small, cheap books on isometrics — exercises you can do in your seat. Do the rounds of the cabin. At any transit point, get off the plane, walk around and flex your muscles.

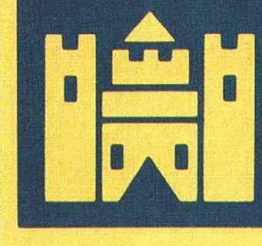
Remember, too, that the cabin pressure in most aircraft is about the same as you'd encounter at 2500 metres. It means you'll swell from the effects of too much beer or champagne and from the digestive consequences of certain vegetables. I have found peas to be the worst in this regard, and you should avoid them in fairness to fellow passengers.

Wear light and comfortable clothes, and if it's a really long flight, try to have a shave around about dawn. It's good for morale and makes you look more respectable to customs officers. If you're going to an Asian country, that can save you plenty of time.

Take every opportunity to sleep along the way. Ask your doctor for a nitrazepam pill (Mogadon is the most familiar) which will knock you out fairly quickly and won't last too long. But remember to visit the toilet first, or your bladder will wake you anyway and you'll waste the pill. It can be comforting to take along either a second watch or a travelling clock set to Australian time. It's a link with home and helpful if you have to make phone calls back. Once you've arrived, take a walk. Fill your lungs and stretch cramped muscles for at least half an hour.

In short, the recipe for beating jet lag is to remember that you're going to be in a highly artificial environment for quite a long time. Don't think you're superhuman — just relax, make your environment as natural as possible, and you won't suffer from jet lag. — Fred Baker

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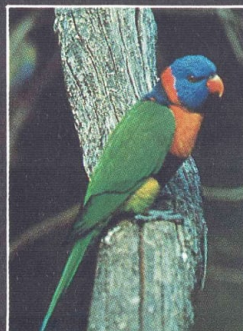
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RUSTLING FEATHERS

To the unscrupulous, smuggling Australian birds is as profitable as drug trafficking — at a fraction of the risk



When a member of the American mafia says a racket is big, it is *big*. With prophetic irony, Vincent "Big Vinnie" Teresa, a New York mafia boss turned FBI informer, took it upon himself to warn that bird smuggling from Australia was getting bigger and bigger in the ambit of international organised crime.

Teresa knew what he was talking about. When authorities smashed Australia's largest bird smuggling operation, Teresa — himself the operator of an American bird import agency — was nominated as one of the principals of the racket.

In a telephone interview with the author in 1979, Teresa, who had made a controversial visit to Australia two years previously, said that bird smuggling from Australia had become linked with drug trafficking involving US mafia interests. According to him, it was a racket "that's getting bigger and bigger." Just one week after the interview was published in the *The Bulletin* magazine in August 1979, authorities seized a truckload of galahs and sulphur-crested cockatoos — allegedly being smuggled for Teresa himself — worth well over \$2 million on the American market. It was seven times the biggest previous haul on record.

Bird smuggling is certainly a big, cruel business, involving millions of dollars of illicit profits and pitiful treatment of captured wildlife. In money terms, smuggling of birds and other wildlife can be as lucrative as drug trafficking. Both smuggling operations tend to go hand in hand... with the same Asian trafficking routes used to smuggle out birds and other wildlife and

BY BOB BOTTOM





Above: The methods employed by bird smugglers are manifold. Here an Australian customs officer unpacks a cache of drugged Major Mitchell cockatoos which had been taped inside perforated piping and packed in a suitcase bound for an overseas destination. The Major Mitchell breed is one of the most common smuggled out of Australia.

RUSTLING FEATHERS

bring back illegal drugs.

Each year, countless thousands of birds, reptiles and other protected species, including the koala and kangaroo, are smuggled out of Australia through Asia for sale to wealthy buyers in the United States and Europe.

In 1976, a Federal parliamentary standing committee established to investigate trafficking in protected fauna described the racket as a "highly capitalised and organised activity involving land, sea and air operations and a network of contacts throughout Australia and overseas." It has been calculated that the annual turnover would be around \$40 million.

The principal destinations are Asia and the United States, where a pair of rare parrots can fetch the mind-boggling price of \$50,000. Taipan snakes and green tree pythons can sell for \$1000 each; gold-shouldered parrots and sulphur-crested cockatoos have been bringing up to \$10,000 for a matched pair in the United States; and even the lowly galah, destroyed as a pest on most outback properties, sells for up to \$1700. Yet in Australia they can be bought, legally, for a mere fraction of the cost.

In the Teresa episode, the birds seized were to have been sold in the United States for more than 600 times their Australian value. An outlay of not much over \$3000 was to yield more than \$2 million.

A well-known restaurant and nightclub

owner in Sydney's Kings Cross, Alfred Ferdinand Franz Schmid, pleaded guilty to various federal and state charges following the seizure of a vanload of birds in north Queensland allegedly destined for Teresa. Austrian-born Schmid, who migrated to Australia in 1955 and who had been refused Australian citizenship 12 years later on criminal and security grounds, operated Freddie's Weiner Wald and Old Vienna Inn restaurants in the heart of Kings Cross.

An alert export clerk at Sydney's Mascot airport thwarted one attempt by Schmid to smuggle out crates of birds under the guise of computer parts. In June 1979, Schmid booked an airline container in the name of Computrex Datronics (Australia) Incorporated for despatch with Qantas to the Philippines with an open invoice for transshipment from there to Portland Sales Corporation in Portland, Oregon, USA.

When Schmid and another person loaded 12 crates into the airline container, he pressed five \$20 notes into the hand of export clerk David John Stewert, telling him not to worry about any noises emanating from the container as the crates contained cockatoos. Stewert afterwards notified Mascot police, who called in Customs officers to brake open the crates and found 77 sulphur-crested cockatoos and 10 galahs. The shipment was confiscated — without Schmid's knowledge.

Although the cockatoos had been bought from a licensed dealer for nine dollars each, and the galahs for probably less than half that amount, they would have been worth a total of nearly half a million dollars in the United States.

Nearly two months later, a large furniture type van parked on a disused track beside the Cairns Highway in north Queensland attracted the attention of a local resident, James Dennis Kinnear. When Kinnear approached the van, he heard birds squawking. Schmid and another man told Kinnear they were Customs officers and flashed badges (subsequently believed to have been Lions Club badges). Next day, Kinnear saw the van again parked 100 metres away and notified police at Kuranda, a tiny township 25 kilometres from Cairns.

That night, August 14, 1979, Sergeant Jock MacDonald and Constable Philip Crogan tracked down the van and Schmid at the Honey House Motel in Kuranda. Confronted about the birds, Schmid exclaimed: "Oh, my God," and admitted he was neither licensed nor authorised to have them in his possession.

Earlier that same morning, Robert Cox, manager of the Jolly Roger Motel in nearby Cairns, had called Commonwealth police after monitoring an international telephone call booked to Vinnie Teresa's unlisted number in the United States. The call was booked to Seattle 838 4318, a number used by Teresa for a bird import

THE FAILURE OF PROTECTION

BY MICHAEL KENNEDY

The national and international trade in exotic wildlife has placed the continued existence of several endangered species, particularly parrots, in jeopardy. International and local environmental groups have won nominal support for stopping the trade from many world governments, but there is growing rancor among these groups that little practical action is being taken. The illegal trade appears to be growing despite the existence of an international treaty designed to control and monitor trade, and in many cases enact commercial prohibitions. The Eighties, the conservationists say, could prove to be a disastrous decade for many wildlife species.

Australia, it seems, is a partner (legally, semi-legally and illegally) in what to some people is a totally abhorrent trade. To others, the wildlife trade is a justifiable pursuit towards the goal of economic stability. For example, the government of the Province of Amazonas, Brazil, has proposed to the national government that it legalise all illegal trade in wildlife in an effort to earn \$20 million per annum and alleviate the Brazilian deficit of \$90 billion.

Whatever your moral outlook, parrots and wildlife in general are getting a raw deal. From an Australian point of view there seems little doubt that parrots are suffering through habitat destruction. Figures released in 1982 by the Royal Ornithologists Union (RAOU) indicate that the numbers of many of Australia's rare and unique parrot species may be falling. The indications, according to Dr Stephen Davies, chairman of the RAOU Research Committee, are that "at least half" of Australia's 55 parrot species have suffered a decline in status. This raises several questions. How much effect is trade having on parrot numbers in Australia? How large is the illicit export trade? And why is it that despite revised legislation and an international treaty the illicit trade obviously continues to flourish?

The treaty mentioned above is the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna

and Flora (CITES). Australia is a party to this convention which aims to control the (legal) trade of many thousands of endangered species throughout the world, via a special system of permits. The treaty lists all parrot species (*Psittaciformes*) of the world — excluding the budgerigar, cockateil and rose-winged parakeet (three exceedingly numerous species) — under two classifications: those that may be traded under licence and those that may never be traded. The move was made out of immense concern for the continuing world trade in parrots and its unregulated nature. Australia was one of the nations that voted in favor of this proposal.

Prior to Australia's ratification of CITES in 1976, wildlife export laws had been very strict in controlling the legal trade in Australia, yet before, during and after this period of transition from old laws to new the illegal trade has thrived. For example, several hundred illegally imported cockatoos worth \$500,000 were stopped by US Customs between July 1974 and January 1977. They included 75 rare Palm cockatoos which are listed in CITES and protected throughout Papua-New Guinea and Australia. The reason for continuing illegal trade is a simple one — money. The price of cockatoos has risen from \$100 in 1975 to about \$1500 in 1977 and currently a matched pair can fetch as much as \$10,000.

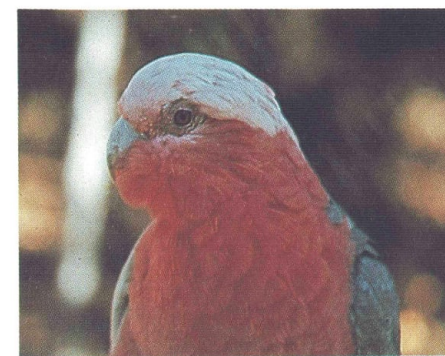
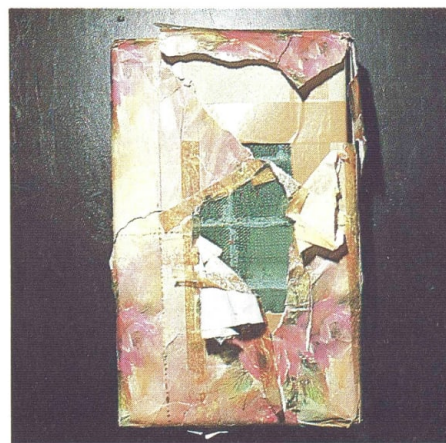
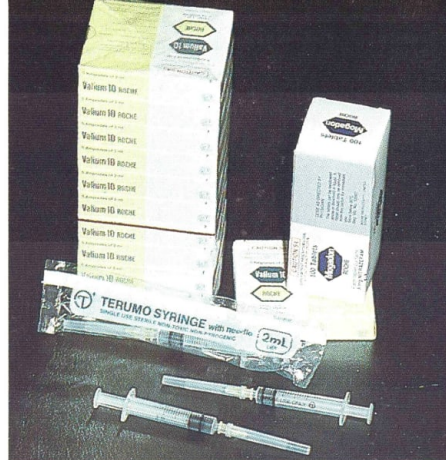
Australia originally ratified CITES using regulations under the *Customs Act 1901* — Customs (Endangered Species) Regulations. The legislation was weak, with inappropriate departmental authorities, and lacked proper enforcement to counter the illegal trade. Between October 1976, when the legislation was introduced, and July 1980, there had been 1419 confiscations (various endangered species items) by Australian Customs officers, and yet not one of these cases ever resulted in a prosecution under federal law.

In December 1982 the Liberal Government's Minister for Industry and Commerce, Mr Peacock, announced

that 107 people had been apprehended under State laws for smuggling Australian birds, animals and reptiles since 1975. In 1979-80, 265 birds, animals, reptiles and eggs — with an estimated value of \$273,200 — were recovered from smugglers. In 1980-81 there were 214 with an overseas value of \$104,250 and from July 1981 to October 1982 there were 322 worth \$273,410.

For its part, the Australian Government has introduced new legislation aimed at strengthening our obligations under CITES. The Wildlife Protection (Regulation of Exports and Imports) Act 1982, is one of the toughest pieces of legislation of its kind in the world. The legislation, when proclaimed, will make the possession of an endangered species or its products illegal without appropriate documentation, and allows for public objection or review of the Minister's decision in relation to the issuing of licences for export or import. Penalties are heavy. Individuals face fines of up to \$100,000 or imprisonment for a period of up to five years, and corporate bodies face fines of \$200,000 for each conviction of exporting or importing specimens without a permit or authority issued under the Act.

Meanwhile, Australian environmental organisations are also trying to accomplish their part. The Fund For Animals (Australia) has raised the funds to establish a TRAFFIC office in Australia, to provide for an independent monitoring unit for the international wildlife trade laws. However, experienced and professional TRAFFIC personnel are rare creatures themselves, and it has been necessary to seek the importation of personnel from Britain. They would ensure a sound beginning for TRAFFIC operations in Australia and guarantee the proper training of Australian personnel. This move has found some opposition in the Department of Immigration and Ethnic Affairs, which has been reticent to give its full support to the scheme. The Australian Government may be the death of its own parrots yet.



Photos courtesy of Taronga Zoo, Sydney

RUSTLING FEATHERS

business trading under the name Seattle Bird Importers Incorporated. The business was registered under Teresa's cover name, Charles Antony Cantino, which was adopted as part of his new identity after he entered the US Government's "Witness Protection" program and agreeing to testify against former New York mafia associates.

According to Cox's version of the monitored call, the Cairns caller complained about waiting two days and having to get out because of the risk:

SEATTLE: I realise the risk you are taking, but I couldn't get a plane. We were lucky to get through previously on commercial. I was up all night ringing to get a plane . . . the other bloke pulled out because of the risk. I have now got to contact this other plane in two and a half hours.

CAIRNS: It is not good unless the plane is here by 10pm tonight. The risk is too high . . .

SEATTLE: I realise the risk you are taking but do you realise the (payment of) \$17,000 that you could miss out on . . . can't you wait another couple of days? I

know there is a risk but the plane will be leaving today . . .

CAIRNS: It's no good . . . I have got to get out.

Since Queensland police seized the shipment that night, it is not known what happened to any plane. But Teresa was alleged to have arranged for a DC 3 aircraft to pick up the birds and fly them to Indonesia to fulfil US quarantine regulations, and then fly them on to America where Teresa was to use mafia colleagues to sell them to customers throughout the United States.

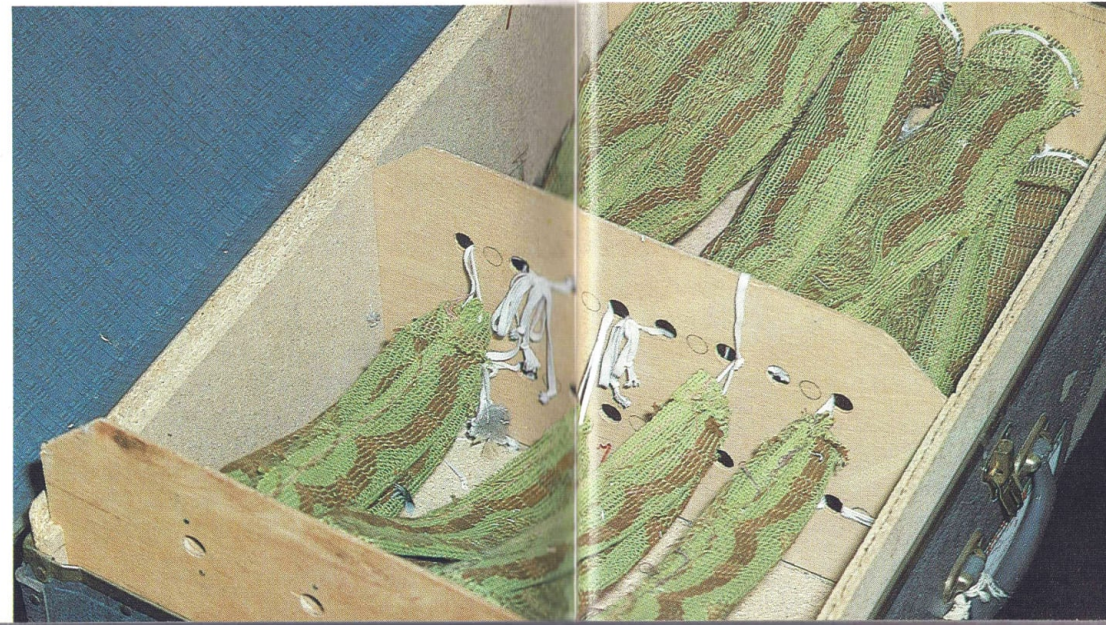
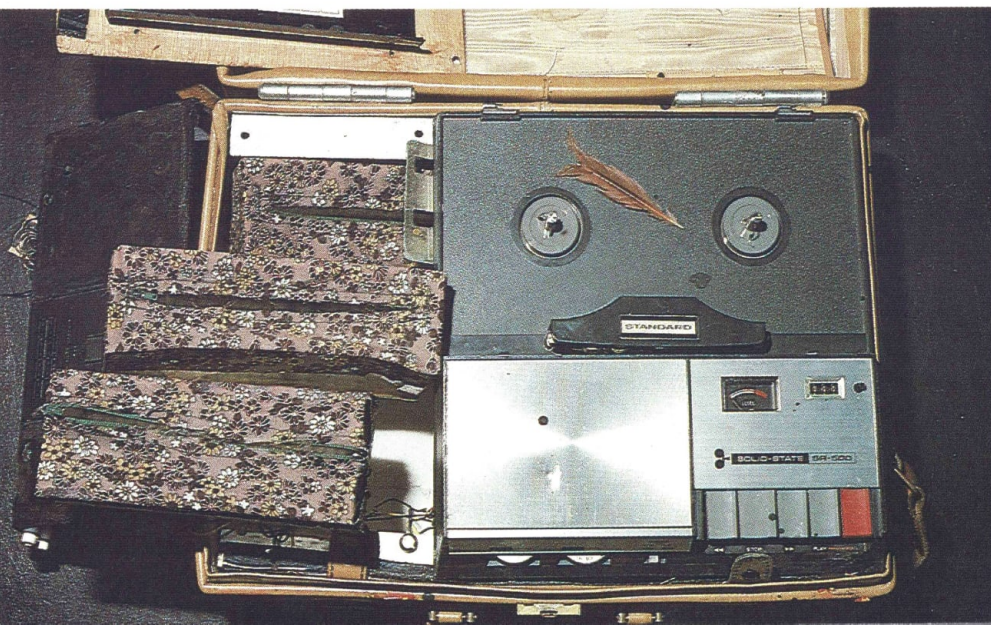
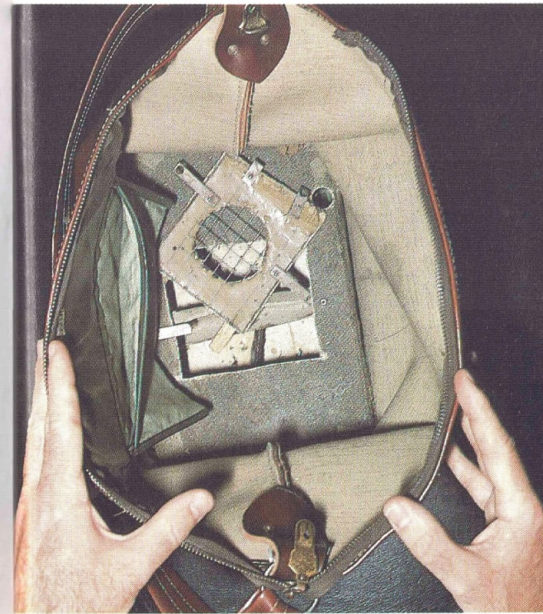
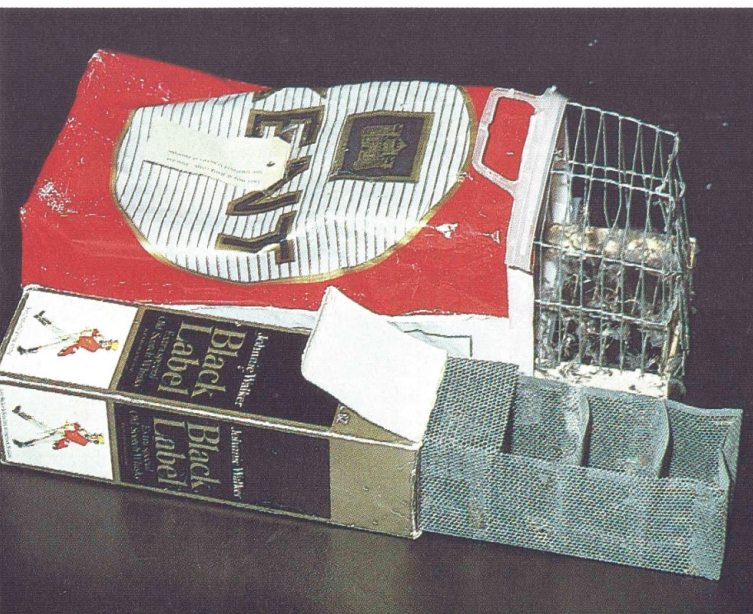
In December 1978, the US Department of Interior's Fish and Wildlife Service seized 324 birds in Teresa's possession imported from Indonesia with faulty quarantine papers. It was suspected that they had been smuggled originally from Australia.

Teresa visited Australia in February, 1977 to appear before an unofficial inquiry into casinos. He departed hurriedly after being ordered out of the country by the Federal Government for having entered under a false name. For the short period he was in Sydney, he devoted most of his time to visiting aviaries.

Once a bit-time member of the New York mob, Teresa gave testimony before the McClellan Senate inquiry into organised crime in the United States and wrote a book, *My Life In The Mafia*. Turning FBI informant, he was responsible for the conviction of more than 50 criminals involved in organised crime.

Within a year of being named in Australian bird smuggling operations, he was jailed over an insurance fraud. But he could not be charged with bird smuggling.

Laws in the United States and most other countries do not prohibit the sale of native fauna from Australia. Since no questions are asked, major buyers include



These pages: The methods and the victims of the bird smuggling trade. Customs officials have to be constantly alert to the devious methods of the bird runners who will use anything from a duty free cigarette carton to a specially rigged overcoat to get their charges out of the country. The breeds favored by the smugglers include galahs and the Major Mitchell, sulphur crested and gangan cockatoos.



RUSTLING FEATHERS

reputable zoos. They are not concerned with how the wildlife is caught or smuggled out, just as long as they get what they want.

Some smuggling syndicates maintain full-time hunting crews roaming the outback. Their methods can be quite brutal. Birds are trapped in mist nets — fine mesh strung between trees which entangle birds that fly into them. Or nylon loops are used to catch birds by the legs, often leaving them dangling from tree branches until the hunters return. Sticky substances are spread over feeding areas, leaving birds literally stuck to the ground. Many perish from shock or starvation before the hunters return to free them.

To get birds out of the country, they are packed in crates and boxes and flown out using any of the 900 unsupervised airstrips of northern Australia. Others are taken out by couriers through international airports, drugged and stuffed in camera cases, cigarette cartons and false-bottomed suitcases.

One planeload of smuggled birds can be exchanged in Bangkok for a consignment of heroin worth millions of dollars on the streets back in Australia. In one smuggling operation smashed by the Australian Customs Bureau, a syndicate had netted \$310,000 — \$250,000 from birds taken out of the country and \$60,000 from a backload of exotic Asian parrots.

The backloading of overseas species to Australia also presents a national disease hazard. In 1977, authorities had to act when a couple at Wyong on the central coast of NSW bought imported parrots smuggled in from Indonesia. The parrots were suspected of having been in contact with Newcastle Disease, a virulent virus that can decimate poultry flocks. Thousands of dollars worth of other birds likely to have been affected by the smuggled birds had to be destroyed.

When poultry become infected with Newcastle Disease (named after the British city following an outbreak there in 1926) they die of respiratory and nervous disorders. A form of the disease has broken out in Australia twice — both times in Victoria. In 1930, two poultry farmers lost nearly 5000 birds between them. In the second outbreak in 1932 more than 20,000 birds died.

The smugglers do not restrict themselves to birds or drugs. United States customs authorities cracked an Australian-based smuggling ring dealing in reptiles. Called the "Swiss Connection", it involved a consignment of 150 snakes, lizards and crocodiles despatched from Queensland and routed through Switzerland to a prominent wildlife dealer in Philadelphia.

Australian customs men have been arresting dozens of smugglers each year. One man was fined in Darwin for attempting to smuggle five live pythons — four of which were found in cloth pouches strap-

ped to his legs while the fifth snake was hidden in his underpants.

When a horse trainer from Perth appeared in a court in Sydney for attempting to export 10 native birds worth \$23,000 he was fined only \$500. Pleading guilty, the man said he was approached at a racecourse, while drunk, by a man who asked him to take a case to Singapore. He claimed he did not know what was in the case. "I don't even like birds," he said. "I am frightened of them."

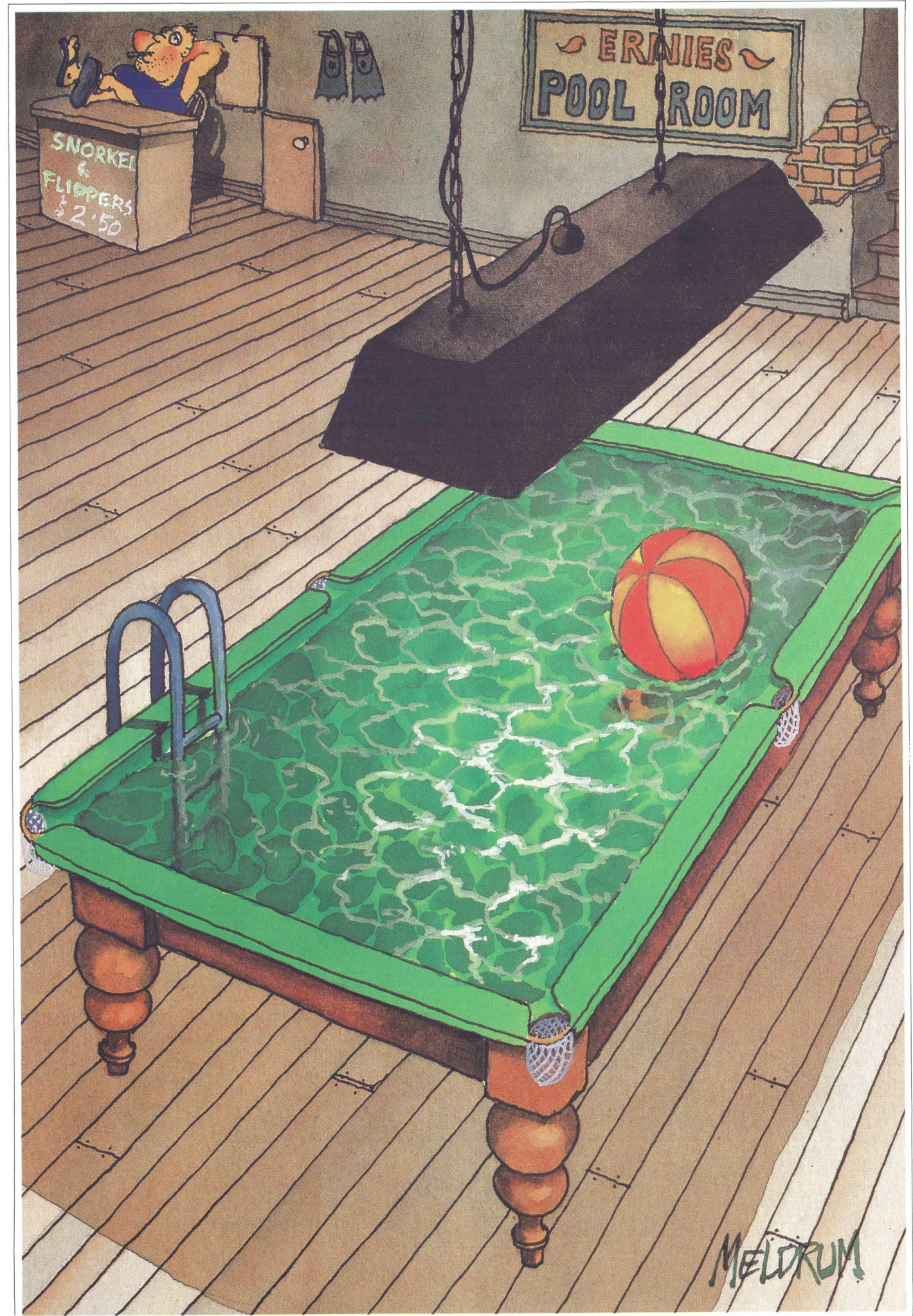
In Queensland, the government has set up a special 20-man Fauna Protection Squad. Seconded from the police force, squad members operate in two-man teams to patrol isolated airstrips and wildlife hunting grounds. Four fifths, or 547 of the 683 different species of Australian native birds, can be found in Queensland. The Premier of Queensland, Mr Bjelke-Petersen, stepped in to order formation of the squad and assigned his personal bodyguard, Detective Sergeant Laurie Witham, to spearhead the squad. As Witham put it: "We can't stand by and see the heritage of future generations wiped out by mercenary greed."

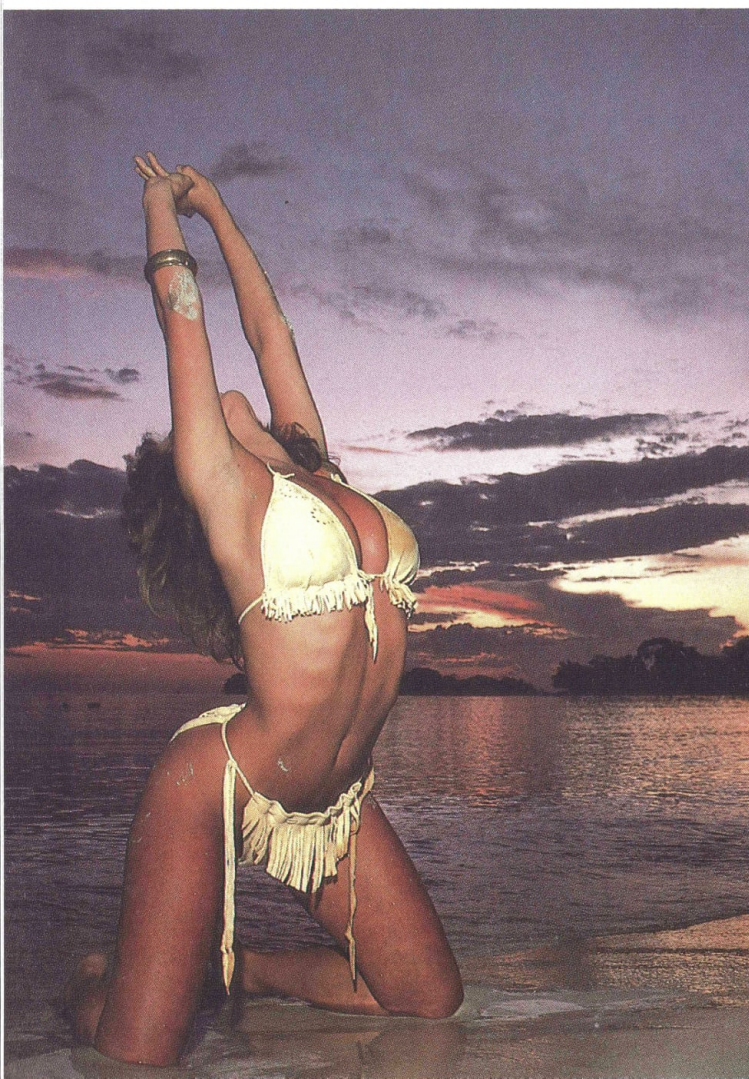
Testifying to the scale of money available to bird smugglers, police in Queensland in 1980 were hunting a smuggling ring suspected of having buried \$1 million in cash on an island after a boat they had been using got into difficulties. Fearing detection, gang members had reportedly taken the money ashore and hidden it, while releasing their ill-gotten cargo of native birds. After another raid on an outback trapping camp, near the Northern Territory border, police smashed a ring believed to have included a doctor and a priest.

In Victoria, the government has instituted a stricter system of licensing for the keeping of a fauna, with fines of up to \$5000 for possession of endangered species.

Authorities in South Australia have proposed an entirely different approach — that export restrictions be eased to allow the export of galahs, cockatoos and other fauna no longer considered endangered species. On most outback properties they are shot as pests, yet cannot be exported as pets. The South Australian authorities argue that a relaxation of the export ban would break the black market and provide a profitable means of reducing pest numbers. But rather than ease restrictions, the Commonwealth has opted for tougher penalties, although they remain lighter than for drug trafficking.

With profits from wildlife smuggling almost as lucrative as the drug trade, more smugglers are likely to confine themselves to wildlife, particularly in view of increased federal and state efforts to combat drug trafficking. In effect, a continuation of lighter penalties for wildlife smuggling amounts to a virtual invitation for entrenched smugglers to make it a growth industry. 



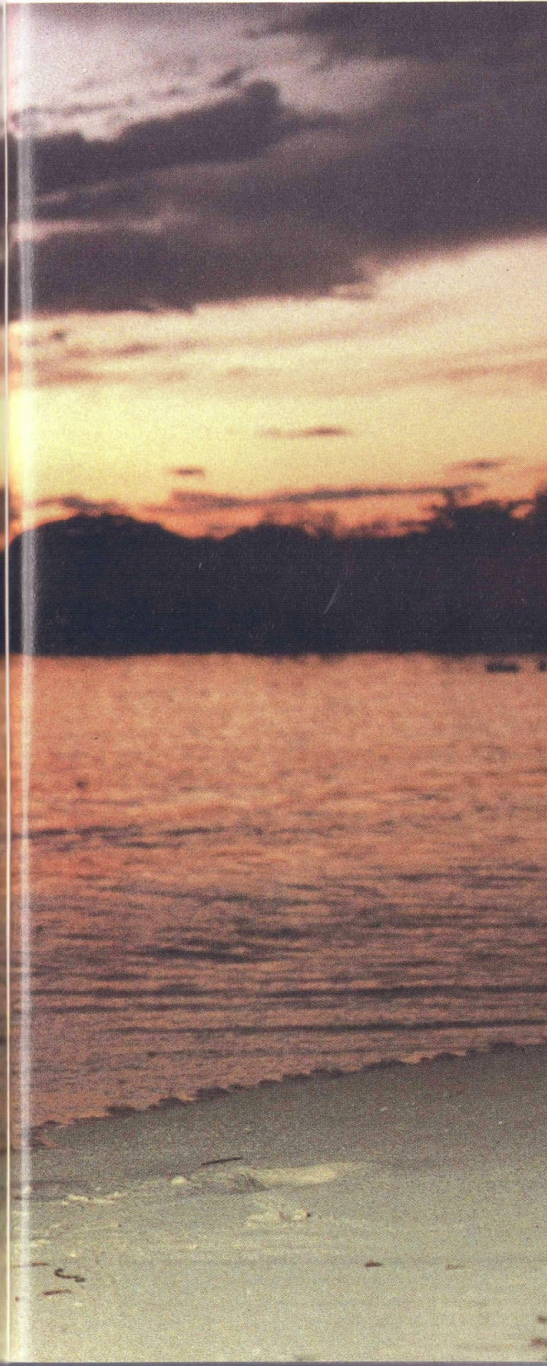


PLAYING THE FIELD

"Men have always been kind of bowled over by me," says 19-year-old Lisa Schultz, "and I have to admit I love it!" To this stunning Pet a day without a compliment is like a day without sunshine. Not that being ornamental precludes this delightful North Coast nymph from being useful. During the week she holds down a job as a tourist guide. Weekends, she holds her own with the best of them . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

"My father built a little house for me on the edge of a lake, but I've taken care of everything else myself." That includes fetching her own water, and chopping her own firewood. She's also addicted to water skiing and hiking. "I may not look it," she boasts, "but I'm as strong as an ox."





The qualities Lisa admires most in men have nothing to do with their looks although she does admit to a weakness for hairy chests. "What I like are men who are smart and adventurous — men I can learn from." Not that they won't learn a thing or two from Lisa into the bargain . . .



When it comes to discussing her sexual preferences, our normally outspoken Pet turns a little bit shy. "It's really hard to say," she demurs. "Every man is so different in bed, it's unique with each new partner . . ." Does this mean she prefers playing the field? "I love to collect experiences," she says with a smile.



Lisa plans to leave her rural hideaway soon to become a professional dancer and she keeps her body limber with strenuous daily exercises to make it possible. Till then, she's one of our island's most natural beauties. But with this Pet, even a desert island would seem an oasis.



SEX AND DRUGS

Penthouse examines the effects
of drugs on human sexuality

Modern science creates the impression that it leaves no stone unturned in its relentless quest for knowledge. However, one subject which is crying out for serious controlled research continues to be studiously avoided by the scientific community. It is the subject of drugs and their effects on human sexuality. According to the tiny band of researchers in the field of sex therapy, there is an appalling lack of information about sex and drugs — the result of puritanism on the part of scientific institutions coupled with the belief that knowledge in some areas is a dangerous thing.

At the same time, a generation of hedonists has come to regard sex and drugs as natural bedfellows in the perennial quest for supersex. With the advent of modern pharmacology and the widespread use of recreational drugs, the average bloke can get access to numerous substances which have a profound effect on sexual desire, performance and enjoyment. The most potent of these substances are the illicit drugs, and their use as adjuncts to sex is now so common that the array of ticklish condoms, plastic gadgets and rubbery items traditionally flogged as "sex aids" has become irrelevant by comparison.

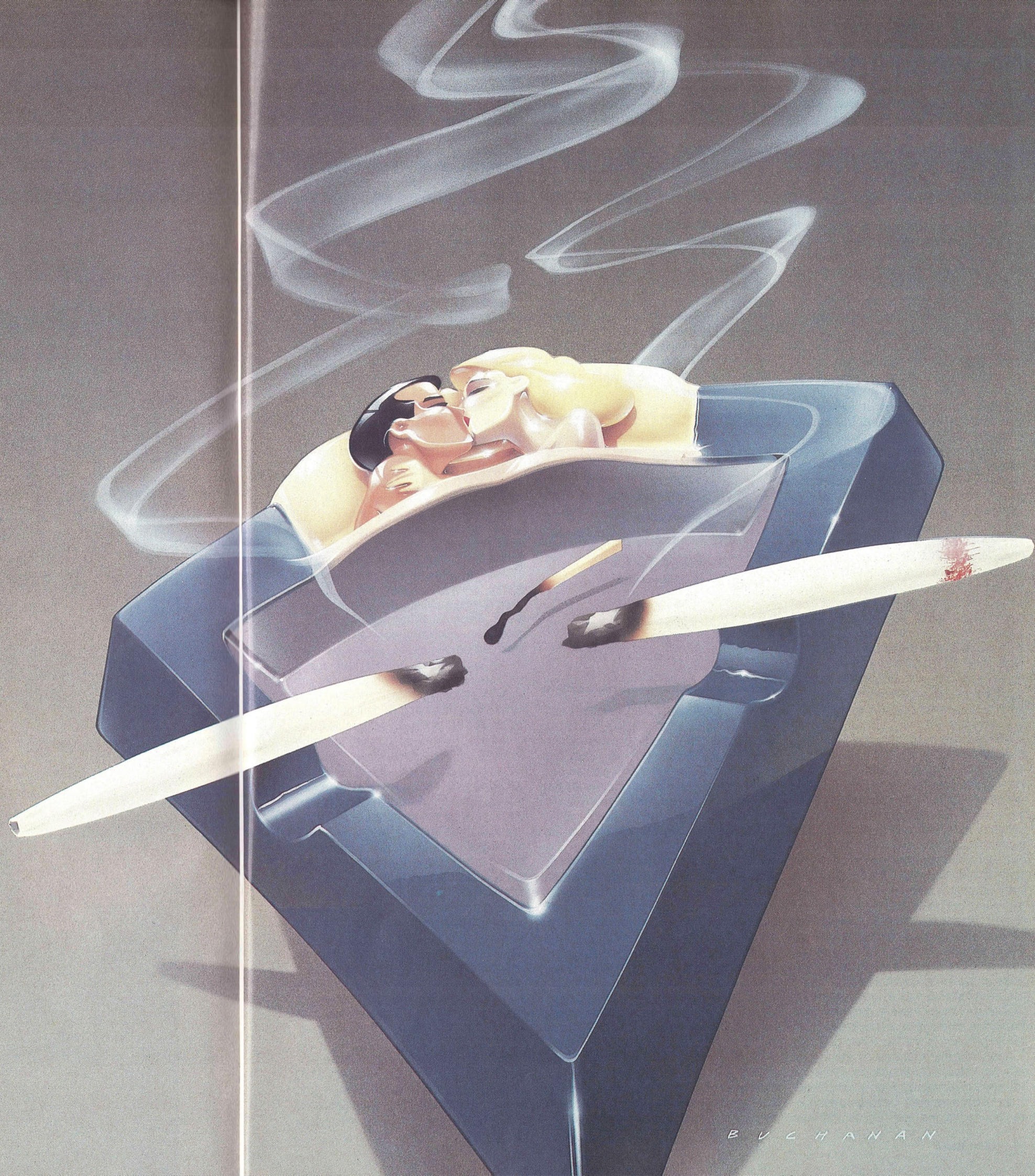
Thus among the cognoscenti of the youth-drug culture there are the suburban couples who wouldn't consider hav-

ing sex without a preparatory bong or joint; the urban playboys who wouldn't dream of coupling with their fashionable mates without jamming a line of cocaine up their noses first; and the connoisseurs of sexual bliss for whom a blast of amyl nitrate on the vinegar stroke is the only acceptable approach to orgasm . . . and so on. In the absence of proper scientific studies, all of this frenetic snorting, sucking, humping, bumping and grinding activity is based on very limited knowledge of the short and long-term dangers involved. And according to sex researchers, it doesn't seem likely that the concept of providing test subjects with a choice of illegal substances and then ordering them to copulate in a glass cage in front of a team of scientists will elicit a government grant in the near future.

Therefore, this story attempts to scratch the surface by looking at retrospective reports by drug users, a few opinion surveys, anecdotal evidence and a

The publishers of Australian Penthouse magazine are in no way advocating the use of illicit drugs, either in conjunction with sexual activities or otherwise. The purpose of this article is merely to create a forum for the discussion of a subject which has been shrouded in ignorance for too long. To that end we invite readers to send correspondence on the subject of drugs and sexuality to Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW.

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



B U C H A N A N

SEX AND DRUGS

modest number of uncontrolled human studies. That's all there is to go on, but from that evidence it is clear that some drugs can heighten sexual desire, performance and enjoyment when they're used recreationally, while others can have disastrous effects on sexuality.

Men have always been obsessed with the search for a substance which would make seduction of women a foregone conclusion and automatically deliver superhuman sexual powers. Folk medicine in various cultures has thrown up numerous "aphrodisiacs" which have no effect whatever on libido — including potatoes, onions, oysters, asparagus, mint, garlic, radishes, pepper, fish, caviar, chocolate, eggs, powdered rhinoceros horns and the furry covering on stag antlers.

Among the folk aphrodisiacs which are chemically active, the best-known is Spanish fly or cantharides. This urethral irritant causes a condition called priapism — "licentiousness; persistent erection of the penis." Women given Spanish fly are said to transform into raving nymphomaniacs; however, the safety margin (ie the difference between an effective and lethal dose) is extremely slim, and numerous deaths have been reported. Other active folk aphrodisiacs include yohimbine, an extract from a West African tree which apparently enhances erection; poisonous plants such as belladonna ("deadly nightshade"), datura and henbane; and strychnine. Some of these do have genuine aphrodisiacal properties, but in most cases they're more likely to make their users permanently stiff from head to toe.

The greatest obstacle to understanding how the modern drugs affect libido is that at present scientists don't understand how sexual excitement in the brain is eventually converted into an erection. All that can be said for sure is an erection depends on nerve impulses from the brain to the blood vessels which create a change in the blood supply to and from the penis, in such a way that the rate of blood entry is greater than the rate of exit. But the latest estimate of the number of natural substances that may somehow be involved in the process of getting an erection is between 250 and 300 — and that number is growing by the month. So it's a complex business, and there's no way it can be simplified into a set of chemical reactions which explain why a drug causes an increase in sexual desire, or a harder erection, or the inability to get it up.

Apart from that, drugs can produce very different effects on individuals — for instance, a sedative might cause impotence in one man and premature ejaculation in another — so the conclusions that are

drawn are merely generalisations which apply to most people under most circumstances. But the bottom line is this: the most important sex organ is between the ears, not the legs, and when you play around with the brain by using drugs, you're playing with the connections necessary to fire an erection.

Performance is one component of libido, and desire is the other. A genuinely aphrodisiacal drug would be one which produces benefits on both sides of this double-edged sword. Which brings us to the core of the subject: the famous quote from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, in which the porter, commenting on his attempts to enliven his sexual activities with alcohol, admits: "It provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance."

The effect of increasing desire is not confined to alcohol. Most of the recreational drugs act on the central nervous system to reduce inhibition — therefore

Some women
have said they
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orgasm before they
started using
marijuana

increasing sexual desire — by blocking out the "higher" functions of the brain, thus allowing the mind to focus on the "lower" body functions including sex. This generalisation is more true of some drugs than others, but it's fair to say that it's not the desire to have sex but the ability to perform it which is the real variable when it comes to assessing a drug's aphrodisiac qualities.

Alcohol is the traditional "leg-opener" in Western societies. It follows the classic pattern of stimulating sexual desire by blocking the higher brain functions, eliminating the burden of conscience. However, as you continue to imbibe, alcohol sedates each lower pathway in turn, until finally everything stops working and the result is death. At a certain point in an evening of heavy drinking, alcohol begins to suppress the part of the brain which controls libido, thus affecting the ability to get it up. In most people this threshold level is very high — you have to get through a hell of a lot of booze to produce a case of brewer's droop. Impotence is usually built up over a long period of heavy drinking, and chronic alcoholics are rarely

able to function sexually. But in reasonable quantities, alcohol is an effective sexual stimulant; it can also enhance performance by delaying ejaculation, due to decreased sensitivity during sex.

Because it has always been the legal mind-altering drug in Western societies, alcohol forms a sort of bridge between folk medicine and modern pharmacology when it comes to sex and drugs. Before the arrival of marijuana, aficionados of the infant drug culture found the sexual "loosening" effects of Mandrax (a sedative barbiturate which is now illegal) were greater than anything alcohol could provide. "Mandies" are still touted in some circles as the drug which eliminates sexual inhibition in women more efficiently than any other. One former Mandrax user told of all-night orgies involving "girls who would never have done that sort of thing normally — these were really straight ladies, but we'd give them some Mandies and they'd go wild. The drug just destroys all conscience and consciousness, eliminating all barriers. It's basically a fun drug; it makes you go all wobbly and silly, and it makes women really hot for sex. But the guys had to be careful, because if you took too many you couldn't get it up."

Mandrax and other barbiturates and sedative-hypnotics act on the nervous system in the same way as alcohol, and the pattern of their effects on sexuality is similar: decreased inhibition in small doses, delayed orgasm in reasonably large doses, and impotence in very large doses. Because of the fact that performance is not critical in women, Mandrax is regarded among drug users as a potent female aphrodisiac. However, the drug's long-term effects on male sexuality are fairly disastrous. According to Dr Derek Richardson, national president of the Australian Society of Sex Educators, Researchers and Therapists, current research shows it can take several months for a man to return to normal sexuality after prolonged use of Mandrax and other barbiturates. Apart from that, barbiturates can be lethal in large doses, particularly when combined with alcohol.

Mandy parties were immensely popular among adventurous drug dabblers in the late Sixties, but the potent white pills were quickly superseded by marijuana in the recreational kitbag of Australian youth. Grass is now a frequent adjunct to sex in middle class bedrooms across the nation, and no other drug has been so consistently hailed as the aphrodisiac of our age.

Numerous surveys support that view. For instance, in a recent survey of American multi-drug users, marijuana emerged as the substance which most enhanced sexual pleasure, with 40 of the 50 respondents claiming increased enjoyment. In a summary of all the survey data, the *Handbook Of Sexology* reports that women are more likely to report increased desire while men are more inclined to

claim increased enjoyment — but both responses are common for both sexes. Some women have said they were unable to achieve orgasm before they started using marijuana, and both sexes report an increase in the intensity and duration of orgasm.

A frequent dope smoker summed up his experience of the drug this way: "Marijuana heightens all the senses, especially when you first start using it. Smell, touch, sight and hearing are all exaggerated, and the same applies to sexual feelings, so that everything about sex becomes better. The drug automatically turns your thoughts to sex, and seems to do the same for women — it relaxes you and so your attitude to sex becomes more relaxed. Also, marijuana definitely improves performance. You get a harder erection, you last longer, and the orgasm is more intense. And there doesn't seem to be any problem with impotence no matter how much you smoke, or how often. Of all the drugs I've used, marijuana is the best when it comes to sex."

Medical opinion on the subject of marijuana as aphrodisiac is naturally dependent on what sort of doctor you talk to. Dr Jackson (not his real name), a Sydney GP interviewed for this story, expressed this view: "There's no doubt that for recreational users, marijuana can enhance sexual desire and performance over a long period of use. Like alcohol, it's great fun as a sexual lubricant because it's a mild sedative which reduces inhibition and focuses the brain on sex. It produces enhanced erections, greater staying power and better orgasms. If you define aphrodisiac as anything which enhances desire and performance, then marijuana used recreationally is definitely an aphrodisiac."

"However, chronic use of marijuana produces lethargy and apathy, so what was once exciting becomes commonplace and dull — including sex. Three joints a day every day will ultimately make you bored with sex and can lead to performance problems — but as with alcohol, it takes a very long period of chronic abuse to produce impotence. We don't know whether marijuana causes apathy which then leads to impotence, or whether the drug is causing the impotence directly." There is strong evidence that the long-term drop in desire for chronic users of dope is related to lower levels of testosterone, the male hormone which governs sexuality. In any case, the problem isn't permanent.

An interesting controversy surrounding marijuana and other drugs which distort perception is the question of whether the apparent enhancement of sexual performance is genuine or merely an illusion. Marijuana seems to make time pass more slowly; therefore it makes orgasm seem to last longer. Does it also make the duration of sex seem longer when in reality it isn't?

Do dope users think they're studs when really they're duds? In the absence of laboratory tests it's impossible to say for sure, but according to Dr Richardson, the consensus among sex researchers is that marijuana smokers over-rate their performance enormously: "When you talk to a man who's got really stoned and then had sex with someone who's stayed completely straight, you find that the dope user will say: 'It was fantastic — I lasted longer, I was better, everything was superb', while the straight partner will say that the quality of the lovemaking was abysmal, a disaster. The small amount of evidence we have suggests that apparent enhancement of performance is just perceptual distortion. The time taken for intercourse and the duration of orgasm is actually very little different from normal." This doesn't alter the fact that pleasure is pure perception — in other words, if you think you're having a good time, then you are.

It took four
to five months of
snorting cocaine almost
every night before
performance problems
set in

Marijuana still figures prominently in the bedroom adventures of the newly enlightened suburban masses, but for serious sexual thrillseekers it is definitely passe. The drug which now occupies centre-stage as the magical agent of sexual euphoria is cocaine. Even in the days when marijuana was the "in" drug and cocaine use in Australia was confined to very elite circles, the fine white powder was widely regarded as the mythological Holy Grail of sexual delight. These days its position on the aphrodisiacal pyramid is so exalted that in the lexicon of modern hedonism, sex and coke are practically synonymous.

Cocaine is a local anaesthetic and general stimulant of the central nervous system. It produces sharp bursts of euphoria and enormous increases in self-confidence. Cocaine is thought to stimulate sexual desire directly, rather than by releasing inhibitions in the manner of alcohol, sedative-hypnotics and barbiturates. In an American survey of cocaine users who injected the drug rather than snorting it, the sexual drive was said to be immediately increased and 10 out of

20 men reported getting erections simultaneously with injection. Two of those 20 reported erections lasting for painful periods of 24 hours or more. But with cocaine, there are lots of variable factors which confuse the issue. To begin with, the stuff is so expensive it is often reserved for sexual situations; therefore its connection with sex is automatic. As an instrument of seduction it is indisputably number one — but again, the expense factor is important here. As one regular cocaine user said: "I know plenty of guys who've been getting it on with women they wouldn't normally meet in a fit, except that they were holding cocaine and the women were screwing them for lines. When the models in this town started getting heavy coke habits, the dealers were having a ball."

To assess whether cocaine really does produce profound enhancement of sexual desire and performance, we have to rely on the observations of users themselves. One cocaine aficionado described the drug as "a really powerful sexual stimulant for both men and women. It's a much stronger body drug than marijuana and it obviously has a direct effect on your dick because of its influence on blood pressure and pulse. Grass is innocuous by comparison. In the short term, the effects of cocaine on sex follow a similar pattern to marijuana, only those effects are much more profound. You get an immediate and powerful increase in desire, you last much longer than on dope, and the orgasm is much more intense. You get a rock-hard erection and the whole experience is really 'up and at 'em' — the same applies to women. So at first it's a tremendous boost to your sex life."

Then comes the second phase: "After a while, heavy cocaine users just turn into screwing machines. Often there's no emotion involved; sex is no longer a soft, romantic experience, a mingling of the senses... it becomes a purely physical act... you're all coked up and firing away, but it's no fun anymore." The third phase in this downhill progression is normally some sort of sexual dysfunction: "With prolonged use you run into trouble, and that's confirmed by many coke users I've known; women in particular will tell you they thought it was great at first, but they ended up being really screwed up sexually by cocaine. I haven't gone that far myself, but when I've been doing a real lot of coking and screwing I go through periods when I can't function sexually. I suspect that continued heavy use of cocaine ends in loss of interest in sex. But the fact is that if you don't abuse the drug, it is a great adjunct to sex. After all, there's not much else you can do when you've got a head full of coke."

Another cocaine fancier who eventually took the roller coaster ride to the point of impotence explained that in the early stages, cocaine wasn't simply an en-

SEX AND DRUGS

hancer of sexual desire and performance — it was a whole new lifestyle which encompassed revolutionary changes in his sexual environment: "Coke allows you to live in a fantasy world. For one thing, if you've got some of it you're guaranteed to be popular with women, and an invitation to take a lady home for a line or two is an invitation to have sex, because the drug makes women so horny. Also, it increases your self-confidence and makes you gregarious, so I found that I was having more sex because of it."

At first, the sex was excellent: "Besides making me last longer and providing more intense orgasms, I found the coke made me more adventurous and so I'd get turned on more and get more into it; everything was heightened and there were no inhibitions. But increasingly it was taking on a mechanical flavor: it was true fucking, not making love. There was no sense of romance about it at all after a while."

It took about four to five months of snorting the drug almost every night before performance problems set in: "I then began to realise that coke was wrecking my sex life. I started to need some special stimulus to get it up — something really exciting. When you're using it every night, the cumulative effect is very rapid, so the amount of extra stimulus I needed became greater and greater. I'd become a screwing machine and the machine was grinding to a halt. But I found that if I could get over that threshold of impotence and just get an erection going, I could be at it for hours and hours."

"Ultimately, after about nine months, I was completely impotent. I stopped coking and it took me about two months before I got back to normal sexually. The wheel has come full circle, and I have the thing in perspective now: cocaine, due to a combination of factors, is a useful sexual stimulant when used recreationally, and that's how I use it now. But I have friends who have seemingly reached the stage of permanent impotence. Cocaine has been brilliantly marketed as the ultimate aphrodisiac, and I think that's dangerous and immoral."

Male and female cocaine users agree that in small doses the drug delays orgasm and in large doses can make it impossible to come — even after hours of trying. This effect can apparently be enhanced by rubbing about a gram of cocaine along the length of the penis, but there are several over-the-counter preparations that do the job much better.

Like marijuana, cocaine is not necessarily a physically addictive drug. According to Dr Jackson, people are quite capable of dabbling in cocaine without becoming chronic users. The moral: you can muck around with the stuff when you're in the bedroom, but don't start jam-

ming it up your nostrils in the lounge-room, bathroom and laundry as well.

Then there are the drugs which are supposed to have a heightening effect on only one stage of the sexual cycle. Of these, the best-known is amyl nitrite, which is sold under brand names like "Rush." It's a very popular drug among the homosexual community and is now being used with increasing frequency by heterosexual connoisseurs of orgasmic bliss. The trick is to snort the vapor from a bottle so that the rush coincides with orgasm. Amyl nitrite dilates all of the small blood vessels in the body, which increases the blood supply to the genitals and the brain, supposedly producing enhanced erections and an incredibly superb effect on orgasm. "The theory is that you're pumping the sperm through a tightened penis, which therefore increases the sensation," according to Dr Richardson. Some men and women who normally have trouble reaching orgasm

“
Amyl nitrite
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”

have reported that amyl nitrite triggers the climax if they snort it at a moment of intense arousal.

Naturally, there are no studies to confirm these claims — but what is known for sure is that amyl nitrite has a disastrous effect on the heart, which is being asked to pump blood through a profoundly dilated blood vessel system. This may be okay in the short term for frisky young homosexuals, but aging Lotharios who are looking for extra grunt on the vinegar stroke can find that instead of coming they end up going, due to acute heart failure.

There are plenty of other drugs which, although not in the running for the title of "aphrodisiac", nonetheless have potent effects on sexuality. Mostly, those effects are unpredictable and often unpleasant. Amphetamine, or "speed", seems to produce extremely varying responses according to dosage level and individual differences. Some occasional users of the drug claim that not only can they not get it up under the influence of speed, they can't even find it. "It just makes my dick shrivel right up and I lose all interest in sex," said one. Another related this story: "I'd been

chasing after this beautiful young girl for ages and when I finally got her into bed, I snorted a line of speed just beforehand. It was my first experience of the drug and it rendered me completely impotent." Dr Jackson explains that the very common impotence effect is due to "overstimulation": "It's like this: if you turn a lightbulb on and leave it on, it will function perfectly; but if you turn it on and off repeatedly, you'll blow it. Likewise if you overstimulate the body with speed, the sexual mechanism will fail to work." It may be that speed causes the blood to rush in and out of the penis at the same rate — but this is only speculation.

However, some textbooks describe speed as an enhancer of libido except in chronic cases, and in an American survey of male and female intravenous speed users, 30 out of 36 said the drug greatly enhanced libido and 10 out of 18 men reported getting erections simultaneously with injection, while three of the 18 females claimed they had orgasms immediately after injection. The survey concluded that amphetamines have a direct stimulatory effect on libido, similar to the action of cocaine. In any case, speed is an addictive debilitating drug which with chronic use causes serious impairment of libido.

The variability of response to LSD and other hallucinogens is reflected in the quality of sexual experiences; you can have good trips and bad trips, and correspondingly good sex and bad sex when you're tripping. LSD-like drugs such as peyote, magic mushrooms and morning glory seeds were valued in some primitive cultures as aphrodisiacs, but not in others. Hallucinogens greatly increase your ability to focus on sensory input — but according to some reports they make it hard to concentrate on sex and can lead to some confusion as to what the hell you're doing sticking your dick into somebody in the first place. One acid tripper who wasn't having a very good time said: "Sex was really awful. I thought I was screwing my mother." Another related an experience that took place after he'd swallowed three trips instead of the usual one: "My responses were so heightened that just touching feet with the girl made me feel like I was coming. The sex was magnificent and I still had an erection five hours afterwards." Conclusion: LSD can turn sex into an overwhelmingly wonderful experience, but don't be surprised if it turns your partner into a lizard instead.

Opium and its derivatives morphine and heroin have figured prominently in the historical quest for supersex. Opium was traditionally used by Indian men to prolong erection by delaying orgasm, and there are reports of 19th Century American prostitutes giving their lovers opium and morphine to produce this effect. Some women who've had relationships with heroin users say they'd never have sex with nor-

mal men because they've grown used to a partner who can maintain a rock-hard erection for hours without reaching orgasm.

Theoretically, then, heroin and morphine would appear to provide the answer to the dreams of would-be superstuds; in reality, they provide nothing like it. "I agree that heroin would be the answer if you could use it purely for sex," says Dr Jackson, "but the fact is that human beings can't control themselves that well. For a short while it has this pleasant side-effect of enhanced performance, but rapidly that gives way to complete loss of libido when the user becomes addicted." A former heroin user agreed with that view: "Initially you get huge erections and you can never come, which is incredibly frustrating. But after a short time you just lose the ability to get an erection and you have no interest anyway. In any case, smack is renowned as a dud drug for getting it off, unless you like screwing dead bodies."

The length of time required for narcotics to produce impotence depends on

the age of the user and the degree of addiction. "It's difficult to produce impotence in an 18-year-old man under any circumstances," according to Dr Richardson, "but in an older man the effect might start after only two or three months of regular narcotics use."

According to Dr Jackson, if you could set up an experiment to monitor the sexual functions of people who'd been given specific amounts of different drugs each day, you'd find that heroin, amphetamines and potent sedatives would cause libido to fall off most rapidly. Cocaine would come next, then alcohol and finally marijuana. In real life, the dangers of heroin, speed and sedatives would be compounded because they are also the most addictive.

So of all the major drugs which have from time to time occupied the attention of seekers after supersex, the only one which would appear to safely enhance enjoyment and performance of sex with long-term recreational use is marijuana. You can experience an increase in desire with practically all the others, but the performance angle is fraught with difficulties,

dangers and even death. Still, some people would argue that there are worse ways to cash in your chips.

There is an alternative way to approach the quest for drug-inspired supersex, and that is to abandon it entirely. As with most of the more boring alternatives in life, this one makes a lot of sense. As Dr Richardson says, "There are much more reliable ways to heighten enjoyment of sex than by experimenting with drugs. For instance, getting to know your partner, spending some time with them . . . the whole thrust of the psychology of sex therapy is that most people's sexual problems are in their heads. If you want to improve the quality of your sex life, you simply need to improve your relationship. Looking for the sexual euphoria in drugs is a waste of time."

Fair enough. But as long as the popular tools of seduction continue to be a bamboo bong, a bag of grass, a razor blade and a packet of precious white powder, sex and drugs will continue to pursue their fervent, tortuous and indefatigable relationship — a love affair that usually turns sour somewhere along the line.

THE SEARCH FOR A LOVE DRUG

The pursuit of drug-inspired sexual bliss is currently fraught with all sorts of difficulties and dangers. But what of the future? Will science one day come up with a genuine aphrodisiac — that is, a pharmacological preparation that does nothing else but stimulate and heighten sexual appetite and enjoyment?

The most promising experiments in this infant field are based on the assumption that the libidinous area of the brain is influenced by various natural chemicals or "neurotransmitters." Now, if you could discover and isolate these natural chemicals, you could synthetically reproduce them and use them to hone in on the libidinous area of the brain with the accuracy of a Polaris missile. "This is exactly what I believe will happen in the future," says Dr Jackson, "and when it does, we'll have found the perfect aphrodisiac." Scientists have already isolated various other types of neurotransmitters — notably the endorphins, which are the body's chemical equivalent of morphine — and have tentatively identified serotonin as the basic inhibitor of sexual function and dopamine as the basic facilitator.

However, conservative forces will no doubt argue that society has nothing to gain and much to lose by the development of a potent aphrodisiac. This fear of unlocking the door to "dangerous" areas of knowledge is exactly the attitude which has permeated

the field of sex research and has resulted in the incredible scientific ignorance of the effects of drugs on sexuality. Dr Jackson explains the fear syndrome: "By virtue of the fact that sex is so close to the hearts of many people, it's also close to the fears of many others. Sex focuses all our inadequacies. If I've got a five-inch penis and you've got a 10-inch penis, I feel inadequate. No matter what you do with your 10-inch penis, it will never give me any pleasure, and the more I learn about the fun you're having, the more I feel cheated. The same applies to sex and drugs, and that's why research is not encouraged." This attitude of studied ignorance has led to a situation where impotence — one of the oldest obsessions of man — was first investigated by scientists as late as 1978. According to Dr Richardson, "There are probably four or five medical physiologists in the world who specialise in the physiology of sexuality, and there is only one lecturer on human sexuality in Australia."

As a result of this repressive attitude, most sex researchers believe that the chances of science coming up with an effective all-purpose aphrodisiac are far outweighed by the likelihood of them producing a potent *anaphrodisiac* — that is, a substance which depresses or eliminates libido. According to the *Handbook Of Sexology*, "True anaphrodisiacs and inhibitors of sexual function are likely to be found in ever-

increasing numbers." The book points out that science's antisexual bias has resulted in plenty of detailed research on sexual depressants, and this has led to the identification of several hormones which markedly decrease sexual desire, notably leutenising hormone and prolactin.

Apart from that, precedents have been set — Western society has been attempting since the Victorian Era to "cure" sexual deviants by treating them with sexual depressants. Recently certain "major tranquillisers" have been tested in the US: thioridazine "for the control of homosexual practices", fluphenazine enanthate "to control deviant sexual behavior", and benperidol "for the treatment of excessive and disinhibited sexual behavior." According to Dr Richardson, "Scientists in the future will be looking for genuine anaphrodisiacs to make certain types of people more manageable, since this is less costly than putting them in jail. Experiments in Sweden have demonstrated that castration doesn't work, so I think they will go for a chemical solution."

That sort of thinking smacks of all the worst aspects of political and scientific population control. Dr Richardson agrees: "It's quite realistic to view this as another facet of the 1984 lifestyle we've been warned about. What gives anybody the right to decide who is a sexual deviant?"



The first time is the hardest

YOUNG LOVE

HUMOR BY ADAM BOWEN

Her name was Sharon Gardner. She had blonde hair tied in a pony tail, she had twinkling blue eyes and she wore little pink shorts over her golden-tanned legs. She was vivacious, cute and cheeky, and I was deeply in love with her. She was six years old. I was seven.

When I was with my mates, I affected complete ignorance of her existence, and she certainly never seemed to notice me . . . until one hot day in January, 1956.

I'd nicked ninepence from my mum's purse to buy a bottle of Tarax Red, and I was nervously scuttling along a neighborhood laneway with the ice-cold soft drink wrapped in my warm T-shirt, when I heard a voice behind me:

"I know a secret place where you can drink that."

I froze, shocked, guilty. I turned to find Sharon looking right into my eyes. I blushed a deep shade of crimson and hugged the bottle to me. "It's for my dad."

"Yer dad's away."

"Well, he wants it for when he comes back." I stalked off. Sharon followed.

"Well, why don't you take it home then?" A good question. I was heading in the opposite direction.

"Why don't you rack off then, Sharon?"

"You don't have to give me any. I just know a secret place where you an' me can go. Just you an' me."

I felt myself blushing even more. Visions of forbidden pleasure pulsed through my brain: Sharon in her pink shorts with me and a bottle of Tarax Red, languishing beside a river, in the shade of a willow.

"No-one'll ever know. I promise."

"Where is this secret place?"

"You coming?"

"Where is it?"

"I can take you there."

"I'm not going unless you tell me where it is."

"I'll whisper."

We stopped. I checked up and down the laneway for possible witnesses. Then Sharon pressed her mouth to my ear and breathed: "It's my Uncle Ernie's garage." Her breath was hot and sweet.

The dark, drab fibro garage with its furnace-like temperature and strong, oily smells didn't quite match my fantasy location, but I was alone with Sharon Gardner. I unwrapped the now warm bottle of Tarax and took a swig big enough to need two hands. Sharon sat on the floor, looking up at me.

"Can I have some, Adam?"

With unaccountable daring, I replied: "Only if you take your clothes off."

"Okay," said Sharon. She immediately removed her singlet, her pink shorts and pants. I stared. She took the bottle and drank.

What an odd thing she had, I thought. A sort of slight bump with a slit. Her face was much prettier than the thing between her legs. Then she suggested a naughty grown-ups' game that she'd seen her mum and dad playing. So, more out of curiosity than primary school passion, we were soon both naked and lying on top of each other with our lips squashed together in a very uncomfortable and inaccurate imitation of adult lust. It seemed so boring and uneventful, but we persevered: body to body, lips to lips — waiting

for something to happen. It did: we fell asleep.

It wasn't until I began changing from a boy into a pimply adolescent boy that I got close enough to a real girl to take that first serious step into the world of adult love-making: the open-mouth kiss, with tongue work. I was 15, Kathy was 14 with green eyes and long, black curls. We latched lips and twined tongues with bashful, breathless intoxication, one freezing winter night at the ninth hole on Moorabbin Golf Course.

We were escapees from Angela Doherty's 14th birthday party — a rather tepid turn supervised by Mrs Doherty, a twittering hostess in green taffeta with a tiresome talent for turning down the music, turning on the lights and turning up with yet another plate of her totally ignored sandwiches, just before her teenage guests could grapple with each other, or secretly drink alcohol, or tell dirty jokes, or cluster in groups of the same sex for longer than five minutes. Mrs Doherty was determined that we should all mix and mingle — in the nicest possible way. She introduced everybody to everybody, several times, which at least helped me over hurdle number one: How To Meet A Girl. But now for the challenge of hurdle number two: How To Talk To A Girl.

On my third introduction to Kathy, I managed to engineer a passable conversation about Sir Robert Menzies without appearing to be completely overcome by nerves. Then I dried up and just stood there, paralysed.

"Another devon and lettuce sandwich, Kathy?"

ARTWORK BY GRAEME DAVEY

YOUNG LOVE

"Thanks Mrs Doherty," said Kathy, with a sweet smile.

"If you take a sandwich off her, she doesn't come back so soon," she told me with a smile that made me go funny in the knees. Did this mean that Kathy wanted to be alone with me? Could I hope? Whatever, I'd have to make a move before Mrs Doherty instigated a game of charades or "pass the parcel." I gritted my teeth, trembling with the terror of rejection, and blurted out nonchalantly: "Wanna go for a walk?"

"Okay."

"What?"

"Okay. I said okay."

Ah, sweet mystery of life! We strolled — a little briskly — across moonlit Moorabbin Golf Course. I forced my shaking arm to rest, casually, on Kathy's shoulders. She slipped her arm around my waist and looked up at me with a melting expression that was a mixture of shy convent girl and brazen temptress. To anyone with a smidge more experience, that look would have been a dazzling green light. Yet I was still racked with uncertainty: should I make a sudden lunge, plant my lips on hers and plunge my tongue into her mouth? What if I missed and slobbered on her nose? Should I try the Continental technique, deliberately kissing each finger and working my mouth up her overcoat sleeve to her scarf, ending on her lips? Too slow.

"Kathy," I began solemnly, as if about to announce my unwanted pregnancy. She turned toward me. She was very close, chin upturned, eyes closed, glistening lips slightly parted.

"Do you want to go to the pictures next Friday?"

She grabbed my head and pulled my lips to hers, and away we went with the unbridled enthusiasm of beginners. It was a kind of vertical mouth-to-mouth resuscitation marathon.

"D'you like the flavor?" asked Kathy as we broke for air. Thinking she meant the inside of her mouth, I replied groovily: "Sure, it's my favorite."

"D'you wanna try apricot?"

"What?"

She pulled a tube of lipstick from her coat pocket. "Apricot flavor. But maybe we should get back to the Dohertys' now." She was right. Mrs Doherty had probably noticed our absence and sent out a search party, armed with sandwiches and savoury nibbles.

We slipped back into the merry-making unnoticed, except by Gary, Angela Doherty's hulking 16-year-old brother.

"Kathy!" he shouted from the other side of the lounge-room filled with teens twisting and shouting to a Beatles record. Kathy beamed at him and squealed: "Doggo!"

"Short for dogshit?" I wondered, burning with jealousy, as Gary pushed his way through the dancers, grabbed Kathy by the waist and whirled her into the air. They both whooped with delight, engrossed in each other. I couldn't watch. I stumbled blindly out of the house and into the ornamental garden.

How could she? Sweet little Kathy Malone . . . how could she prefer a 16-year-old, handsome, confident, school champion athlete and football captain to a five-foot four-inch undiscovered poet with a very minor acne problem? The thought of Gary's lips smeared with apricot-flavored lipstick made me ropeable. I blundered back into the house, grabbed my coat and bumped into Mrs Doherty, who was peddling another plateful of finger food. I made a mildly improper suggestion concerning her cheese balls and then bolted. It was better to have loved and left . . .

At the beach
my physique never drew
first glances. I used to
kick sand in my own
face to save bullies
the trouble

Months went by without even a promising look from a girl. Kathy had been my only adult love experience. Maybe I'd just got lucky with a teenage nymphomaniac. Girls of my age always seemed to be with older blokes, handsomer blokes, blokes with more style, more money, more height, more depth, more width — in other words, phoneys.

At the beach, my physique never drew first glances. I used to kick sand in my own face to save bullies the trouble.

I resorted to a blind date with a friend of a friend of a girl called Barbara. I first saw her standing, waiting for me at the ticket barrier of a suburban railway station. She was a statuesque blonde in a candy-striped cotton frock. I instantly fell for her in a big way — straight down the stairway. I landed in a bruised and dirty heap, a few yards from her feet.

"Hi," I groaned as casually as possible, trying to shrug off my profound embarrassment with a foolish devil-may-care wince.

Barbara gaped at me. The expression in her eyes said: "No. It can't be. It *can't* be." But it was.

At 18, I was incurably romantic, sexually obsessed and still a virgin. Then I met Jane. This time it was the real thing again.

I was sitting on a tram, trundling back from Tech, when a beautiful young girl in tennis gear hopped on and sat next to me. She had golden hair, golden skin and a body that . . . gulp. She smiled at the conductor and asked for a tenpenny ticket in a sweet, soft voice. She was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She looked past me out the window, dreamily. There were tiny beads of sweat edging her upper lip and brow. Gulp.

I suddenly realised I was staring at her, because she smiled into my eyes, briefly, warmly. Gulp.

The tram lurched to a halt and she got off. I stared after her — a vision of loveliness in tennis whites. I impulsively leapt off the tram and caught up with her.

"Hi," I said suavely. My whole body was wobbling uncontrollably.

She turned and stared at me, surprised, but then smiled timidly. "Hello."

"We met at Neville Bulge's place, didn't we?"

She looked puzzled. "No. I don't know Neville Bulge. I don't think I've ever met you before. Sorry." She smiled again and I almost melted into the street.

"No, er, no we haven't met before, really. I just saw you on the tram and I really wanted to, er . . . I just, well, I just wanted to ask you out." I was blushing so much, you could've fried an egg on my forehead.

"And do what?"

"I, er, well, I dunno . . . just talk, you know . . ." I stared at my desert boots.

"When?"

"When?" (Oh, when?) "Whenever you like."

"Tomorrow? Tomorrow afternoon?"

"Yeah, okay. Great."

"Can you come over at two?"

"Sure."

"D'you play tennis?"

"Yeah, sure," I lied.

She was looking right into my eyes.

"Er, no. I don't."

She laughed. "I'm Jane."

Gulp.

It was a balmy spring afternoon when Jane answered the front door of her parents' elegant two-storey house. She looked even better than she had the day before.

"Come and say hello to mum and dad," she said, leading me down the hall and through the kitchen. It was such a smart place. I started wobbling again.

"I told them I met you at Jennifer Matchett's," she whispered conspiratorially.

"Oh, yeah," I mumbled distractedly as we walked through French windows which opened on to a leafy, terracotta-tiled backyard. Her extremely respectable-looking parents sat at a garden table, drinking coffee.

"Mum, dad, this is Adam . . . Adam,

meet my parents, Mr and Mrs Weston."

From under the table bounded a huge-red setter dog. He stood on his hind legs, slapped his filthy paws on to my chest and started slamming his large, pink, erect penis into my thigh.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr and Mrs Weston. Down boy, ha, ha! Playful, isn't he?"

"Jeffrey! Get down. Down!" barked Mr Weston, betraying an army background.

But Jeffrey kept right on rooting. I just prayed he wouldn't come on my new worsted casuals. Mr Weston dragged Jeffrey away and belted him over the head. Everyone was incredibly embarrassed.

"How aaawful," said Mrs Weston, sympathetically.

I was speechless, but grinning inanely and shrugging repeatedly, as if to signify that it happened all the time — that I was irresistible. In fact, it had been my first sexual experience in eight years.

Later, Jane and I walked in virtual silence through the Botanical Gardens. Suddenly, she got the giggles and clung to me, shaking with laughter, her grey flecked eyes sparkling. Gulp. Our mouths met in that fantastic fusion of tongues, gums and saliva that is guaranteed to crumble the cavities of even the most dedicated dentist.

I manoeuvred Jane backwards against a nearby tree, which was fortunate, because I was so drugged by her luscious kisses that I had to place one hand on the tree to keep from falling over. Also, I had a raging erection and I was keen to avoid pushing it against her — mindful of Jeffrey. But Jane wasn't prone to any canine rape-related psychological disturbances. She pulled me against herself hungrily. I lost my balance and we both toppled heavily on to the grass.

"I'm sorry . . . are you okay, Jane?"

She was laughing. "Yeah. Are you? It didn't break off, did it?"

"What?" I blushed deeply. I didn't expect such a sweet, beautiful girl to be so crude.

I heard someone yelling, behind us. I turned to see two youths in leather jackets, across the other side of the lake. One of them was making obscene gestures with his arm and fist. The other was shouting: "Gorn, mate, give it to her! Give 'er one for me!" They jeered and whistled, completely breaking any romantic spell that remained. Jane moved behind me and curled her arms around my waist. She pressed her body against me. I felt her warm breath on my shoulder.

"You *can* can give it to me, if you want," she whispered. "Mum and dad are going out tonight." She kissed my back.

I felt a violent swirl of vertigo and partial blindness overtake me.

"Adam?"

Wow. This sweet lovely young girl was a real goer. And she probably wasn't a virgin. Wow. And she wanted me to . . .

"Adam, you *do* want to?"

Did I? Do fish swim? Every centimetre of my body . . . control yourself . . . act cool. "Okay. What time shall I come? I mean come over? When are your parents going out?"

"Seven."

I went home feeling both hysterically excited and panic-stricken. If only there was a special two-hour Charles Atlas course to make my body irresistibly macho. (Maybe I could keep my clothes on? No.) I had a hot shower, which made me feel incredibly horny, so I had a cold shower, which made me feel freezing, so I had another hot shower, made an extremely detailed zit check, wore my underdaks with the racing car design, did 25 pushups, walked around my room 14 times, checked my watch 32 times, read the instructions on the condom packet five times . . .

She could see I was nervous.

I did 25 pushups,
walked around the room
14 times, checked my watch
32 times and read the
instructions on the condom
packet five times . . .

"Jeffrey's in the back yard. Mum and dad won't be back till eleven." She pressed a drink into my hand.

"What's this?"

"Scotch and coke."

It tasted like butterscotch and Drano. My stomach burned, I shuddered, my head expanded, I grinned. It must've been a double.

"It was a triple."

She looked delicious. I took her in my arms and we oozed together.

"Let's go upstairs," she whispered in my ear.

Up until then, I'd been through hours of agonising struggles with girls, just to get to fondle their family jewels.

Jane walked into her bedroom, locked the door and took off her clothes. I gaped. Her naked body registered about 180 on the Richter Scale. I drooled as she skipped to her large, soft bed and jumped in.

"Come on," she cooed.

I stood, fully clothed, in the middle of the room. I switched off the light, removed my clothes and slid into bed. It felt like a furnace of almost unbearably pleasurable everything.

We dissolved into each other. I came in about 0.5 of a second. Jane came about a week later. I started again, almost immediately, with only a slight improvement in endurance. I was up to about a second.

Jane wasn't exactly astonished by my prowess as a lover. "Is this your first time?"

"No. Of course not."

Silence. Kiss. Fondle . . .

"Have you done it lots of times?" I asked.

"What do you mean? Just today, or all week?"

"What?"

"Laugh. Kiss . . .

One spring Sunday afternoon, when they were out somewhere, we were languishing in bed, smoking.

"What time did you say your parents get back?"

"Six. What time is it now?"

"Four fifteen."

"Oh, shit!" Jane cried, leaping up. "I was supposed to turn the oven off at four."

"Come on, I'll give you a piggy back."

So Jane jumped on my back and, naked as nature intended, we galloped down the stairs and cantered into the kitchen, where we were surprised to find Jane's parents having a cup of tea with an elderly couple. They were all very surprised to see us.

Jane's father cancelled our relationship and threatened to horsewhip me if I attempted to contact her. I did the only decent thing a man in my position could do. I agreed.

I led a very quiet life for a while, but the time came when I couldn't resist a party invitation. In the past, parties had meant heaven or hell — usually hell. But now, I was a swinger.

Hell, I'd been there and done it. It'd be all plain sailing from here.

She was standing by the radiogram. Long blonde hair, mini-dress; looking bored and lonely, reading the cover of the *West Side Story* LP. (How bored could you get?) No worries.

"Good song this, eh?"

"Mmm."

"Wanna dance?"

"Not really."

"You look really tanned . . . been on holiday?"

"No."

"Oh. Where d'you live?"

"Queensland."

"Ah, right. That explains the tan."

Silence.

"Where in Queensland're you from?"

"Mooloolaba."

"Oh yeah? What happens up there?"

"Nuthin."

"Seen the latest James Bond movie?"

"Listen, why don't you try and crack on to somebody else?"

It looked like I was back to square one. *No. It can't be. But it was.* 



the

Rock's top cop
wishes he was macho
instead of just deep

STING

In 1977, Sting (aka Gordon Sumner), tenor sax-like jazz vocalist and bassist with a faltering British band called Last Exit, quit that gig to become part of a London-based rock quartet called the Police. The group had recently been founded by drummer Stewart Copeland, third son of an ex-CIA agent. Soon afterward, Corsican rhythm guitarist Henry Padovani was fired and the Police became a threesome, with classically trained Andy Summers, late of Eric Burden's Animals and the Soft Machine, on lead guitar. With a loan of 800 pounds they recorded and pressed their own record, a single called "Fall Out." It would eventually sell 70,000 copies.

Three years later, the Police found they had risen above embattled Britain's punk upheaval on the strength of Sting's haunting, reggae-fired songs of loveless prostitutes, mass alienation and the spectre of apocalypse, to become one of the most popular mainstream rock bands in the world. Yet Sting, a young, handsome, rich, outlandishly successful chap with a pretty wife and a kindergarden-age son, found himself full of the foulest sort of contempt for life.

"I was catatonically sullen for a full 12 months," he says. "Very difficult to be with. Very aggressive. *Impossible*. I knew I was just treading water artistically, and behind that knowledge was an awesome feeling of negativity and a detesting of everything. In a sense my son Joseph, who's now six years old, created my nihilistic period, in that I felt that if I died tomorrow, I'd had a good life with a lot of vivid experiences — but my child was entering a world that was increasingly violent, increasingly meaningless. Especially if we were all going to be blown up next week by a tactical nuclear device. I felt he was being cheated out of a full life, and so what was the fucking point?"

As the soaring voice, pop theorist and popular focal point for the Police, Sting found himself turning out razor-edged compositions with titles like "Bombs Away," "Don't Stand So Close to Me," "Shadows in the Rain," "Driven to Tears," and "When the World is Running Down, You Make the Best of What's Still Around." *Zenyatta Mondatta*, the album on which these songs appeared, was a huge commercial success, easily selling over a million copies in America in the penny-pinching winter of 1981 and spawning two singles that ruled the Top Ten for months.

Sting, however, now feels that the record was "a failure; a very, very poor record." Describing the intense bleakness of his outlook during that period, he conjures up visions of a charred, smoldering mental landscape, riddled with fantastic rubble and cramped pockets of chaos, nightmarish scenes from which there seemed to be no avenue of escape. He almost relishes the recollection that he could have allowed himself to skid that close to the brink. And the only thing that pulled him back, he is sure, was a mere book. One he had first chanced upon many years before, but in his callowness had not grasped and appreciated. Yet, on a second reading, he was more prepared to heed its urgent message. Or so he offers, with the soft-spoken serenity of one who assumes he is in control of all things tangible, a tentative convert to the mysterious, solitary religion of self-love. That's why he urged the other Policemen to abandon the silly, annoyingly exotic titles (*Outlandos d'Amour*, *Regatta de Blanc*, etc) they'd been giving to their albums, and name their fourth, and best,

PROFILE BY TIMOTHY WHITE

STING

effort after the controversial treatise on behavioral psychology that Sting sincerely believes may have saved his mortal arse, Arthur Koestler's *Ghost In The Machine*.

"Through the book, I became more spiritual in a very scientific way," he says, sipping from a steaming cup of tea in his anonymous suite in the Parker Meridian Hotel in Manhattan. He is wearing blue sweatpants and a VICTOR MATURE LIVES! T-shirt that depicts Mature as Tarzan thinking: "I wish I was deep instead of just macho."

At this juncture, the Police were halfway through an extensive 1981 American tour to support *Ghost In The Machine* (in early spring the No 1 album in the nation), and the transformation the book brought about in Sting was still very much on his mind. "Rereading it, it spoke to me, and in a logical way it ended my lazy grip on logic," he says. "Prior to that, I was very much a robot. Let me explain one of Koestler's theories: When the railway train, the renowned Iron Horse, first reached the Plains Indians in America, the Indians were examining it, searching for the spirit in the steam locomotive, wondering where it resided in the machine. Seems ridiculous, right? But, in fact, modern nuclear physics has brought us to the point where the simplistic Newtonian universe has fallen apart. The atom's been split once, twice, and then geometrically, with new, smaller particles being discovered within it every day. And the particles being discovered aren't hard little pellets but rather things like *quarks*, which exist outside of normal time and space and are a form of magic.

"Consider this!" he barks, bending over to rap sharply the shiny surface of a glass coffee table as he slowly stalks about the room, flexing and stretching his slim, sinewy frame. "If you get down deep enough inside the atomic structure of that glass, the particles become magical in their structure, in their properties, in their very selves. Therefore, the idea of a hard, mechanistic universe is ludicrous. Therefore, we are not machines either."

He leaps, catlike, to the open window and bellows down into the park stretched out far below his aerie: "We are spirits in the material world!"

Sting shakes your hand, and as he stares you down, you think you might be gripping a velvet glove with only skeleton fingers underneath. His piercing gaze finds that queer fear and blinks it back at you with a slight snigger. And then he's just this agitated, hyperactive guy again, hopping or mooching around the room, bright but ungenerous about it, arrogant yet likeable, friendly although utterly self-absorbed. A lanky, 30-year-old, bleached-blond bass plunker slouching in dirty track shoes.

Sting, Copeland, and Summers were hungry for an income when they became a trio. Sting (he got the nickname from wearing a ratty black-and-yellow striped jersey while playing with a traditional jazz band called Phoenix) was married, unemployed, and had a month-old baby; Stewart was down on his luck after having quit college in California to join a now-defunct band called Curved Air; and Andy had tried everything from gigging with Zoot Money to backing up Neil Sedaka for a live LP. Everyone was moonlighting, with meagre returns, in the wake of the release of "Fall Out", so Stewart went to brother Miles, a prosperous music entrepreneur-manager-record executive, asking for seed money to finance an album demo. Although given to dumping on the group, Miles came up with the cash and they began cutting what would become *Outlandos d'Amour* in January of 1978 in the 16-track Surrey Sound Studios, located in

"I'll keep going," says Sting, "until the fuel runs out — fsssssst!" He throws his head back and out comes the familiar, chilling cackle

a seedy section of London. Miles would drop by on the odd sleepless night to listen and reaffirm his belief that the Police were a bust. That is, until the evening he heard Sting and company run through the reggae-propelled "Roxanne", a plea to a hapless Parisian hooker from her lover for her speedy retirement. Seems Sting had gotten the idea while strolling through a red-light district.

The band, which had been getting into reggae jams at rehearsals, was reluctant at first to play the new song for Miles because it wasn't aligned with the strident New Wave cants that were then cresting commercially. As Miles listened, his cynicism evaporated, and he pronounced the song "a classic." He offered to take the track to A&M Records, which was doing quite well with another of his acts, Squeeze. He returned to the studio the following night to announce that A&M had agreed to release "Roxanne" as a one-shot single. When it appeared in the late spring of 1978, the Police were touring in Germany and Miles, who had become their manager, was off in the States on business, so it didn't get the corporate

push it might have. Worse, the BBC didn't like the idea of programming a serenade to a French whore. *Adieu*, "Roxanne." A&M agreed to float a second reggae-flavored Sting single called "Can't Stand Losing You", but it also stiffed, suffering from radio censorship because the lyric concerned a spurned lover threatening suicide.

At this point, the trio was drifting apart. Stewart took some of his own songs into the studio and cut them under the pseudonym Klark Kent. Sting, on a tip from his wife's agent, was considering auditioning for a film about the mid-Sixties clashes in Britain between the mods and rockers. It was to be based on the Who's concept album *Quadrophenia*.

"I didn't think there was a hope in hell of getting the part," says Sting, referring to the role of Ace Face, the icy-cool, mod lady killer, "so I strolled into the Who's office on Wardour Street in filthy overalls, looking like a garage mechanic. I was carrying a copy of Hermann Hesse's *The Glass Bead Game*, and Frank Rodham, *Quadrophenia*'s director, asked me about the book. We got on like a house on fire — it turned out he was a poor Newcastle grammar school boy like me — and finally, without even auditioning me, he said, 'Okay, you've got the part.' I kept thinking, 'Jeeze, I'm in a major motion picture!'"

Well received critically and a big box-office draw in England, the film established Sting as a solid screen presence, a fact reaffirmed in his other movie experiences: *The Rock And Roll Swindle*, *Radio On*, *The Secret Policeman's Other Ball*, and *Brimstone And Treacle*.

Suddenly Sting was a cult hero, Stewart Copeland was enjoying his own cult status as the elusive Klark Kent, and A&M realised it might be the ideal moment to exercise their album option on the Police. *Outlandos d'Amour* was hurriedly released to strongly favorable reviews.

Especially surprising about the sudden shift in fortunes was the care with which the band indemnified itself against future reversals. The Police decided to decline the standard huge advance a hot new group gets when signing for a major label, knowing that the giddiness that accompanies the receipt of such a lavish cash outlay is followed almost inevitably by the painful payback when profits begin to trickle in. Instead, the members shrewdly opted for an unusually substantial royalty rate. The next matter was the organising of the all-important initial American tour. After further deliberations, the band shunned all pop-star pretense and the road-trip pageantry of private jets and limos. They got themselves a van, were their own roadies, rented any other hardware they required along the way from local outlets, and stayed in fleabag motels. Lastly, they played their hearts out, and the critics' and public's response was such that their

record company was virtually compelled to give "Roxanne" a second chance on American Top Forty radio. It hit, but the band continued to keep its collective head — and overhead — down, quietly recording their second album for a mere \$6000 (only twice as much as the first). The third was done for \$40,000 and *Ghost In The Machine* for a more conventional, but still relatively modest, \$100,000. By December of 1982, the Police were shuttling between the tropical hedonism of Air Studios in Montserrat and the baronial splendor of Le Studio in Quebec, signing the cheques for major-league rock star bills.

But what's most amazing about the Police is the fact that they were able to stay together long enough to get anywhere at all. To say that there are long-standing tensions within the ranks is a pale exercise in understatement, on a par with the assertion that George Burns wears a bad toupee.

A standard impromptu appraisal of Sting from all-American hard-arse Stewart Copeland: "Not only does he hate humanity, but every human within the species, except for his family [wife and son] . . . If Sting, because people say *he* is in the driver's seat, wants to throw his weight around and take over, no way am I going to let him do that and no way Andy is going to let him do that. Nobody is going to push me around! If Sting felt that he was going to try and push me around and commanded me to do something, saying, 'Look, fuckhead, I wrote Roxanne, so you do this,' then I would tell him to piss off."

Of his relationship with the band members, Sting says evenly: "The things the band have said and would be likely to say have more to do with them than with me. I think that Andy likes me more than he used to, because I've changed. He disliked my machinery, my cold side. That side was necessary for me at the time but hard for others to deal with. He likes the now-more-flexible me.

"As for Stewart, he's less and less close to me, *knows* me less and less. He tends to talk a lot about me in interviews, but the things I've read have all been untrue. It's not that he's lying, it's that his impressions of me are distorted by his image of himself. He, too, is a machine, but far more rigid than me, and the gap between us is widening daily. Not in some stupid, petty way, but in a profound, sad, inevitable way. We're growing away from each other, and it impairs what's good between us, which is our music. Our egos get in the way because of the intense differences in the way we behave, and because I'm moving faster than either of my colleagues in every sense. It is Stewart who is most aware of the fact.

"It's hard when friends outgrow each other, and we're more than friends — we're locked together in a dance. The things that made us all good together in the first place are still there, but they're

more difficult to sustain.

"Movement causes waves," he adds. "People get stretched, and if you're a rocket, personality-wise, bystanders get burned by your exhaust. But that doesn't mean I have to stop."

Indeed, it seems that nothing could be further from Sting's itinerary as he moves from divorce proceedings with wife Francis Tomelty to light housekeeping with children Joseph, seven, Kate, 18 months, and the expectant girlfriend Trudie Styler, and a projected solo album.

"I'll keep going," says Sting, "until the fuel runs out — fsssssssst!" He throws his head back and out comes the familiar, chilling cackle.

Gordon Sumner came upon music entirely by accident, and developed it entirely on his own. "As far as I was concerned, music was just another barrier to shut the world out; what bothered me most as an adolescent was the sensation that I didn't know if I had any place whatsoever in it. As a boy, I always regarded myself as a perfect *freak*, and spent a lot of time trying to fit in. The effort always ended in failure, because I was different. I felt I was cleverer than the people who roamed together in gangs, but I made the mistake of thinking that it was important to get them to recognise and respect that. I wouldn't be where I am if I didn't have the feeling of 'apartness' that allows me to ex-

press myself in a very exhibitionist and noisy way.

"I knew I would never be a part of normal society," he says solemnly, almost to himself, "but if I didn't find some freedom, considering the life that likelihood seemed to have planned for me in my teens, I think that eventually madness would have interceded."

After completing a working vacation as a bass player on a cruise ship, Gordon, who had passed his three A-Levels, enrolled at Warwick University but quit after one term out of "numbing boredom." He dug ditches for a construction crew, and then found a job as a tax clerk in the Inland Revenue branch of the civil service. For six months he abused the post, arriving late, leaving early, taking four-hour lunches, and rereading James Joyce's *Ulysses*, his favorite book, on the job. After almost being fired, he went back to college — a teacher training school — for three years. After graduation, he "slogged" back to his home town of Newcastle to teach English at St Catherine's Convent school and coach the soccer team. During a side gig as a bassist for a theatre troupe, he met his Belfast-reared wife and got married at 24. Stewart Copeland showed up, scouting talent for the Police, and Sting moved to London, he and his family sleeping on the floor of a friend's flat.

Among the things he left behind "for what I promised myself to be the absolute



"Look son, if it were just me, I'd say go ahead, evolve at any rate you want."

STING

last time," were the depressions of Newcastle and any attachments to Catholicism or the Church of England.

"Protestantism is based on Cartesian philosophy and Newtonian physics, which have largely been discredited," he says. "It's a very clean, scientific religion with no mysticism in it. The Catholic Church is full of blood sacrifice and magic, which is probably its attraction. If it were not murky and full of ghostly presences, if it were clinical like Protestantism, it would now be virtually dead. Its appeal lies in its unsettling symbols, its blood-drenched dogmas and rule of fear. I've rejected the Catholic religion, but I'm grateful to it for firing my imagination."

Apparently, he has the same conflicting feelings about his homeland, but has decided to continue living in London.

"England today is a melting pot of raw emotions — mostly shattered pride and agony. Musically, it's very vital because of its current pain, and I'm grateful for it. That's very selfish, I suppose, like saying, 'I enjoyed the Second World War; it made a man out of me and gave me a few book ideas.' But that's how I feel about the current hard times. I'm becoming increasingly aware of how self-motivated and self-interested I am. Everybody is, really, but the people who are fucked up are those who won't admit it."

He goes on to say that his marriage and the raising of a son have engendered in him a new but restricted sense of responsibility towards loved ones. Viewing life as a process in which people reach maturity by accepting the inevitability of risk, danger, failure, and the nearness of despair, he regards his chief parental duty to be supportiveness — not sustenance. He has already made a judgment on the parameters of the help he intends to extend to his child.

"I'm very aware that everything I say to him has to go through the father-son filtering process, which means that he has to reject almost everything I stand for. In order to become himself, my son must in fact destroy me. Therefore, anything I really care about I'm very chary to discuss with him. I'd rather he finds out on his own. I intend to leave him to his own devices a lot."

Which includes, Sting volunteers, a firm resolve on his own part not to leave his son any of his accumulated wealth. "I don't intend to leave him *any* money," he declares. "I don't intend to give him a nest egg or a head start. He has no right to expect any privileges. If, for example, at the age of 12 I had been given a million dollars, it would have harmed me greatly. I've seen people who, assured at an early age of receiving great sums of money, then turned into vegetables. I think my son is capable of a lot, but it's not for me to

sweeten the pot or lighten the load for him. I'm his father and that's *it*."

"There needs to be danger for the young. I am, for all intents and purposes, fairly safe in the material world, but if I need to create new dangers for myself in order to remain creative I will — absolutely, I feel that responsibility toward myself."

"And I will *not*," he vows, his voice rising, "create a cocoon for another human being."

On one of our last afternoons together, shortly before he is to finish up the last few dates on the Police's 1982 American tour, Sting proudly hands me a typewritten draft of a film script he had finished writing the previous evening. He says he wrote most of it on a battered portable typewriter, on planes and in hotel rooms.

The script, called *Gormenghast*, is adapted from two books of the famous

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interested in film. Another
game, more chaos

Gormenghast fantasy trilogy by the late British novelist-poet-illustrator Mervyn Peake. *Titus Groan*, the first book, from which most of Sting's script is drawn (he's already bought the screen rights to the series) appeared in 1946, coming at a time when Britons were suffering through the last cruel days of the war and the start of the peace. They had their noses buried in novels like *Brideshead Revisited*, *The Loved One*, *Animal Farm*, 1984 — and *Titus Groan*. Combining elements of Gothic romance and horror, and the inventive mythic geneology and Anglo-Saxon scholarship of *Lord Of The Rings*, the *Titus Groan* instalment of the Gormenghast trilogy was immediately hailed as a modern classic.

"It's a real arcane allegory for the change that happened in England after the war," Sting bubbles excitedly, "when the old Empire had decayed, and the working class had a new consciousness and began to rise, destroying the old order. Gormenghast is an ancient castle, as vast as New York. It exists in many eras simultaneously, outside of normal history and normal human progress. The script is

about a particular force in the castle — an evil one — that alters things for the better. The evil is embodied in a person who comes from the lower caste within the castle — the kitchen — who by his innate wit and cunning ends up in a position of enormous power. Which he, of course, abuses. Who plays the evil force?"

"Me, naturally!" he says, beaming. "The catalyst! The upstart from the lower depths! In many ways, the story is like a fairy tale." There's a parallel with *Star Wars* in that it seeks to create an autonomous world. In fighting against his evil foe, Titus Groan realises he can escape Gormenghast for good, and he eventually does.

"All that actors do when they aren't working is sit and wait for the phone to ring with the perfect job. You might as well wait to win the fucking lottery! I think you have to decide what the perfect job for you is and then go and create it. Whether or not you succeed is beside the point."

So what happens next for Sting?

"I go home to London to try to sell the script to people with \$20 million to waste," he explains as he begins loading his canvas carryall bag with gear for the night's concert. "Between now and Christmas, I'm just going to peddle *Gormenghast*, weight a host of other film offers, think about a solo record, and maybe spend some more time with scientists funded by the Koestler-sponsored KIB Foundation who are experimenting with parapsychology and phenomena like levitation."

What about the Police? When will he find time to write material for the next album?

"I've stopped writing songs right now. I'm going through a period of intake. I used to call it writer's block; now I just regard it as a *tight shit*."

"We're free to make our own timetable for the next LP. We're not ruled by medieval puppet masters, and we don't have to make another album until late 1984."

But will there still be a Police in late 1984?

"I suppose, but in terms of the competition there's nothing that comes close to the band. It's all so easy, I'm bored with it, not interested anymore. The game is won. My ambitions are wide, which is why I'm interested in film — another game, with still more chaos."

"You know," he says, stuffing the last of his things inside the bag, "ageing is not so bad. It's illness, staticness, imprisonment, and decay that scare me. I think I'm coming to terms with death more and more. I feel like the man on the highest tightrope in the circus tent."

He pauses, sealing his satchel with a violent *zzzzip!* The vulpine eyes gleam.

"You see, the spectators want to see me fall . . ." Out comes the wild, eerie cackle. "Or *fly!*" 



KAREN



SWEET MYSTERY

For a 19-year-old, Pet Of The Month Karen James has a taste in bed partners that can only be described as intriguing. There's that paunchy French fellow who entertains her with his waxed moustache, the inscrutable Asian family man who makes her toes curl, and her favorite, the distinguished English gent with the morphine habit . . . Karen sheds some light on her predilections with the words: "Mystery novels — I adore them. I spend a lot of time with Hercule Poirot, Charlie Chan and Sherlock Holmes."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON





Karen likes a bit of light reading after hitting the textbooks all day at college. She's a student of social welfare —

a lady with a well-developed social conscience and an ardent desire to bring succour to her fellow man.



"I really want to help young people — homeless kids, kids with drug problems, kids from broken families. I have a lot to give and I'm eager to take on a job that will let me help people," she says.





In the meantime, she's striking a chord with a young crowd who catch her band Blind Faith at its Sydney pub appearances.

She's been supplying vocals for the band for about five months now and, not surprisingly, the group's popularity is swelling.





"I'd like to be a successful recording artist," says Karen, "but then again, who wouldn't? But it's just a fantasy at the moment, and one of a great many rattling around in my head."



Karen likes men who are not afraid to be men, assertive types with no boyish insecurities. "Throw in a beard and that's my ideal man," she says. Which provides us with a moral to our tale: "Man who throws away razor blades is certain to tickle young girl's fancy."

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MISS KAREN JAMES/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



SOOTH SAILING

An aggressive armada of challengers has already begun to prepare for the 1987 America's Cup challenge

BY MARK FOGARTY

Perth, March 10, 1987: It's been a long hot America's Cup summer. It started four months ago with 17 yachts — four aspiring defenders, 13 would-be challengers. Now there are just two. One defender, one challenger.

The Australian defender is *Waltzing Matilda*, an upstart yacht which defied the odds — and the hopes of a nation — by outperforming sentimental favorite *Australia III* in the final round of trials last week. Challenging for the Cup is the pride of the American 12-metre fleet, *Liberator*. She represents the New York Yacht Club, once the villain of America's Cup racing. But since *Australia II* snatched the NYYC's most prized possession back in 1983, the men in the boater hats, black blazers and red pants have won admira-

tion for their dogged determination to retrieve the Cup.

Tomorrow, *Waltzing Matilda* and *Liberator* meet off Fremantle in the first race of the best-of-seven series to decide whether the America's Cup stays Down Under or returns Up Over. Whatever the outcome, this 26th defence of the Auld Mug is a promoter's dream. The victor and the vanquished rematched.

Three-and-a-half years ago, after that Hollywood-style down-to-the-wire finish to the historic '83 series, they were saying there would never be another Cup series like it. The melodrama, the tension, the excitement would never — never — be repeated. But this first foreign defence has all the makings of being equally close. *Waltzing Matilda* and *Liberator* have been tuned to the peak of 12-metre efficiency by the most intense and expensive elimination series ever.

John Koliis — the helmsman the Americans now concede could've won in '83, had the NYYC been able to see past *Liberty* skipper Dennis Conner — and the crew of *Liberator* had to fight their way past 12 other foreign challengers to get here. Beating some opponents was like taking candy from a baby: West Germany's *Das Neue Bismark* (a model of

Photograph by Chris Cunningham



SAILING

Teutonic efficiency in every aspect except performance), Japan's *Samurai* (a technological marvel which proved the Japanese should stick to cars), Greece's *Olympia* (they worked so hard for so little result it was indeed a marathon effort) and France's *Tricolore* (the return of Baron Bich and his ballpoint money was *deja vu*, not *vive la revolution*, as far as results went).

Not so the other nine challengers. New Zealand's *Kiwi*, *Maple Leaf* from Canada, Sweden's *Viking*, *Pacific Lady* from Hawaii and California's *American Invader* missed the foreign elimination semi-finals by fractions of points. On different days, each could easily have displaced any of the successful semi-finalists — *Liberator*, the San Diego Yacht Club's *Avenge*, Britain's *Conquest '87* and *Pasta Masta* from Italy.

After another close run-off series, *Liberator* and *Avenger* (skipped by losing 1983 defence helmsman Conner) contested the foreign elimination finals. Despite the fact that both boats flew the star spangled banner, there was no love lost between Koliis and Conner — as was the case during the '83 defender eliminations off Newport, Rhode Island. In a series that was bitter, aggressive and punctuated by protests and counter-

protests (not a race went by without dispute), Koliis got his revenge. *Liberator* won the right to challenge for the Cup 4-3.

In the Australian defence camp, the process of elimination was less ruthless but no less competitive. While public support was clearly behind Alan Bond's bid with *Australia II* to defend the Cup its revolutionary predecessor had brought to Western Australia, the Royal Perth Yacht Club let results, not sentiment, decide which of the four contenders would become the defender. Perth millionaire yachtsman Peter Brigg's *Black Swan* — a cheeky choice of name given that the logo of Bond's Swan Brewery is a black swan — and the Queensland Cruising Yacht Club's *Tropicana* kept *Waltzing Matilda* and *Australia II* honest during the preliminary defender observation trials. But after three months of trialling, both were "excused from further participation."

The RPYC broke America's Cup tradition by making the final decision on the basis of race results rather than pure observation, as the NYCC had always done. The Royal Victoria Yacht Club's *Waltzing Matilda* (skipped by John Savage, helmsman of the RPYC's unsuccessful '83 challenger, *Challenge 12*) sailed 10 full-course races in two weeks against *Australia III*, skipped by Iain Murray (who managed to survive the stigma of his helmsmanship in the disastrous 1983

Advance campaign). *Matilda* surprised the public by winning the series 6-4 — however, seasoned yacht racing observers had all along held the belief that the Vics had a strength of purpose, a depth of desire not matched aboard the WA boat.

And so, on the eve of race one of the 1987 America's Cup Challenge, the crews of *Waltzing Matilda* and *Liberator* are making final preparations. Predictions? Well, even the most biased old salts here hesitate to nominate a winner — either for tomorrow, or for the series. There is an air of uncertainty about this defence, unlike any before it.

Perhaps it will be as one veteran Cup campaigner suggests: "In the end, I think the real difference will be strength of mind. To be successful, the Australians have to want to retain that Cup more than the Americans want to win it back. And until they're out there on the water, we won't know whether the Australians' desire is stronger than the Americans' or vice versa."

"Desire" is probably an inaccurate word to describe the contestants' motivation. "Avarice" is closer to the mark. According to one analyst, the millions Alan Bond poured into getting the Cup will be chicken feed compared with the money-earning potential of what many believe to be his most valuable single asset at the moment — *Australia II*. "The real bucks will come from the marketing rights Bond holds to the name 'Australia II'," asserts that analyst. In fact, a spokeswoman for Bond's private company, Dallhold Investments, made no bones about the fact that "we're looking to make money from the defence of the Cup."

Through Dallhold, Bond has the marketing rights not only to the name "Australia II", but also "12-KA6" (the yacht's official racing number), and the green and gold boxing kangaroo logo. They are being licensed out through a franchise company to carefully-selected manufacturers and retailers, who are paying royalties for the privilege. Within weeks of *Australia II*'s victory, Dallhold had received hundreds of licence requests. One of the most enterprising and unusual was the plan to market green and yellow sugar cubes in the shape of *Australia II*.

So, as a longtime Bond-watcher says, one way or another Bond is "going to milk this thing for millions." Directly and indirectly, say the experts, he'll get back what he's put into his Cup challenges over the years — and more.

Which raises the question of how much of his own money Bond has actually spent on winning the Cup. Well, you can be sure it's nowhere near the \$16 million quoted as the cost of his four assaults. Take the 1983 campaign as an example. At the time of writing, the total bill hadn't been added up, but syndicate officials talked openly of a total of between three-and-a-half million and four million dollars. The *Australia II*

group received a third of the nearly \$2 million national sponsorship raised under the Advance Australia Challenge umbrella, which took in Victoria's *Challenge 12* and NSW's *Advance* syndicates as well. In addition, the West Australian syndicate had separate sponsorship deals with ACl, Price Waterhouse, the R&I Bank of WA, Waltons-Bond, Swan, Data General and a number of smaller contributors.

It would appear that the only time Bond put his hand in his own pocket was to underwrite running expenses of the syndicate while the sponsorships were being organised. It is assumed that America's Cup Challenge 1983 Ltd (official name of the *Australia II* syndicate) "paid back" most (if not all) of the several hundred thousand dollars "loaned" to it, but the Dallhold Investments spokeswoman was not prepared to discuss the finer details of the arrangement.

Not that it really matters. The point is that previous Bond challenges were funded on a similar basis, so the end cost of each to him personally would have been much less than what was actually spent on the challenge campaigns. And as Bond stands to make several million out of winning the America's Cup, in the end it's all been quite painless for him from a financial point of view.

All of which doesn't change the fact that Alan Bond deserves every accolade he's received. His drive, his determination, his dedication — and, it must be said, his ego — were the foundations on which *Australia II*'s America's Cup victory were based. Without him, that Cup would still be sitting in the New York Yacht Club's trophy room. But it's time the popular view of Bond bearing the financial burden of winning the Cup on his shoulders alone was laid to rest. And the notion that patriotism was his principal motivation should be buried with it. He won the Cup for himself first, and *Australia* second.

Like he said back in '73, only a "bloody fool" would approach yachting's Everest as anything other than a "business proposition." And Bond is certainly no fool.

In three years from now, the defence of the America's Cup will be well underway. By this time in 1987, the battle for the Cup will already have begun to dominate the media. There will be constant daily dispatches from Fremantle on the progress of preliminary foreign elimination and defender trials.

Fremantle — a sleepy seaport trans-

formed in fewer than three years into a bustling tourist resort — will be alive with the first wave of the hundreds of thousands who'll come from all over Australia and the world during the America's Cup Summer of 1986/87. The cash registers there and in Perth will be singing their multi-million dollar tunes.

New dock facilities costing several million dollars — courtesy of the West Australian Government — will accommodate the largest number of challenger syndicates ever assembled in the 136-year history of the America's Cup, plus what is likely to be the biggest defence fleet in the modern 12-metre era.

More than three months after *Australia II* brought this nation to a virtual standstill by beating the 25th American defender *Liberty* to win the Cup, the who, what and when of the first foreign defence is still more speculation than specifics. What we do know is that the defence will definitely be staged off Fremantle — as if there were ever any real doubt. But early in the piece there were suggestions it might be staged on the east coast because that's where Australia's population is, and because doubts were expressed about the Sandgroppers' ability to fund and organise such a massive, from-the-ground-up project.

"There's never been any question from this syndicate's point of view that the defence would be held anywhere but near Perth," a spokeswoman for the *Australia II* syndicate told *Penthouse*. Added Peter Dalziel, the Commodore of the organising Royal Perth Yacht Club: "There's no doubt it'll be off Fremantle. We have no doubts that we can handle the defence without any worries and come up with a really good event."

What hadn't been determined at the time of writing — and may not even be finalised as you read this — was exactly

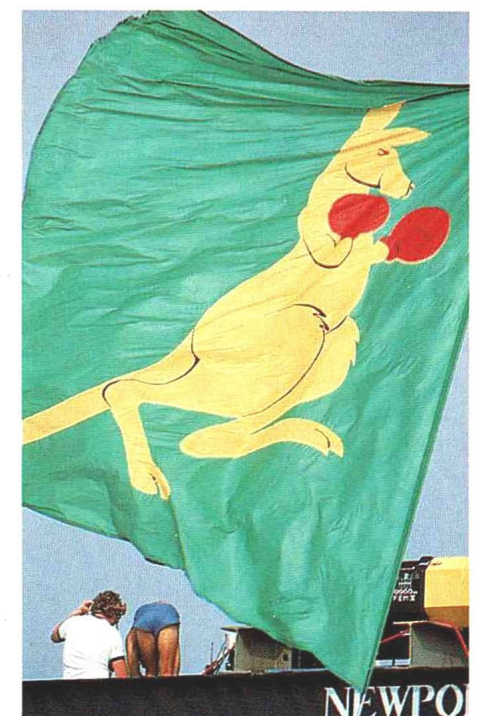
when the next America's Cup would be held. Depending on how many foreign challengers are issued, it could stretch from November 1986 through to April 1987 — or somewhere in between. At the very least, it will take four months. Whether the Cup summer begins in late '86 or early '87 could also be determined by weather conditions. The RPYC instigated a study late in October of last year to gauge the likely wind strengths off Fremantle and temperature ranges in the area during late spring to early autumn.

Dalziel estimates that it will cost the RPYC at least \$1 million — but probably more — to organise the defence. The basic "running costs" will largely be met by sponsorships and royalties. Although the competing yachts and the America's Cup Challenger itself remain sacrosanct, just about every other aspect of the contest is open to sponsorship. Just as up-market French luggage manufacturer Louis Vuitton sponsored the Foreign Challenger series last year, so too will naming rights to the '87 foreign eliminations be available. And just as Mumm paid the NYCC to be the "official America's Cup champagne" and Rolex was the "official America's Cup watch" (those were only two of many such endorsements), companies will pay the RPYC for the right to be an official supplier. By the time late '86 comes around, you will be amazed by the diversity of "Official America's Cup" products and services. There'll be everything from official America's Cup TV and radio stations to official America's Cup beer.

The other potentially lucrative source of revenue is licensing. As the winning challenge club, the RPYC not only takes possession of the Cup (which, incidentally, still belongs to the NYCC — it is on loan to Royal Perth on the understanding that challenges will be sought), but also gains the marketing rights to the trophy. Once



Opening pages: *Australia II* in action; Page 84: The improvised international newsroom at Newport, Rhode Island; Immediate right: Cup time revelry at Newport; Far right: The boxing kangaroo logo which will come out fighting again at the 1987 challenge to be held in Fremantle.



Photograph by D. Goldberg/Sigma



Left: A jubilant Bond flashes a winning smile at the victory celebrations. His money-spinning rights to the name *Australia II* are guaranteed to keep him smiling; Page 87: The contingent of Aussie supporters at Newport kept a high and very vocal profile.

all over the world, and as many as 17 (really). At the time of writing, the RPYC had received notices of challenge from the Long Beach Yacht Club in California and Hawaii's Waikiki Yacht Club. A few days after losing the Cup, the NYYC indicated it would mount a challenge through a syndicate being organised by some key figures from the unsuccessful 1983 *Defender/Courageous* group (Courageous skipper John Kolius has already been nominated helmsman). And you can bet *Liberty* skipper Dennis Conner will be back, challenging through his hometown San Diego Yacht Club. (This of course assumes that the RPYC will decide to allow more than one contender from any single country. At the time of writing, there was a strong feeling in some circles that entries should be restricted to one per country.)

Strong interest has also been shown by first-timers West Germany, New Zealand, Japan and even Greece. A Kiwi entrant is logical because our trans-Tasman neighbors can probably now afford to mount a challenge, whereas a northern hemisphere foray had always been out of the question for them. Also, New Zealand has some of the finest yachtsmen in the world (witness their Admiral's Cup and Sydney-to-Hobart performances), so the talent is available to conduct an effective challenge.

The Japanese have been keeping a close watch on the America's Cup for some years now. Japanese yachting officials and press people have been conspicuous during the last few Cup series — and you can bet the constant whirring of their motor-drive cameras was for a purpose other than filling their family photo albums. Japan may not be in the big league of yachting, but what it lacks in sailing talent and experience in international yacht racing will be made up for in technical wizardry. The Germans, too, can be expected to take a high-tech approach if their interest turns into action. Unlike the Japanese, though, they have many world-class yachtsmen who've proved themselves in events like the Admiral's Cup. As for the Greek challenge... well, don't hang by anything vital waiting for it to happen.

The Italians were impressive debutants last year. For a country with no previous experience in Twelves, the Aga Khan-sponsored *Azzura* was sailed extremely well. Her enthusiastic — and surprisingly well-organised — crew rewarded their

multitude of Italian industry backers by making it through to the foreign elimination semis. Observers at Newport last Cup summer never ceased to be amazed at the Italians' disciplined and smooth-running organisation: there was none of the chaos that usually surrounds Latin sporting teams. They also scored an important onshore victory by displacing the French as the most desirable "scores" among the status-conscious America's Cup groupies.

The Canadians were also impressive rookies (in 12-metres, anyway; Canadian yachts challenged way back in 1881 and 1885) in their neat but conservative *Canada I*. Her promising performance will have generated valuable enthusiasm for a Canadian industry-supported "new era" challenge. Money, then inexperience, were their principal limitations last year.

The British attack will again be mounted by finance world rebel Peter de Savary, whose *Victory* syndicate consumed \$8 million last time. De Savary is persistent and egotistical in the Alan Bond mould — the sort of character who will not rest until he either wins the Cup or is shown conclusive proof that it can't be done. The Poms will bear close scrutiny because they have proven themselves to be innovators. And as *Australia II* demonstrated, innovation can be a key to success. It was the British who came up with the bendy mast in 1980 (now banned, but used to good effect by *Australia* in that year's series) and the *Victory* group was working on the idea of keel fins (or wing-lets) at the same time the Australians were developing their winged keel.

That leaves Sweden as the other known likely. The Swedes sat out the '83 series (following successive challenges in 1977 and 1980) to regroup for an assault on what they assumed would be the 1986 challenge in Newport. Little were they to know the NYYC would first announce that the match (if they retained the Cup) would be in '87 to give syndicates more fundraising and preparation time, and then the Aussies would come along and take the damn thing out of the northern hemisphere. There was a Volvo station wagon running around Newport proclaiming "Swedish America's Cup Challenge '86", so one presumes that despite the change of venue, a new version of *Sverige* is still on the drawing board. If the cost of a Down Under campaign doesn't scare them off, the revived Swedish effort will again be backed by the country's major industries.

In the defence stakes, meanwhile, three contenders have already emerged. Bond will be back with at least two boats (*Australia II* and *III*). Another millionaire Perth businessman/sailor (and former racing driver), Peter Briggs, is also preparing a defence syndicate, while the RPYC has received a nomination from the Queensland Cruising Yacht Club. At the time of writing, the QCYC was negotiating with

Sydney construction magnate Syd Fisher to buy the hull of *Advance* — the ill-fated NSW challenger which won only two races off Newport all season — to act as a trial horse for their new boat. Why *Advance*, of all yachts? "What was a dog in Newport might not be a dog in the ocean off WA," explained QCYC Commodore Dayle Smith. "It's the only 12-metre with an ocean racing-type bow which goes down into the water instead of being cut away." The QCYC is confident Premier Joh will weigh in with financial support for the project.

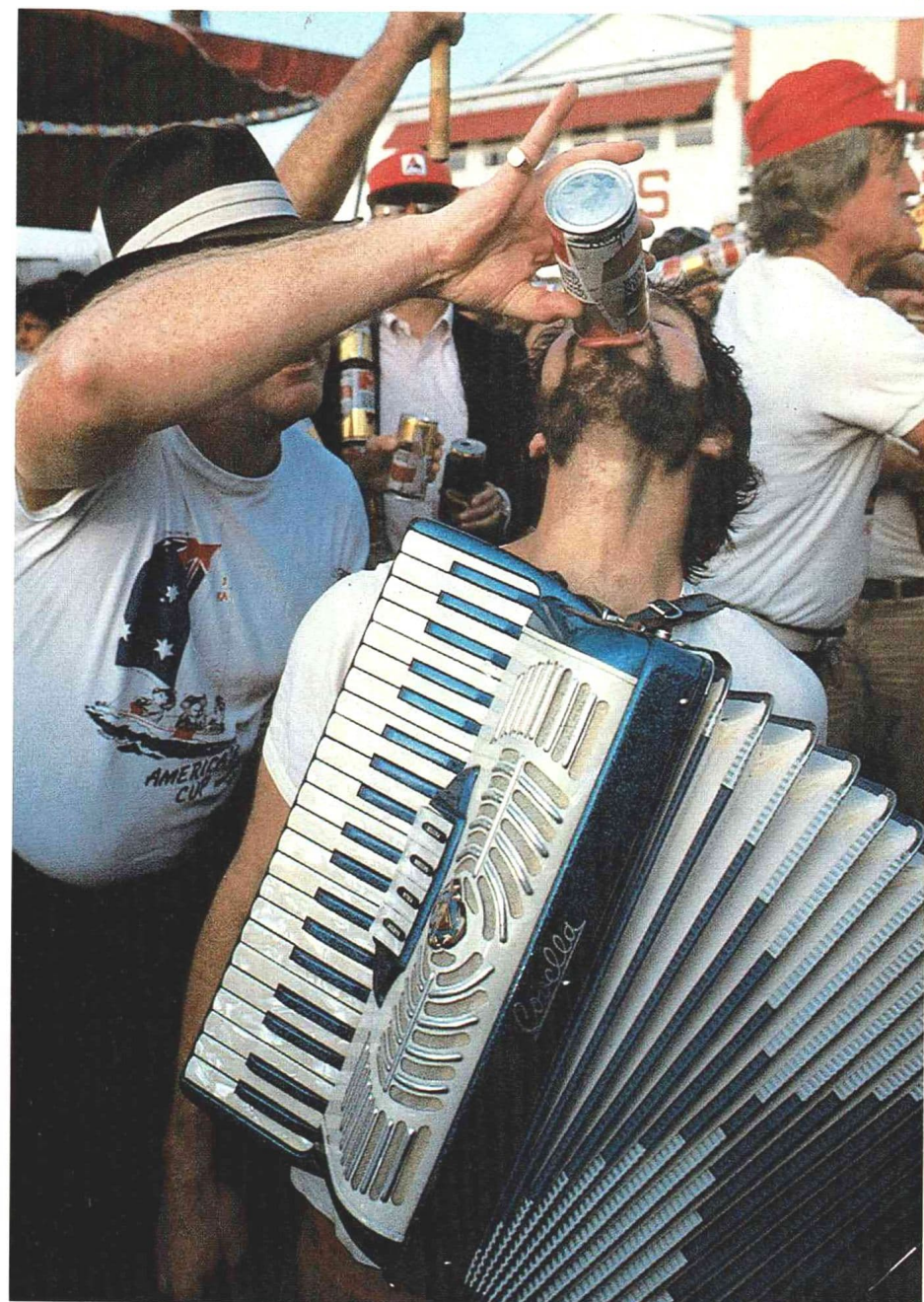
Syd Fisher himself is not to be discounted, either. Fisher is what his business associates and sailing partners describe as "a tough old bastard" — and certainly not a man to take the ignominy of his *Advance* lying down. As well, he and Bond are fierce yachting rivals (some would liken their rivalry to outright warfare) and he would like nothing better than to beat Bond in the defender shoot-out. The strongest indication that Fisher will mount a defence campaign is that before the *Ad-*

vance operation was disbanded last August, he bought the original *Australia* (the 1977/80 challenger) from de Savary, who used it as the *Victory* trial horse.

Fisher's decision to buy *Australia* (which, incidentally, he tried to lease from the Brits late in the foreign trials) before the result of the Cup contest was known suggests that at the time, he was thinking in terms of another challenge effort in Newport. As events transpired, he might have been better off keeping *Advance* and putting the money he spent into refitting and modifying his Newport duckling into a potential Fremantle swan.

According to Commodore Dalziel, the RPYC is looking for at least four syndicates to defend the Cup. Of course, the more the merrier — and the better our chances of retaining it.

A lot of uncertainties remain about the first foreign defence of the America's Cup. But one thing is for sure: the task ahead is so enormous that winning the Auld Mug will turn out to have been the easy part. Keeping it will be the real challenge. 



SAILING

the RPYC's solicitors have fully explored those rights, an already eager America's Cup souvenir industry is ready to start paying licence fees for the use of the trademarked Cup logo on all manner of memorabilia.

The '87 defence will present competitors with sailing conditions entirely unlike those off Newport, Rhode Island. Crews will trial and race in blazing West Aussie summertime heat, with average temperatures in the 30 to 40 degree range. As a result, crew fitness and stamina will be more important than ever.

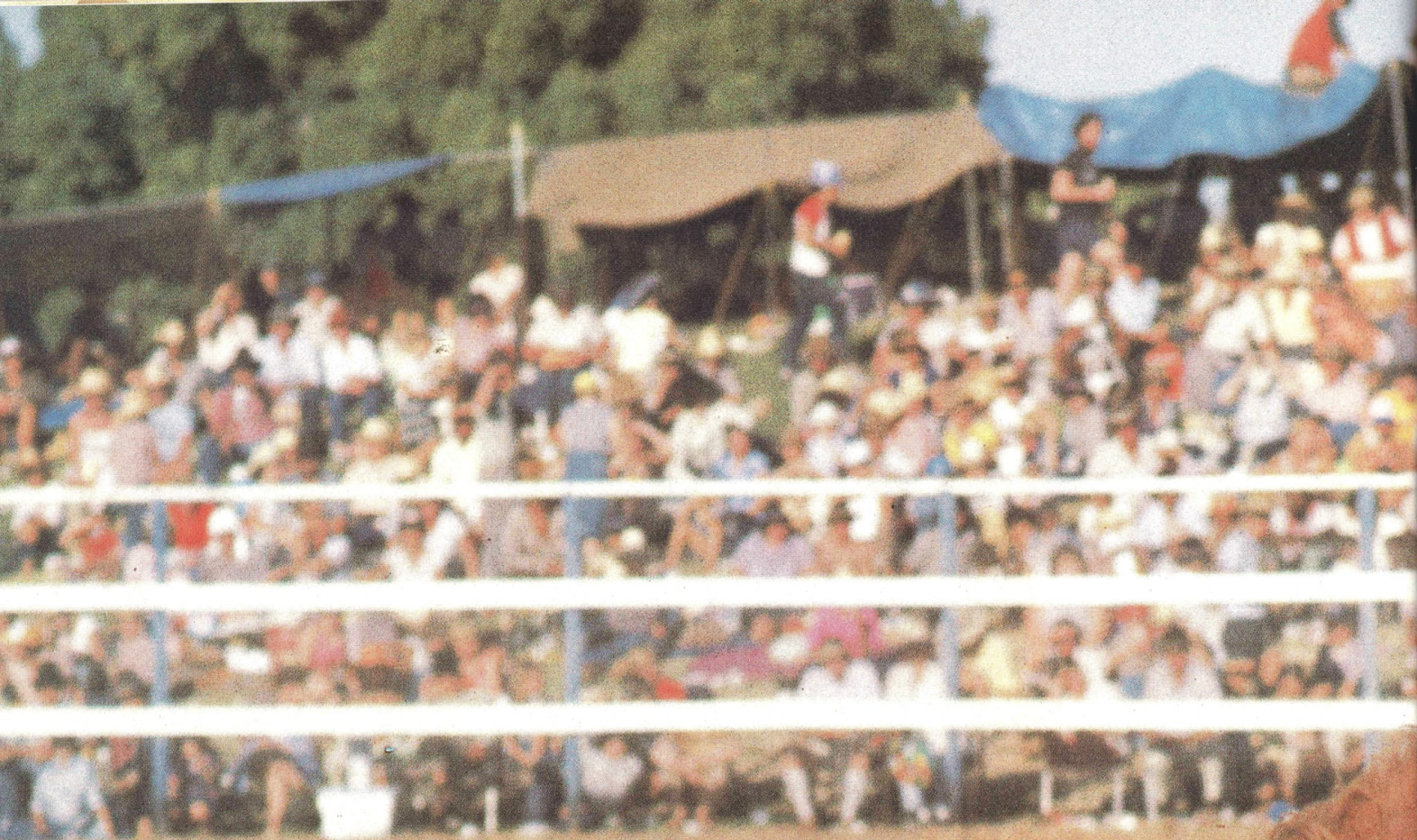
The winds on Rhode Island Sound are notoriously fickle. They change direction and strength at the drop of a hat because of the area's complicated weather patterns. And when it is blowing, the wind velocity is usually in the light-to-moderate range of around 7 to 15 knots. It often gets below that, but rarely is the breeze stiffer. In fact, during Newport's 53-year Cup reign, there was provision in the rules for races to be called off if the wind strength went above 25 knots. Current-generation 12-metres are not designed to sail in gale-like winds and big swells. Off Fremantle, though, the normal range will be a moderate-to-strong 18 to 25 knots! What's more, the winds out on the Indian Ocean will be more reliable and predictable than

off Newport, particularly in the afternoon. That's when the strong south-westerly known locally as the "Fremantle Doctor" (because of the relief from the heat it provides) sweeps in like clockwork each day. In layman's terms, what it all means is that in '87 the boats will have to be much sturdier than the current crop, and according to *Australia II* design genius Ben Lexcen, they'll be slightly longer and heavier and will run smaller sails.

The race course (still over 24.5 nautical miles around the same triangular Olympic "track" used since 1964) will be located about 6.5kms offshore (compared with 16kms out of Newport), and positioned between the coastline and Rottnest Island. But even though the racing will take place relatively close to the shore, the course will still be too far out to watch the action from the beach.

Within the next year — if not sooner — the first America's Cup activity will be evident around Fremantle. Some foreign syndicates are likely to send out advance parties with trial horse vessels to gather information on the sailing conditions they'll encounter during their official Cup campaigns. It's very likely one or some of the American syndicates will conduct the majority of the design development work on their yachts in Australian waters.

So from where are all the defenders and challengers going to come, and how many can we expect? The simple answer is from



It takes a lot
of arse to climb aboard
Mount Isa's meanest rodeo stock

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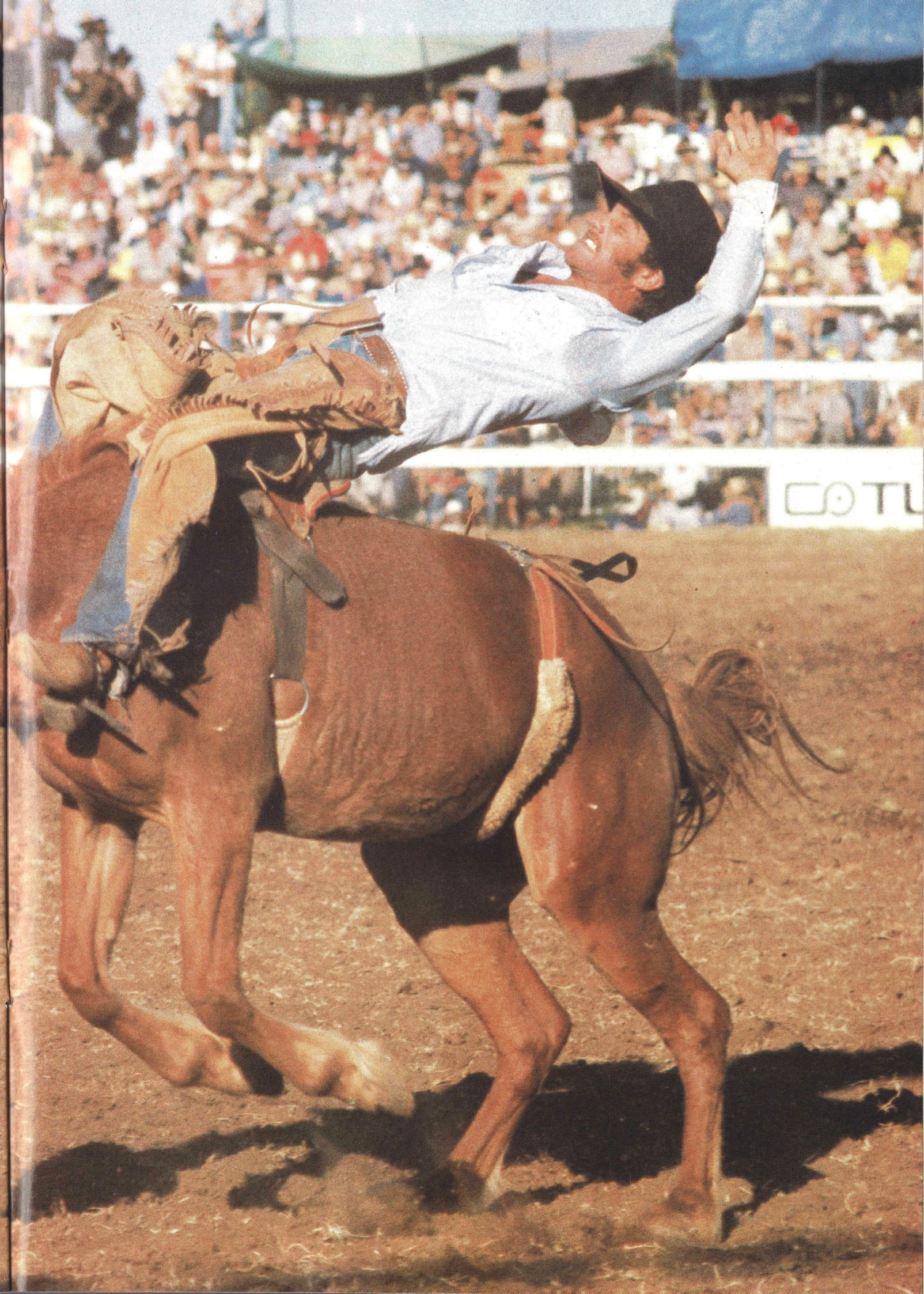
BY DANNY MORTISON

You've got to get real aggressive. You've got to have that killer instinct. Before you get your head of stock, all the blokes behind the chutes are your mates. As soon as that chute gate opens, you've got no mates; there's just you and that animal."

The Mount Isa Rodeo — Australia's biggest — is underway and the leading contender for the crown, a cowboy with the unlikely name of Bernie Smythe Jnr, is psyching up for the task at hand. Some of the rodeo circuit cowboys will give themselves a few slaps to bring on the adrenalin; others will headbutt the chutes in front of the beasts they're about to ride; and others will get well away from the crowd to quietly work up the aggro needed to pit themselves against a bucking, heaving, twisting beast.

But it doesn't matter how psyched up the cowboys are, or how well they can ride a horse or bull, rope a calf or bulldog a steer, if they pull mongrel stock. In rodeo, it's the luck of the draw. A

PHOTOS BY DANNY MORTISON AND JOHN WOULDSTRA



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cowboy doesn't score without the right stock. He can be a current All Round Cowboy, a champion bull, saddlebronc or bareback rider, or even be in the stakes for a world championship . . . but that won't help him if he draws a dog.

Mongrel stock, in rodeo terms, includes non-bucking horses or bulls and cunning calves and steers that want to duck under the horse's legs in the roping and steer wrestling events. And the Isa meeting, offering \$60,000 incentive to cock your leg over a beast and ride for what your life's worth, is definitely not the place to draw dogs. It definitely is the place for riders to catch up in the prizemoney stakes for Australia's All Round Cowboy Championship.

The Mount Isa Rodeo turns out to be a fiasco for Bernie Smythe. After 70 faultless saddlebronc rides in a year, he gets thrown for the first time at the Isa. In the steer wrestling he hovers over the charging steer at full gallop and goes for a leap on to the horns. The steer props, then ducks under the horse and Bernie grabs for nothing but dirt. In the team roping he misses the first shot; in the calf roping he breaks out and gets outrun by the calf. He has three rerides in the saddlebronc until one bucks him off. Bernie leaps to his feet quick smart and, blushing, beams a huge grin as he whacks the dust from his hat and strides from the ring. But he comes out the next day and spurs his way to a heat win in the Saddlebronc. At least he's paid his expenses for the week-end.

Bernie has already chalked up 24 grand from the pro rodeo circuit this year. He was All Round National Champion in 1982, an historic achievement in that it was the first time in world rodeo history that a father and son had won a national championship for All Round Cowboy. Bernie Smythe Snr did it in 1948. "That was a big thing for me," Bernie says, straightening

his six foot frame and cocking his chest out.

Six years on the pro circuit and Bernie's "doin' fine." In fact, he has done all right since his entry into the circuit. He took out the Rookie Saddlebronc Rider award in his early seasons, and has since notched up four state titles. "Young blokes have to do an apprenticeship in rodeo, like any other profession. It's a school of hard knocks, but rodeos are the best teachers in the world."

Bernie and most of the 90-odd guys on the circuit travel 120,000 kilometres a year, and for that they'd be very lucky to make the basic wage — unless they hit a purple patch like Bernie has. However, the bucks he earns sound great until you consider the costs. To transport his riding horses and himself around, Bernie shells out \$10,000 a year.

Unlike the majority of the riders, who travel with just a swag and saddle, Bernie has to cart two horses and their feed. He usually recruits other riders on the circuit to drive the horse truck — a handy arrangement for all concerned.

The rodeo circuit cowboys have a cameraderie second only to that of the Hawke Ministry. They help one another saddle up, shout directions from the chutes, appraise each other's good efforts and share commiserations for guys drawing dogs or getting bucked off.

In the pro rodeo circuit there are two judges in the ring, both allocating points out of 25 for the horse and 25 for the rider. The judges can offer a reride if the stock doesn't buck, if a flank strap drops loose, if a horse hits a pickup horse before time, or if the stock falls or stops.

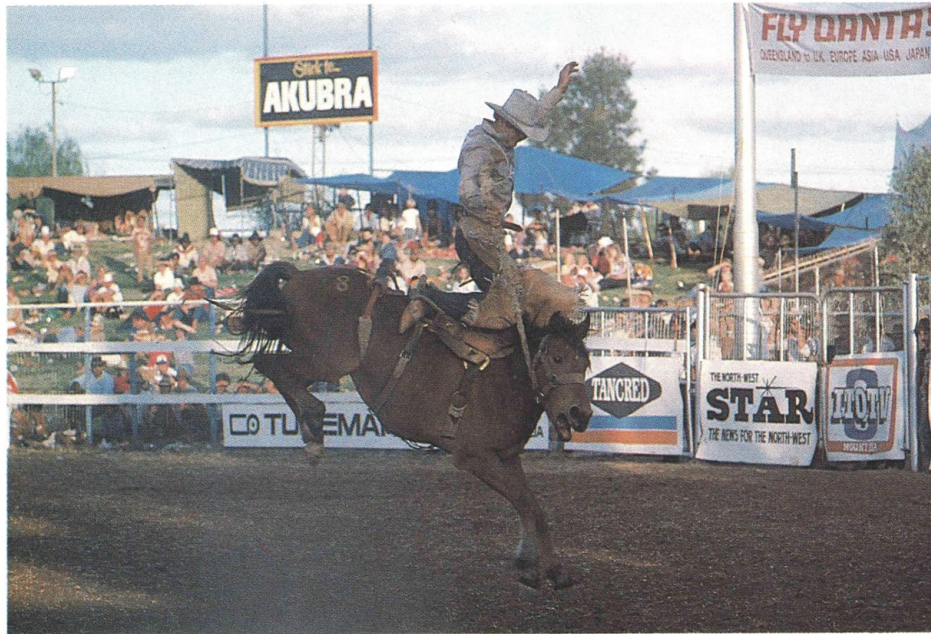
Bernie's friend and major rival, Kevin Bowtell, has seven rerides in the 'bronc ride at the Isa. Rotten luck, considering that Bernie was having such a shit of a time trying to do things right as well. Kevin was going into Mount Isa just six grand behind Bernie in the championship stakes,

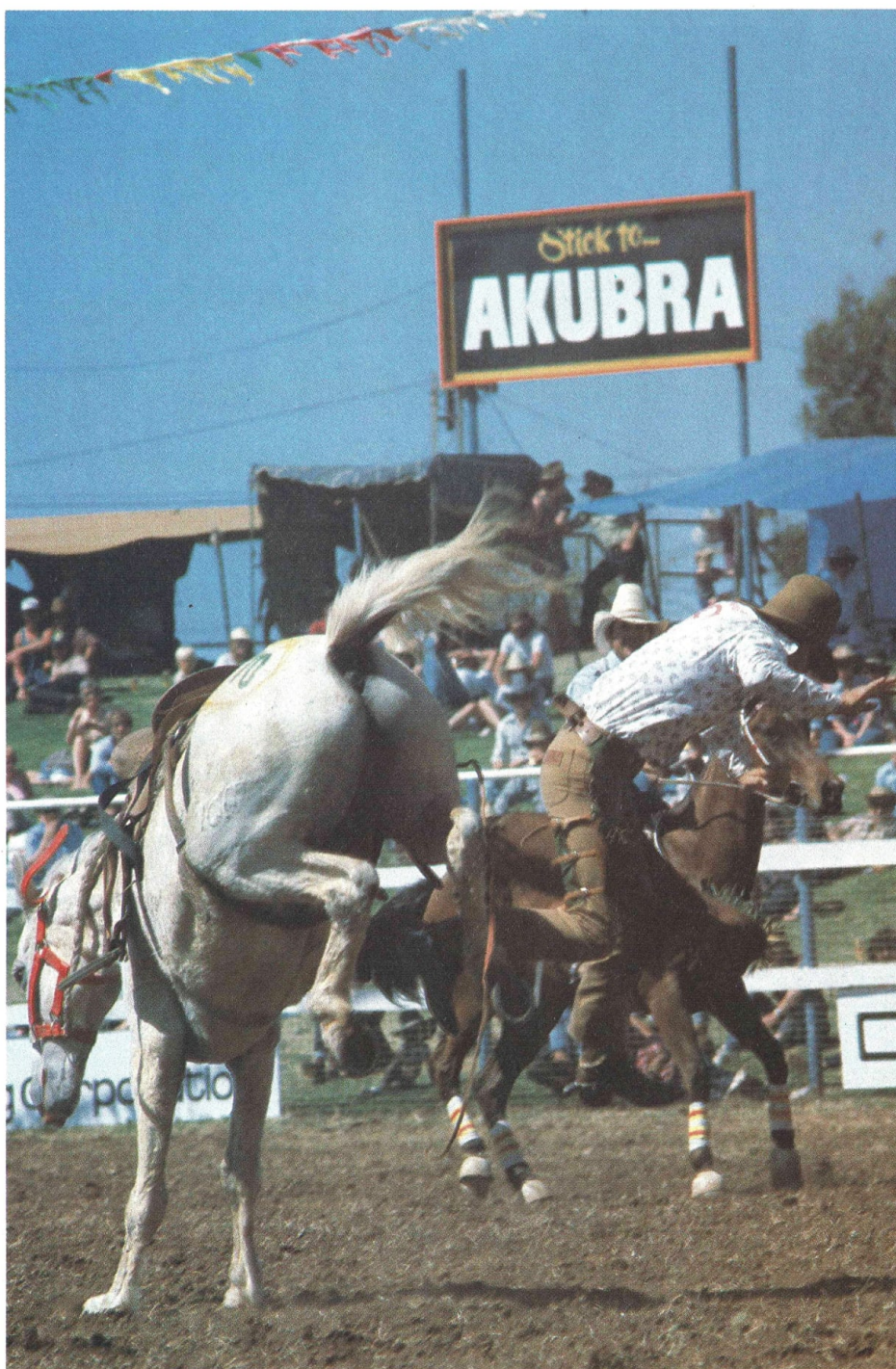
Opening spread: Cowboy Shane Stitt, a coal miner at Dysart in Central Queensland, demonstrates the form that won him the All Round Cowboy Stakes at the Isa Rodeo last year. This page, bottom left: Bernie Smythe Jnr, leading contender in Australian rodeo circles, takes a breather between rides; Bottom right and series opposite: Smythe displaying the flashes of brilliance that have made him one of the biggest money spinners on the Australian circuit.

and he hoped to pick up some of that in the saddlebronc. The 27-year-old from Gidgegannup, 40 kilometres east of Perth, likes to find some quiet before heading for the chutes. "I'll think about the horse or bull and fit the way I ride to it. Some blokes like to get into groups and encourage one another, but I'd rather just sit quiet."

Kevin doesn't like to think about the chances of getting hurt during the eight or 10-second bout with an animal that's intent on killing him to get him off its back. "Those things are locked away in the subconscious. I had a bull jump on my stomach this year, which put me out for a couple of weeks. If I thought that was going to happen every time I threw a rope around a bull, I don't think I'd do it. You've got to be positive and aggressive on your stock."

Kevin went into the saddlebronc ride at the Isa having been thrown just four times from the 90 rides he'd made during the season. His first 'bronc in the Isa event struck the chutes on the way out; the second didn't buck, it galloped; the third wouldn't buck either, while the fourth looked a real hot little number for the first three steps, but on the fourth step it forgot to put its feet down, landed flat on its side and winded itself. The fifth and sixth ones didn't buck either, despite their crazed antics in the chutes. After the seventh reride, which took him into the next day of competition, Kevin decided to take a score that





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didn't see him into the finals. Just about every cowboy behind the chutes felt for him after every ride, and no-one questioned why he finally took a low score when he could have saddled up another. He had ridden seven and had looked good doing it, but the stock was lousy. That's the way it goes.

"In the chute when you're putting the saddle on you can tell by their disposition whether they'll be any good or not," said Kevin. "When I climb up into the chute, all I want to do is get out of there. That's when the adrenalin is really pumping, and if the stock is good, I get even more fired up."

"As soon as you hear that whistle blow, if you've had a good ride you feel really high. It's a fantastic thrill. But if you think you haven't taken an opportunity somewhere, then you get down on yourself. The best thing to do is talk it over with a buddy, sort it out in your own head, and make sure you don't make the same mistake again."

Probably the most physically demanding events are the bareback and bull rides. If a rider competes in three events he's out there in the middle for a total of just 30 seconds, but the wear and tear on the body and brain amount to a real hard day's work. Bareback riders are easy to pick: one of their arms is about a foot longer than the other.

The Mount Isa Rodeo stock is owned by the local Rotary clubs. The brumbies are kept at nearby Carandotta Station and roam free for most of the year, to be rounded up for just one rodeo. Some of the horses have never been up the chutes

before and they're terrified by the ordeal. These animals normally look like a rodeo rider's nightmare as they kick hell out of the chutes and bite at the cowboys trying to saddle them up, but then they usually end up being too tired to buck.

The contract bulls supplied for the Isa rodeo by Barry Gravener, who runs a spread near Townsville, are a different brand of beast. They know the job they have to do and waltz into the stalls like trained pigs. A few let out the mandatory grunts and groans to put the fear of God into the cowboys, and then they come out and put on a real show, leaping high in the air, twisting, farting, grunting and bellowing as they try to loosen the hold of the riders. The cowboys often look like rag dolls with ten-gallon hats tied on to their backs. They flap around from side to side, front to back, pitching and rolling every which way as the bulls find another move to try and unseat them.

When time is up in this event, the job of collecting the rider from the beast goes to the rodeo clowns, the bullfighters. Mount Isa has booked two of the best, Pat Speedy and Ken Smith, who make it look easy as they do the job of presenting themselves as targets for a barrage of flailing horns and kicking hooves. Like the bulls, they're on contract too.

Pat and Ken have worked as a team for the past three years, doing "funny clown" work and bullfighting. Funny clown work includes the theatrical skits that are the delight of everyone at a rodeo. Bullfighting is the serious business of getting the rider clear of a bull once he's made time. "Sometimes a contractor will also tell us to stir certain bulls up, so we make ourselves

a target. The closer we get, the better it looks," Ken said.

Ken has been fighting bulls for 10 years and during that time he's seen a succession of young blokes who figured they wanted to mix it with the bulls: "While they're winning they're on top of the world, but the day they get horned, many lose their nerve. It's a tough game, because when you do it right, you've got to stand there and let the bull set you. You must stand still until the last second and then get out of the way. If you move too early, the bull will lose interest in you and probably go the other way. A flat-footed bullfighter is a better crowd pleaser than a mobile one."

Both men reckon rodeo bullfighting is a much more dangerous game than Spanish bullfighting, which attracts crowds in their hundreds of thousands. "All a rodeo bullfighter has is his hands, while the Spaniards have nice big capes to hide behind." Both Pat and Ken have taken their share of spills; it's part of the game. "The hardest thing is when you get knocked down by a marauding bull, you've got to bounce up and make it look funny."

This is one of the most important jobs in a rodeo arena, but one that very few blokes want to take on. It's an occupation where fitness counts for plenty, but guts is an absolute: "As a young bloke I'd have to be prised from the steering wheel when I got home from a rodeo," said Ken. "I just couldn't move and my body would be hurting like hell. You've got to face the fact that if you're knocked down at a rodeo, you've just got to get up and get out there again."

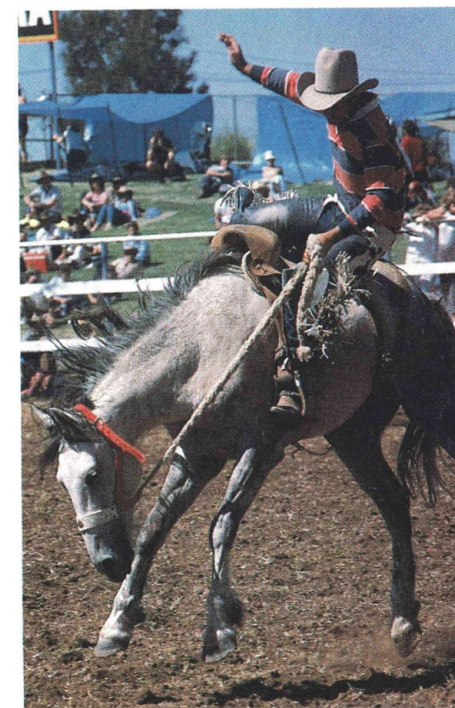
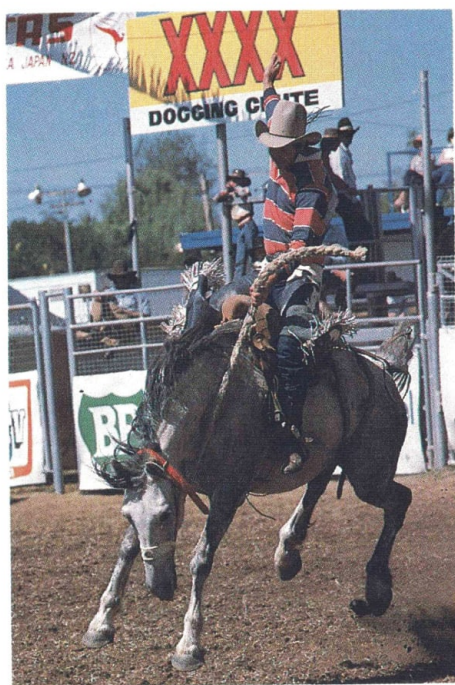
When he caught a spur in the knee during the night bullrides at the Isa, Ken

These pages: The Mount Isa Rodeo — the largest held in Australia — provides a gut-wrenching spectacle for the tens of thousands of fans who trek from throughout Queensland to witness it. And the action provided by the riders and their mounts pictured here is what keeps them coming back each year for more. Before clambering aboard their mounts, the cowboys will psyche themselves up to the adrenalin and aggression levels necessary to give their all in the ring.

backed up the next day, pumped up with painkillers and supported by a heavy bandage. But his closest call during the Isa event was an encounter with a big horny bull that was intent on making him a target. As the beast chased him for a good 50 metres in zig-zagging fashion, Ken ran back and forth, continually looking over his shoulder, until he saw that the bull finally had him well and truly set. As the monster lifted its head to hook one of its metre-long horns into Ken's arse, the bullfighter jumped sideways and the razor-sharp horn backed by a heaving, furious mass of flesh slipped by, a centimetre away from his rump. The Brahman then thought that if it couldn't hook its tormentor, it'd trample him instead, but Ken managed to roll clear before the one-tonne weight could pound him into the dirt. By this time the buzzer had gone, so Ken had to then get back on to his feet and chase the bastard to get the rider free.

Not all of his close calls have turned out like that one. He was horned in the gut by a bull at Townsville about four years ago, and he's lost count of the number of times





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he's been trampled while trying to free riders who tie themselves on with a half-hitch. "Hangups are the hardest, especially with the new American bull ropes. If a rider goes off the wrong side of a beast, his hand won't come out of the bull rope. Pat then has to straighten him out. While the bull's attention is on my partner, I go for the hand; it's split-second timing." Ken knows what it's like for a rider to be hung up. He rode bulls himself for years, but never quite made it to the pro ranks.

When a bullfighter puts his life on the line at a rodeo, he has to be entertaining at the same time. "It's a hell of an atmosphere if you've got a good crowd," said Ken, "but if the crowd isn't with you, you get a real down feeling. In the States the

This page, above: Cowboy Kevin Bowtell, second seed in the National All Round Cowboy Stakes, takes his chances with a 'bronc during one of his seven rerides in the saddlebronc event. Left, series: Hanging on for an eight or ten-second bout on a twisting, snorting beast is what rodeo is all about. Opposite page, top left: "Blondie", the feature horse at the rodeo, stands defiantly as she awaits her fourth time in the ring Bottom left and far right: Taking a hammering beneath the hooves of an enraged animal is the risk courted by the cowboys.

crowds chant, which gets that little bit more out of you."

Pat, who once won a US Wrangler Bullfighting contest, recognises that old rodeo bulls are athletes in their own right. "If he wasn't a bucking bull he'd be camp pie. People don't realise that rodeos are keeping these animals alive. They've got a life in a rodeo. If a grazer gets a horse that no-one can ride, then the rodeo's the go."

The rodeo circuit is full of surprises. There are blokes who've devoted their entire lives to it and they get bucked off by some of the rankest stock you've ever seen; and then there are blokes who do it for a hobby, and clean up.

Shane Stitt works in a coal mine at Dysart in central Queensland. He's proven himself through the amateur circuit of the Australian Bushmen's Carnival Association over the past few years. Shane picks up around \$9000 by riding in 20 to 30 rodeos each year. The big prize-money attracted him to the Isa event and he had the luck of the draw. It was his first professional rodeo for the season, and he cleaned up. The 1979/80 North Queensland Saddlebronc Champion admits that winning has a lot to do with luck, but he adds: "Sometimes a good rider, spurring vigorously, can make even a bad bucking horse look good. You may make time and think that you haven't scored real well and be pleasantly surprised at what the judge chalks up."

Shane hardly put a spur wrong through-



out the Isa Rodeo and came out of the chutes in perfect rhythm with just about every beast he drew. The consistency of his efforts gained him the rodeo's All Round Cowboy prize.

Most riders do their share of travelling to get to a rodeo, but few at Mount Isa would have put down the miles that Neal Campbell did to compete on the Australian circuit this year. Neal started his pilgrimage from Black Diamond in Alberta, Canada. The cold at home last Christmas convinced him to board a cruise ship for Australia. "I'd heard about the women, the beer and the rodeos, but I must admit I had underestimated the calibre of the cowboys out here. And I didn't realise they did so much travelling."

Neal participated in about 50 rodeos last year, in Victoria, South Australia, NSW, Queensland and the Territory. He prefers to stick with the saddle-bronc and bareback events, "But if I'm feeling really stupid I'll get on a bull too." He was a bit disappointed at the average winning prize-money of \$350 per event: "At home the average winner's purse is around \$1500." So far Neal has picked up about \$1500 from his 50 rodeos — not the best sort of money, but enough to buy beers, hamburgers and petrol for the trip to the next event.

Like 80 percent of the riders on the circuit, Neal travels light: just a swag, a saddle and a bag of clothes. He's been accepted into the circuit and provides a good

cultural exchange with the local lads. But one thing he's not too keen on is the rivalry between the various rodeo associations in Australia. "There seems to be an incredible division between them, and everyone sticks to their own groups, whereas in the States or Canada the riders all seem to work together for the benefit of the sport."

The thing that keeps Neal on the low-paid Aussie circuit is the abundance of women. "We call them 'buckle bunnies' at home, but over here they call them 'lowies'. It doesn't matter where you go in Australia, there are enough women to go around all the cowboys. Rarely a rodeo has gone by where I haven't scored. It's the same all over the world. There's something about the game that really fascinates women. I don't know what it is, but I do know that if I had a daughter, I wouldn't want her going out with a cowboy, 'cause he'll never be rich and he'll never do the right thing. He's just having himself some fun."

Some people wouldn't agree that the prospect of being ironed out by a one-tonne beast is great fun — but injuries are part and parcel of the rodeo circuit and survival depends on the ability to ignore them. Neal was nursing a suspected fractured ankle at the Isa meeting, but it was nothing a tightly-strapped bandage and a couple of painkillers wouldn't fix. He's seen riders gored from the knee to the groin, riders with broken limbs and smashed teeth... and no matter how safe

the committees try to make their rodeos, it's inevitable that someone will get hurt. Cowboys overcome their fear by observing a simple rule: before you're due to ride, you never talk about the possibility of getting injured.

For those who are close to the action, the danger doesn't subside until the animals are finally led out of the ring. After the riders are picked up, the marauding horses and bulls make a circuit of the arena, forcing everybody to leap on to the top rail of the fence. At the Mount Isa Rodeo a female photographer threw caution to the wind once too often. She was knocked silly and ground into the dirt by a pickup team who were concentrating on the rampaging beast. When you get fired with adrenalin just being near these animals, when you feel the whole of your body trembling in anticipation, you begin to appreciate the courage that goes into being a rodeo champion.

The Australian rodeo circuit is packed with action and the competitors are talented bunch of blokes. Those who are at the top level in the championship standings are good enough to match it with anyone in the world. So the next time you're in a country town and you see the rodeo poster in the pub, make it a date. If you're mad enough to nominate yourself for a ride, you'll forever appreciate the courage and skill of the real pros in a sport that sorts out the pretenders quicker than any other. ○

The latest integrated entertainment systems are set to plug you into the Space Age

STEREO SIMPATICO

BY MIKE TAYLOR

There was a time when family entertainment consisted of sitting around the fireside reading a book or making conversation. That changed with the advent of the gramophone, and then radio emerged as the central entertainment device with the family sitting around the Marconi wireless set listening to the news, music and the serials. Next came the wondrous television set and then the video cassette recorder. Now, thanks to the microchip, the integrated circuit and other miniaturisations of componentry, the family unit is about to be entertained again by a combination of all these devices.

Most Australian homes have a range of entertainment appliances. There is the ubiquitous television set, the VCR, the high fidelity stereo, the AM/FM radio and possibly the home computer. Electronics manufacturers are now asking us to consider all these components as one unit: one great big entertainment and communications medium which, as time and technology permits, will plug us into the Space Age.

The manufacturers are describing the new concept as "integration", and Australians have already seen the fruits of this concept from one manufacturer, the Sharp Corporation. Sharp has begun selling its video, television, hi-fi and computer technology as a completely compatible integrated package. The other manufacturers are likely to follow suit.

However, Sharp has always done things a little differently from the other consumer electronics manufacturers. It was Sharp who introduced the bilateral record turntable, which plays both sides of



Photo courtesy of Sharp Corporation of Australia Pty Ltd

SIMPATICO

a record without the need to turn it over; and when all the other manufacturers were producing video cassette recorders which required three different components, the Sharp company came up with a three-in-one. So it will be no surprise if Sharp manages to stay one jump ahead of its rivals.

The visual integration package provides a total rethink about how people should approach home entertainment. The concept has at its heart one of Sharp's new multiple input/output television monitors. These innovative gadgets have the capacity to handle up to three items of equipment, all linked simultaneously through separate connections and governed by an infra-red remote control.

Rather than using the limited two-channel audio capability of the television monitors themselves, the company has fed the sound through one of its latest audio systems. The result is a home entertainment package which includes six components: a television monitor, an audio system including a bilateral turntable, an amplifier, an AM/FM radio and tape deck, a stereo video, a personal computer, an audio disc player, a portable video cassette deck and a video camera.

Fitting all this into the average home would have been a problem, so Sharp

commissioned Australian furniture manufacturers to produce a range of wall units designed to fit the various components. Most of the resulting packages retail for under \$3000. That represents good value when you compare it with buying the components individually.

The grouped Sharp components provide pleasing if not exceptional performance, and the integrated package is compact and easily accessible. Sharp claims that its system is designed to cope with the future, which promises the inclusion of a telephone, a video disc component, a home security system and other communications systems such as character multiplex broadcasting and videotext . . . and even the control of air conditioning. All these claims are in keeping with what other manufacturers, particularly in the computer industry, are asking us to believe.

The Sharp innovation is part of the logical pattern of future developments in the electronics industry as the tools of both work and play become more sophisticated. The workplace is becoming increasingly computerised and so is the home. Even workers involved in the previously labor-intensive manufacturing industries are becoming familiar with computers in the form of digitally-controlled lathes and process devices. Teletext services are already being introduced into Australia, and before the

end of the decade satellite technology will be accessible to the average man in the street. It's already available in countries such as Japan and the United States, and only a matter of months and years away in Australia.

We are now being told by the manufacturers of home entertainment and computer devices that eventually every home will need a computer of some description as a prerequisite for day-to-day existence. This is not as far-fetched as it might seem, given that most of us are already being paid by a computer and computers are increasingly being used for the dissemination of news and information. It is not beyond the realms of possibility that well before the year 2000, Australian housewives will be doing their shopping by computer. The benefits of the computer as an educational device are already well known, and computers are now being used as home security devices monitoring everything from who is at the front door to how much electricity the householder is using. The list is likely to grow as technology and applications are developed. So it makes sense for the manufacturers of domestic electronic hardware to orient their products toward the further technological breakthroughs that will surely come.

It is already evident from the Sharp concept of visual integration that the television set will be the centrepiece of this revolution in home entertainment. By combining the abilities of the new-generation television set with hi-fi componentry, video laser disc, audio laser disc, home computers and sophisticated satellite receiving equipment, the home of the Eighties will be equipped to handle the year 2000.

One of the things which made the Sharp development workable was the development of stereo video. This meant that video and television could be made compatible with high fidelity sound reproduction, giving the three components a basic link.

A personal computer, video laser disc and audio laser disc can be fitted into the package because a similar link exists. An equally important factor is that these components have become markedly smaller during the past 10 years. Sheer size, not to mention primitive technology, would have made the concept almost impossible in 1972.

There is little doubt that in the future, digital technology will dominate both the audio hi-fi sector and television, providing even more accurate reproduction of both sound and picture. Video seems destined to undergo many more changes within the next decade. Video laser disc has already been introduced and the potential exists for this technology to lead to the reproduction of holographic images . . . the ultimate in realism, and hopefully at a realistic price.



"Has it occurred to anyone that we all had the same doctor?"





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CLIFF HARDY AND THE MALTESE FALCON

The doughty detective's trip down memory lane takes him all the way from Bondi to Berkeley

It was warm for March in San Francisco they told me, and Dan Swan was sweating like a fat man on a bicycle, except he was a thin man, standing still. It wasn't surprising though — the group of 20 or so people clustered around him wore T-shirts and jeans, shorts or light slacks, while Swan was wearing a shirt and tie, trench coat and heavy rubber-soled shoes. He had to dress like that. He had to wear the fedora too, because he was taking us on his famous "Sam Spade Walking Tour" through the Tenderloin and adjacent parts of San Francisco.

"We don't know much about Spade," Swan said. "My guess is he was born in Oregon or Washington State. He served in the infantry in World War One and was an NCO. Not high-ranked, a corporal maybe." He took off his hat and wiped his

high brow, which was getting higher as the widow's peak was accentuated by retreating hair on both sides. Dark hair and dark eyes, a long face and body. He moved his shoulders uncomfortably in the coat and I wanted to tell him to take it off.

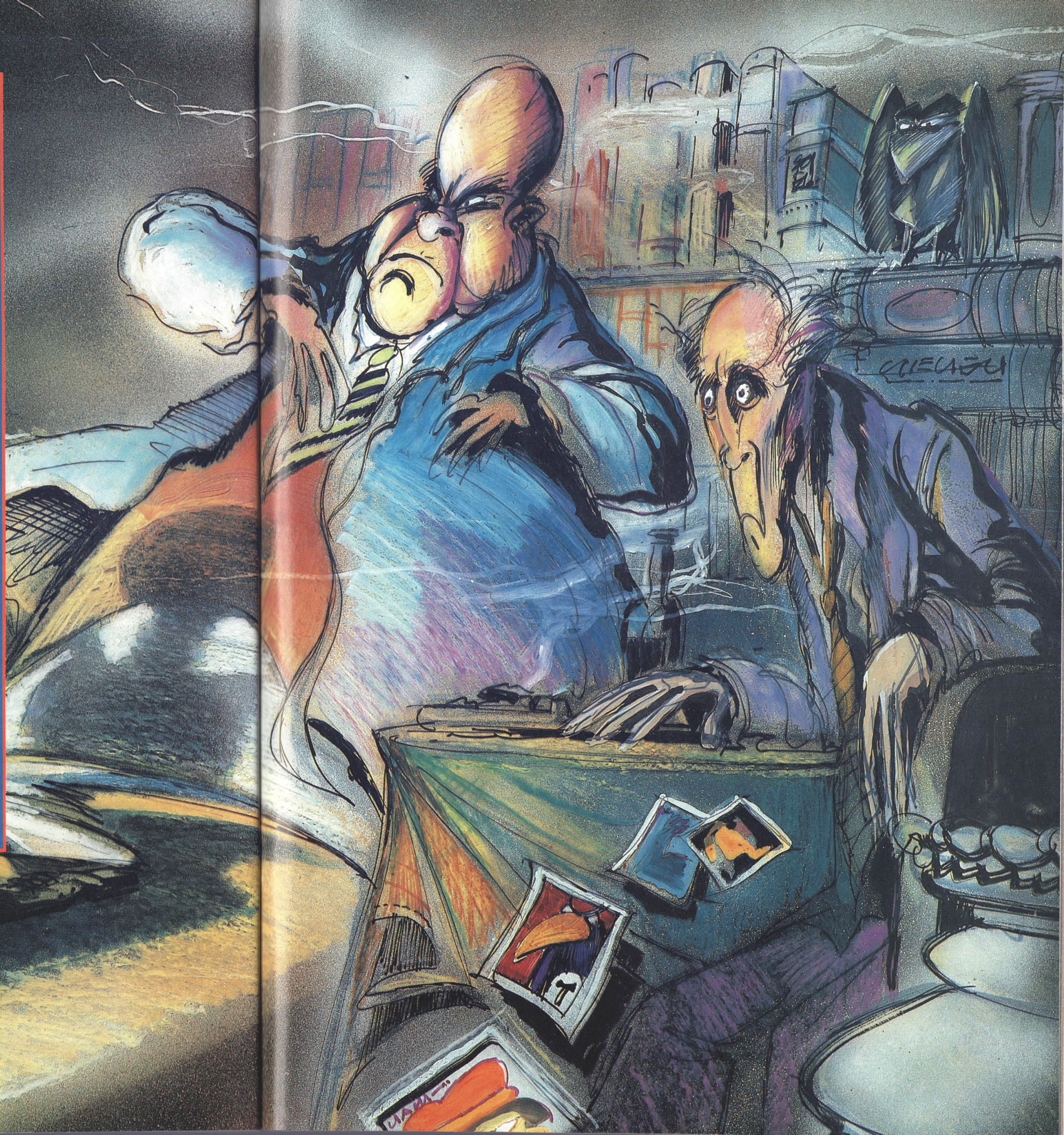
"Where's the dingus?" A heavy guy in a floral shirt and floppy shorts spoke up at the front of the group. He held some money in his hand and he thrust it back into a pocket. "I wanna see the bird," he said.

Swan looked embarrassed. He wiped his face, which was flushed now and not just from the heat. "I haven't got it today," he said. "Too hot."

That seemed fair enough to me. I was carrying a tourist guide too thick to go in my jeans pocket and too hot to carry. Still, the promotion photo for the tour showed Swan sneaking down a street with a bundle wrapped in frayed newspaper under his arm, and if that was one of the things you wanted . . .

"This is a gyp," the fat man grumbled. He took the steps back down to Larkin Street two at a time and a fat woman, also

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CLIFF HARDY

in Bermuda shorts, followed him. After a pause, a thin, nervous-looking woman in a printed frock went down the steps and moved off in the other direction from the fat pair.

"Anyone else?" Swan was aggressive now, not bothering to exert charm. "All right. I'll take the money — four dollars a head, two fifty for senior citizens."

We all pressed forward with our money, serious takers. Swan collected his \$100 or so and told us a little more about Hammett and Spade.

"... The same skyline, post-earthquake, Spade would have seen. Let's take a look." He almost sprinted down the steps from the Public Library and across the street, timing the lights exactly right.

We skipped and lumbered and strode after him and got Dan's spiel about Spade defying the DA and then we headed off along the streets that the Continental Op and the Whoosis Kid and Spade had haunted. The sun was high and Swan's fedora must have been welcome. He got more cheerful and answered some of the ignorant questions amiably as we went along. I caught him up at the corner of Geary and Leavenworth.

"What's the bird weigh?" I said innocently.

He gave me a sharp look. "Where you from?"

"Australia, you know, where Hammett nearly went."

"Yeah." He grinned. "It was a tough break."

I stuck out my hand. "Cliff Hardy. I'm in this line of work at home."

We shook.

"Tours?" he said.

"No, detective work."

He seemed a bit preoccupied for the next hour while we traced Spade and Cairo and the others through the streets. He took us to a lane where you could see the faded name of a restaurant where Spade had eaten a steak. The building now housed a computer games outfit. Swan drew me aside.

"Bird weighs next to nothing," he said.

"Couple of pounds."

"Pretty light."

"Yeah, aluminum. I haven't got it because it was stolen."

Before I could say anything, a plastic bag filled with water came sailing down and burst on the sidewalk in the middle of the group. The water sprayed, picked up dust, and dirtied the clothes of a couple of women. Strong men swore. Then some garbage came down, plus a couple of cans, and those with combat experience ducked for cover. I saw a flash of face and the arc of an arm on top of the computer games building. I pointed up there to Swan.

He nodded tiredly. "Not the first time."

A couple of people started to walk away.

"You can have your money back!" Swan yelled.

One of the men bent down, picked up a can and threw it at Swan. It was a light toss but Swan wasn't prepared.

I was. I stepped forward and caught the can. I thought of throwing it back but remembered that I was a stranger in a strange land. I threw the can into a trash bin.

"Thanks," Swan said. "This goes on and I'm out of business."

He rushed through the rest of the tour and wasn't helped by the inattention of the clients who looked up every time we stopped. He signed off on Market Street and signalled me to wait while he autographed a few copies of his tour booklet for the faithful.

"Drink?" he said when he was through.

We had been out on the hot streets for

There was heavy breathing behind me, a sound like a knuckle cracking and something slammed into the side of my head

almost four hours. A drink didn't seem like too much of an indulgence. Swan led the way to a quiet bar and ordered two beers without consulting me.

"All Aussies drink beer," he said when the waiter arrived with two big bottles of Budweiser, glasses and peanuts.

"Some drink absinthe," I said.

"No kidding?"

Budweiser is good beer, and so is Coors and Schlitz and every other one I'd tasted in California. We drank some of it and I waited for him to say whatever it was the beer had been bought for.

"Ah... this is kinda embarrassing. You know, I'm supposed to be well up on all this detective stuff."

"But you're not. And somebody stole your bird?"

"Right. And there's more. The shop's in trouble — that's the Bay Mystery Bookstore on O'Farrell Street. Know it?"

I shook my head.

"Well, I run it and it's done okay until lately. Then the bird goes missing plus we get that crap from the roof. I feel like a target. I feel somebody's out to get me."

"Who would be?"

He scratched his heavily stubbled chin and pulled out a packet of cigarillos. "You smoke, Hardy?"

"I quit."

"Stay with it." He lit up and took a pull of beer. "I suppose there could be someone wanting to muscle in on this tour racket. I was the first to do it but anyone could who had the knowledge and that's in the books."

"How much d'you make at it?"

"In a big week, three or four tours, I might make 400 bucks. Wouldn't average nearly that though."

I considered it. "It's not a lot to break the law for. Besides, you've got the book published. It's your baby. What else — the shop, women, drugs?"

He shook his head. "Store does okay like I said, nothing spectacular. I'm between women just now, leastways I hope I am. Nothing there." He swished beer in his glass and puffed smoke. "These are the only drugs I use."

"Why did you say you were embarrassed?"

"I need help. I'd get laughed away if I went to any of the investigators in this city. Straight to the press. Somebody stole my Maltese Falcon — shit!"

"The police?"

"What crime? Fuckin' bird's worth maybe \$50. Harrassment? I'm not sure there is such a crime. Cops've got work to do, rackets to run, you know."

"Yeah. Politics?"

He fiddled with the fedora on the table; the band had a tiny feather in it and I was reminded of the hat my father always wore out of doors, hail, rain or shine. "I used to think Tom Hayden was a good guy," Swan said. "Now I hear he's spending a million bucks to prove he's not a radical. That's politics."

I nodded. "I was going home but I guess I can stay a while. You're hiring me, are you?"

He pulled his tour money out of the trench coat. "What're your rates?"

"I get 80 a day and expenses back home."

He put the crumpled notes down in front of me. "Be more than that here. Let's make it this *per diem*."

I took the money. "I'll look into it. Give it a day or two. It's not my territory. I don't want to rip you off."

He imitated my accent. "Fair enough."

"At least you didn't call me digger." I forked out \$10. "Let's do some more drinking."

Swan had told me he had a guy working in his bookstore: one Roger Milton-Smith, who acted as manager when Swan was doing other things. I made a note to take a look at him.

I called Swan the next day. "Can I come over and look around — where you kept the bird and all?"

"Sure. Store's not open till 12."

CLIFF HARDY

"Why's that?"

"Market research. People don't buy mysteries in the morning. You can come up to my place though. I live here. There's a door in the alley."

"Milton-Smith around yet?"

"No."

"Good."

The bookshop went in for Bogartiana Christieana, Stoutiana and all the rest of it. The front window had a first edition of *The Maltese Falcon* in a glass case surrounded by Hammett, Chandler and MacDonald paperbacks. Maybe 20 percent of the window display was given over to science fiction books. I averted my eyes from them and went down the alley.

I knocked on a faded wooden door and heard fast steps clattering on wood inside. Swan opened the door with a beer can in his hand.

"Ascend," he said.

The door led into a sort of storeroom in back of the shop; it was full of cartons, and discarded wrapping and packing paper lay around knee-deep. Steep steps not much wider than a ladder led up to a loft above the shop. The one room contained a double mattress, table, sink, TV set, some cupboards and a refrigerator but was

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basically given over to books. They covered most of the available wall space and lay in piles on the floor.

"Stock or personal?" I said.

He shrugged and made a half-and-half gesture. He tilted his can. "Beer?"

"No thanks. Where'd you keep it?"

A heap of books had collapsed just near the top of the steps. He nudged them with his foot.

"Right here."

I went down the steps and came up. I could reach the spot by leaning forward, not getting closer than a body length to the room. I jiggled — no creaking.

"I thought at least it'd have to be lassoed through a window."

He grinned. "Shit, it's insured. It's the aggravation I'm worried about."

I prowled around the loft. The bed was neatly made; a few dishes were stacked by the sink. The windows were clean and overlooked O'Farrell Street. The sky was blue but there was some grey cloud out over the Bay. Swan pointed at it.

"Rain. And I've got a tour today. All I need is rain."

I went over everything I could think of with him — the lease on the building, competitors in the Hammett and book business, friends with senses of humor — nothing. Just before noon I had a beer, and as some noises began to drift up from below a ray of sunshine cut through the window.

"Maybe it won't rain," Swan said, shrugging into his trench coat. "Store's open. Want me to introduce you to Milt?"

"No," I'll just drift in like a customer."

"Okay. Jesus, I feel naked without the bird."

We went out to the alley and he headed off to the Town Hall to pick up his tourists. I walked around to the front of the shop and pushed open the door which had the famous thin man photograph of Hammett, blown up to poster size, stuck to the inside.

The bookstore was like a cross between a junkyard and a library. The walls had books floor to ceiling with sliding ladders attached to the shelves. There were books on tables and in free-standing bookshelves. There were books and comics and magazines in bins and boxes. It was disorderly: paperbacks were mixed with hardcovers and leaves were as likely to be facing outwards as spines.

But one corner of the big room was tidy. It had the best light through a high window and was handy to the clerk's desk and the cash register. It had a big, neatly printed sign hanging over a geometrically arranged table of glossy hardcovers — SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY.

I drifted around checking this and that and resisting the impulse to straighten things up a little. In the Sci Fi section a man was doing just that. He was small and potbellied with thin, sandy hair brushed across a pink, mottled skull. He moved books from a table to the floor, expanding

the section. He dealt enthusiastically with customers for the fantasy corner, less so with others.

Maybe it was just that he was busy with the little green men — maybe he wasn't really there at all — but he didn't seem to notice the shoplifter who carried out an armful of books with a technique that could only be called brazen.

I selected a Robert B. Parker paperback and went up to the register. "I'll take this please."

He grunted.

"He's good isn't he, Parker?"

Another grunt. He rang it up and gave me change out of five.

"Have you got *A Canticle for Leibowitz*?"

He brightened visibly. His pudgy hands clasped in a fleeting attitude of reverence. "No, we're out of it right now, but I could get it in for you. If you'd like to leave your name and number?" He pounced on a scribbling pad and pen, whipped them down in front of me. I wrote "John Watson" and my Sydney telephone number and left after thanking him.

It didn't rain. I hung around looking in windows and watching the store. I bought a take-out coffee and drank it sitting on the bus stop seat opposite the store. When I dropped the container into a trash bin I looked inside for no good reason. I don't think much of John D. MacDonald but I didn't see why a brand new copy of his latest book should be sitting in the bottom of a rubbish bin. Along with it was a book about Agatha Christie by Robert Barnard, a Lew Archer omnibus and a fat biography of James M. Cain. I retrieved the books and went off to catch up with Swan on Market Street.

"Any garbage today?" I asked him.

"Sure, same place. Came pelting down."

I showed him the books and told him about how his 21C ran the depot.

"Well," he said, "Milt's hot for all that shit. He persuaded me to include a section and it's done okay."

"I'm not surprised. He runs it like Tiffany's."

Swan hefted the books in his hands. "This is bad. Maybe Milt's eyesight is shot."

"He doesn't wear glasses. He could tell an Asimov from a Zelazney at a hundred yards. Could he be trying to take you over and open the Six Rings of Uranus bookstore and brainwash?"

He laughed. "Milt? Come on?"

I'll look into him just the same. When's the next tour?"

"Tomorrow. Why?"

"I fancy a rooftop view. When you're back at the shop, act normal. Don't shoot the shoplifters."

He said okay and gave me his day's takings again. I felt guilty grabbing the money he'd pounded the pavement and his tonsils for, but business is business. I went

back to my hotel and read *Early Autumn* in which Parker's PI, Spenser, taught a kid how to run, pump iron, build a house and drink beer, all of which would be useful to him in later life.

That night I followed Milton-Smith to a place on Washington Street in Chinatown which you got into by giving \$20 to an old woman who wove cane baskets on the doorstep. I played poker and lost a few bucks. Milt played poker and lost a lot more. He signed things and had a serious talk with a Chinese gentleman in an English suit.

Two o'clock the next afternoon saw me on top of the computer games building. I looked down into the lane where Swan was due in about 20 minutes. The rooftop was flat with a rail around it; getting up to the fire escape was child's play for a man who didn't smoke and had once cleared the high jump. I hid behind a big box housing the building's electrical system and waited.

He came 10 minutes later: sneakers, jeans and jacket, knitted wool cap. At the roof edge he laid out the goodies from a supermarket sack — waterbag, tomatoes, a soggy-looking parcel wrapped in newspaper.

I stepped out and cleared my throat. "Conspiracy to litter," I said.

"Ninety days."

He spun around and I recognised him as the shoplifter. I took a couple of steps and he backed to the rail.

"Shoplifting too."

He threw a slow right when I was out of range and I stepped inside it and clipped him with my left. A fighter he wasn't; he tripped on his own feet and flipped back over the rail. I jumped and grabbed his arm while his feet clawed at the sheer brick wall.

"Oh Jesus," he sobbed. "Oh Jesus."

His jacket had a slick surface and I could feel my grip slipping.

"Swing your arm up and grab the edge."

He said something about Jesus again but he got three fingers over the edge. I reached down, grabbed his jacket and belt and hauled him back up under the rail like a net full of fish. The jacket tore and slipped up his back and off as he scraped skin from his fingers getting a hold.

I was lying prone on the roof and gasping when I saw Swan come into the lane with his group. There was heavy breathing behind me, a sound like a knuckle cracking and something slammed into the side of my head. I looked down and thought I was falling but it was only oblivion reaching up for me.

A lucky kick, sneaky. I wasn't out for long and when I saw my attacker's bloody fingerprints on the roof I felt almost better. I was in better shape than him. Better dressed too; his torn jacket lay on the roof beside me. I laughed and sat up and then I

didn't feel good at all. I grabbed the jacket and lay down again.

A little later I looked down into the lane, which was empty. I congratulated myself on protecting Swan from the garbage. That was why I was up on the roof, wasn't it? Good job, Cliff, I thought. Let's have a drink. Then I looked at the jacket clutched in my hand and remembered that there was a little more to it than that.

It was a cheap jacket and it had nearly caused its shoplifting, garbage-throwing owner to fall six storeys. Worse, it had a piece of paper in a pocket with his name and address on it. George Pagemill of 537 22nd Street had had the brakes checked and the tyres rotated on his '69 Plymouth at a local Chevron station.

I went by my hotel, picked up the .38 and took a taxi to 22nd Street east of the railway. A rusty blue Plymouth was in the street outside 537, which was an old house divided into apartments and rooms.

I held the gun
in my left hand, crouched
a bit and drove my right
shoulder up and into the
door. The lock broke and I
jumped into the room

George was in room eight at the top of a dark set of stairs and opposite a gurgling toilet. The toilet was empty and the doorlock was the same as George's, a cheap job that wouldn't have deterred a determined Girl Guide. I listened and heard muttering inside. I held the gun in my left hand, crouched a bit and drove my right shoulder up and into the door opposite the lock. The lock broke, the door flew open and I jumped into the room changing hands on the gun as I came.

George was sitting on the bed with a beer can held gingerly in his taped-up hands. It seemed to be taking all his strength to lift it. I pushed the door shut with my foot. The heavy stuff so soon after the fun and games on the roof had made my head throb. I felt mean.

"Hi George."

He gaped at the gun. "Hey," he said weakly.

"Aren't you going to talk to Jesus?"

I chopped the can out of his hands with the muzzle of the gun; beer sprayed over his pants and the bed. I put the gun away and swept a quick look around the room — walnut veneer furniture, a stained hand

basin under a dusty window, linoleum on the floor. George was no Mr Big. He was as seedy as the room, with a thin, defeated face that was just waiting to get old.

"Get outta here." His voice was flat and dull; his heart wasn't in it.

"Whose idea was it to throw the garbage?"

He shook his head and put his bandaged fingers together. He rubbed them tenderly like a man who doesn't expect to be hurt.

"I could put you in for assault," I said.

"Bullshit."

"I've got an armload of books with your prints all over them. Shoplifting."

"Crap. Anyone can look at books, open them and everything."

I stepped close enough to smell him, reached across and opened and closed a drawer on the chest experimentally. A smell of dirty shirt came up.

"I could break your fingers."

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why would you break my fingers?"

"Because you're being strong and silent about who got you to throw the garbage. You've got a choice, George. Are you more afraid of him or me?"

He glanced up and I gave him my hard look.

"You," he said.

"All right."

"Bookstore guy. I met him in a bar. He offered me a hundred bucks to do it for a month."

"Shoplift and throw garbage?"

"Yeah. He didn't say why."

"Why'd you dump the books?"

He looked at me as if I'd asked him to state the theory of relativity as an equation. "What else would I do with them?"

I took the gun out and looked at it. "Your contract is cancelled as of now, got it?"

He nodded.

"I suggest you stay here a while. An hour, say. I might be on the street. I might not. You better play it safe."

He nodded again and I opened the door.

"Hey," he whined, "where's my jacket?"

"On the roof with the other garbage."

The first thing I did was call Swan.

"Where's Milt?" I said.

"Here."

"If he gets a phone call, stall him. I'm on my way."

I called a cab, telling the operator it was urgent. The taxi came quickly and moved fast through the thin mid-afternoon traffic. I sprinted down the alley to Swan's door. He opened it and put a finger to his lips.

"He says he's sick. He got a call. Wants to go home."

"Let him. Has he got a car here?"

"I suppose. Why?"

"Have you got one?"

"I can borrow something."

"Something?"

CLIFF HARDY

"A motorcycle."
"Shit."
"With a sidecar."
"Oh Jesus. All right. Can you leave now?"

"Sure, Maggie's here." He ducked back through the door, shouted "Okay Milt" down the steps, and came back.

"Out here." He led me down towards a dumpster in the alley. Beside it was his motorcycle, an old Harley Davidson. The sidecar was a World War Two relic with patches on the fabric and dents like bullet holes in the body.

"Has Milton-Smith ever seen you on this?"

He pulled out heavy goggles and a helmet like Lindberg's. "No. Friend in the next building lets me use it but I don't need it much."

I levered myself into the sidecar, which was as comfortable as a coffin. The motor caught at Swan's first kick and we puttered down the alley. Up the street Milton-Smith was trotting along on his short legs towards a garage. We stopped with a clear view of the exit and waited. After 10 minutes a green Dodge Dart rolled out.

"That's him," Swan said.

"Follow that car."

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The Dart crossed Market Street and began the manoeuvres designed to put it on a high road leading north-east. The wind was roaring and cold and I only had a T-shirt and light velour sweater between me and it.

"Where's he going?" I shouted.

"Oakland, Berkeley . . ." The wind whipped the words away.

I was disappointed: not the Golden Gate. The traffic moved fast but Swan was a good rider and he kept the bike steady and my sidecar out of harm's way. I was starting to enjoy the ride when he waved and shouted at me.

"What?"

"Toll."

I fished out coins and scattered them into the machine like birdseed. The Dart had got a smoother passage through and Swan had to change lanes and pick up speed to stay in touch. The sidecar swayed and I felt like a fledgling teetering on a branch.

Milt took a north-going turn off the bridge and Swan mouthed Berkeley at me. I thought about communes, marches, protests, but the streets were quiet and there wasn't an untrimmed beard in sight. The Dart made a few turns and slid into a parking lot attached to a building with tinted glass, white pebbles and potted palms. Swan slammed on the brakes and the edge of the sidecar took me hard and low on the rib cage. I climbed out swearing, said "Wait" ill-naturedly, and hobbled off to where the sliding doors were closing behind Milton-Smith's narrow shoulders and protruding bum.

Inside it was dark enough to screen *Casablanca*. When my eyes got used to the gloom I saw Milt waiting by the elevators with a flock of secretaries carrying files and folders. He was impatient, shifting from foot to foot, and nervous, scratching at his thinly-covered skull. We all piled into the elevator and I lined up behind Milt as he touched button six.

At six he got out, turned left and walked down a short corridor. I hung back and watched him go into an office marked Palmer F. Wong — Realty & Investments. I hung around for 15 minutes and no-one went in or out of the office. Milt was in conference.

Back on the street I filled Swan in.

"What does it mean?" he said.

"Don't know. He loses money to the Chinese gambling and here he is esconced with a Chinese money man after getting a phone call from a guy he hired to harass you. It has to hang together somehow."

"We could shake it out of him," Swan said.

Just then Milton-Smith came out of the building. Swan ducked his head and fiddled with his goggles but I took a good long look. The man with Milt was a heavily built giant. He had a shaven skull and only one ear; the other side of his head was just

smooth, waxed, yellow skin. He took long bouncy strides as if he liked to feel the sidewalk under his feet. I wondered what else he could do with his feet.

Swan had shot them a quick look. "Guess not," he said.

"No."

"Well, the answer's there, in that building."

I sighed. "Yeah, I know. You better go home. I'll call you in the morning."

I was cold and tired by the time I had a fix on the security arrangements for what I was privately calling the Wong building. The place basically emptied at five o'clock with a few over-achievers hanging around till six or a little past. A security patrol van came by at seven; an armed man looked for lights, used a telephone in the lobby and then locked up. The van came back at nine; a guard checked the front door, a side service door and the small underground parking lot.

I walked a couple of blocks to get warm, called a cab and went back to the city. I had a late dinner near the hotel and crawled into bed, not looking forward to the next day and wondering why I didn't just chuck it and fly back to Sydney. I knew why — I liked Swan, I'd taken his money and I wanted to know what was going on.

"I thought you were going to do it last night," Swan said when I called him.

"That shows how much you know about the detective business. It's tonight. Milt in today?"

"Yeah."

"How's he looking?"

"Nervous."

"You see that big Chinese with the one ear?"

"No."

"That's right, you wouldn't. I'll call you again tonight."

I spent the early afternoon buying a few things. At four o'clock I was back at the Wong building in Berkeley. By 4.40 I was lying across the beams inside the acoustic tiles, a few metres above the toilets, in the men's room on the sixth floor. I'd used the toilet before I'd climbed up into the space, which was about half the size of a telephone booth. Among my effects I had a flask of whisky and a strong flashlight. I'd wound my watch.

The time passed slowly and it was hard not to sneeze. I climbed down at 6.45 and snuck a look down the corridors. There was a light near the elevator, otherwise the whole floor was dark. At seven o'clock phones started ringing; one rang on every floor and then there was silence. Working by the flashlight, it took me 10 minutes to get in Mr Wong's secretary's room and another five to get into the inner sanctum. In the strong beam I picked out individual objects — a big, tidy desk, a wet bar, chairs, two filing cabinets.

Filing cabinets are a pushover and some systematiser had made it easy for

me. The first cabinet contained a folder labelled SWAN. I took it over to the desk, sat down and went through it. The song it sang was clear if not sweet. Daniel Swan had filed a number of preservation orders on San Francisco buildings with the Heritage Committee and the City Hall when he began working as a tour guide. From his hastily written letter to the City, with the building designations filled in by hand, it seemed that this was a routine procedure. The applications had been put on open review by the City, which effectively blocked applications to demolish or substantially alter the said buildings. A proposal by Fenner A. Wong for a re-development of the Baltimore Building site had been refused with Swan's preservation order cited as the grounds.

I looked in vain for Milt under "M" but I found him under "S". He owed Kwong-Ping Wong of Washington Street slightly more than \$15,000 and had taken out an unsecured loan with Palmer F. Wong for just that amount.

I used the Nashua copier in the outer office to make several copies of all documents, put the files back and locked up after me. At the bottom of the fire stairs was a door with a padlock on it which led out to the car park. You can't relock a padlock when you're on the other side of the door.

A light showed into O'Farrell Street from the shop. I rattled the door and Swan opened it with the hand that wasn't holding money.

"How's the take?"

"Lousy."

We went back to the register, stepping over the boxes and weaving between the untidy tables.

"Your troubles are over," I said. "Or maybe they're just starting." I laid out the documents on the counter. Swan got two beers from his loft and took a long swig before reading. I remembered my flask and had a shot and a chaser. He started to smile on the third page and it had spread, broad and winning across his narrow, dark features, by the time he'd finished.

"Shit," he said and drained his can. "I'd forgot those preservation orders."

"Very enlightening. Why the grin?"

He picked up one of the photocopied sheets and rustled it. "It's the wrong building."

"What is?"

"This one, the Baltimore. A magazine writer nominated it as the Fat Man's hotel and I went along with him when I was just starting out. I slapped an order on it but I know better now. I doesn't fit. I haven't taken the tour past there in a year. Didn't you notice, Hardy? Couldn't have been paying attention. I can lift that order tomorrow."

"What about the building?"

"An eyesore. Wong can call Milt off. Say, he must be the one that stole my bird. Hardy . . . can you . . . ?"

I had another shot and put the whisky away. "Sure," I said, "might as well. Where's the phone book? Here's what we do."

Milt lived in South San Francisco and my third cab of the day made a sizeable hole in Swan's tour money. If everything worked out I planned to hit him for the expenses. I could give him the burglar's tools for a keepsake. It was a bland, anonymous street and a bland, anonymous apartment block — the kind of place you go to once and forget forever. I unshipped the .38 and stuck it up the Chinese's wide, flaring nostrils when he opened the door.

"Back up," I said. "Let's go to where the phone is. It's going to ring soon."

He looked at me carefully and seemed to decide it would be worthwhile letting me live a few minutes longer. I followed him down a hallway to a small living room where Milt was sitting at a table with a pack of tarot cards laid out in front of him. He looked up at me with his struggling thought processes showing on his gnomish face.

"In the shop," I said. "*Canticle for Liebowitz*, and in Kwong-Ping's on Washington and in the elevator to Mr Wong's office."

Bewilderment followed puzzlement and I felt sorry for him. The Chinese loomed against a bookshelf filled with Sci Fi paperbacks and if I hadn't known he was in-

scrutable I'd have thought he was impatient. The phone rang.

"Answer it," I said to the Chinese.

He picked up the receiver and listened to the fast, sing-song words. He spoke once, put the phone down, picked up a coat and hat from a chair and walked out.

Milton-Smith looked down at the tarot cards, then turned his eyes on me.

"I don't understand," he said.

I put the gun away and turned over one of the cards. "It's pretty simple, Milt. Dan Swan talked to Mr Wong tonight and they've settled their differences. That means I'm not interested in George Page-mill anymore, or in you. That means Mr Wong calls off Odd Job there. You've still got your gambling debts and your loan and I'd think you were out a job. But that's your problem." He sighed and moved a card with a bitten fingernail.

"Where's the bird?" I said.

He pointed down to a cupboard under a bookcase. I reached down and opened it. The figure was wrapped in a grey rag that had once been a singlet. It was about a foot high, shiny black, and weighed about the same as a full bottle of beer.

"Why'd you keep it?"

He shrugged, then something like hope flickered across his face. "Dan'll be glad to get it back, won't he? You think he might let me keep my job?"

"He just might," I said. "He seems like a pretty nice guy." 



Smerville



UP FRONT

Sometimes, according to green-eyed Julia Parton, you can have too much of a good thing. Having developed her rather spectacular superstructure at a tender age, she's had to get tough to keep the Mongol hordes at bay — her term for the aggressive droves that plague her daily. But this Pet looks on the bright side — with so many supplicants about, at least she can afford to be choosy.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ED HOLZMAN



Ironically,
once admirers get
wind of this lady's
up-front and frisky
personality, those
with less than

true grit tend
to back off.
"Egotistical,
narrow-minded
men are wary of
me," she explains.





They're the kind, 21-year-old Julia notes, who have a pathological need to prevail in every situation. They could never play second fiddle to a woman, and they tend to believe that she should act like a lady instead of a woman.





In our books, Julia's self-sufficiency is to be
applauded. It was Nature's intention that a woman of
Julia's talents and appeal should be up-front and direct
in having her stronger points appreciated. After all, we've
always celebrated any woman who can proudly prove
that she has no visible means of support.

○✚





A handful of
promoters are prepared to
risk millions to bring the
Formula One grand prix
parade to Australia

GRAND PRIX GAMBITS

BY PETER MCKAY

It's the race for a race. The contenders: Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide. The prize: the right to bring the Formula One circus Down Under for a real, honest-to-goodness world championship grand prix.

It boils down to a matter of where, when and how much?

Inevitably, it seems, Australia will host a genuine grand prix within four years. The Formula One hierarchy is now actively promoting the idea. It's no coincidence that former three-times world champion Jackie Stewart took time out during a recent visit here to give the media a Scottish broadside on why Sydney should stage a grand prix: "I think Sydney is the most beautiful metropolis I visit in my travels, and yet half the world doesn't know it's there. The harbor, the bridge, the city skyline and the Opera House would make a magnificent backdrop to a Formula One race," urged wee Jackie. "I think it's ideally suited for a street race, particularly at present when the vogue is in favor of street racing."

The endorsement of a street race for Sydney by the worldly and wise Stewart was music to the ears of entrepreneur Paul Dainty, who has been toiling away for two years at just such a project. Dainty's success ratio in the entertainment and sporting fields is commendably high (coups include the Rolling Stones, David Bowie, Fleetwood Mac and the million-dollar Bjorn Borg versus John McEnroe

confrontation). He fervently believes he'll secure a Formula One race for Sydney.

Then there's Melbourne. On the surface it appears to have grabbed a rails run with the November announcement that the Feds are prepared to stick \$2,890,000 into upgrading Sandown Park to grand prix standards. Pulling that sort of money from bureaucratic sources (notoriously tight when it comes to tangibly supporting motor sport) suggests that people in high places have a soft spot for the southern city's aspirations of holding a GP.

Adelaide tossed its hat into the ring earlier this year. The City of Churches and home of Mitsubishi Motors Australia is keen for a world championship race to coincide with its 150th anniversary celebrations in 1986. Adelaide businessman Bill O'Gorman sparked the idea of an Adelaide street race, citing benefits in the areas of tourism, the car manufacturing industry and, logically, motor sport itself. Some heavy boardroom work preceded South Australian Premier John Bannon's surprise August declaration of support for the grand prix plan.

So, grand prix entries have been lodged by Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide. Qualifying is about to begin in earnest. But wait . . . a late entry from the deep north. Surfers Paradise isn't going to let the southerners take a shot at the golden goose without a fight. Surfers is the dark horse in the field, but not without real claims. Ask any Queenslander — he'll tell

you it has the best beaches, the best accommodation, an international airport, perfect weather and a racing circuit virtually tailor-made for the job. Okay then, Surfers has a legitimate right to buy into the race for an Aussie world championship Formula One race.

Enter the man with the final say: jockey-sized Englishman Bernie Ecclestone, chief of the omnipotent Formula One Constructors' Association (FOCA). It doesn't matter if you have the best racetrack in the world; if Bernie decides the circus won't be coming to town then it's stiff Camembert, clobber. It's Bernie who decides where, when and how much.

And Bernie happens to favor a street race in Australia. In Sydney, to be precise. It doesn't count that the drivers have no great love of "instant" street circuits because of the close proximity of solid guardrails all around, coupled with the usual dearth of safe passing areas. Little Bernie advocates street racing because it exposes Formula One to people who might not otherwise notice. Simplistically, Bernie takes the show to the people; they don't have to come to the show. He's a dynamo who won't rest until Formula One is a byword in every nook and cranny around the globe.

Paul Dainty insists the Sydney race can and will happen. Perusal of his entrepreneurial record suggests he's something of a miracle worker. He'll need to be, for it looms as a task of amazing complex-

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL SNOWDEN

GAMBITS

ity and endless complications. The street race would involve closing off a section of a busy city for four days. That probably means disruption of buses and ferry services. The location of public services such as hospitals, police stations and fire stations has to be considered. The possible side-effects of a grand prix must be investigated by the State Pollution Control Council. Then there are discussions with the Chamber of Commerce . . .

Any plan to run a GP through city streets hangs on three factors: Ecclestone's approval, State Government co-operation, and sponsorship. Dainty is currently at two-thirds distance and working hard on potential backers. The chase is on for a sum of about \$4 million across a minimum of three or four years. Says Dainty: "Realistically, there's no chance of turning a profit in year one. We must look at a longer term in order to amortise the high initial capital outlay. Sure it's a tough thing to pull off. It's expensive and it takes time to put together a massive logistical exercise like this. But it would be a magical event, worth all the effort and aggravation. I believe Sydney could be the crowning jewel of the grand prix season, complementing Monaco."

Dainty has not discussed his plan with the Federal Government — he has had no need to — but the reaction at State level has been very positive. "Premier Wran is shrewd enough to know it would be a terrific boost for Sydney," declares Dainty, who went straight to the top with his idea. Dainty fronted the Premier armed with facts and figures. And he had already delegated experts to draw up a proposed route that would be both acceptable to drivers and easily modified to meet safety requirements. According to Dainty, Wran responded enthusiastically and quickly designated someone from the Premier's Department to liaise on the project. It must have provided a welcome relief from the flood of Royal Commissions.

"We've done our homework, and if we attract the backing of the NSW Government then the streets GP can happen in Sydney," Dainty says firmly. "However, it won't work unless we have assistance in upgrading street surfaces. Here we need the co-operation of the Sydney City Council." How much this might be costed at isn't known. "Many of the streets we're looking at are in need of upgrading anyway," insists Dainty. "Perhaps just three kilometers of our route needs extensive work. We'll know more after we've gone into greater detail with city engineers and all the other city council departments that would also be involved."

The cost, claims Dainty, is small when weighed against the advantages. For a weekend, Sydney and Australia would strut the world's stage, the centre of the

sporting world. A viewing audience of 161 million regularly tune in to live GP telecasts in 33 countries. What a travel brochure. And then there are the visitors who'd land on our doorstep for the big race. The inflow of tourist dollars would make the government's contribution look like loose change; the estimates of the race value to local tourism swing between \$50 million and \$200 million. Either figure isn't to be sneezed at.

The globetrotting Jackie Stewart, super-salesman and confidant of the Formula One powerbrokers, enthusiastically supports Dainty and Ecclestone, claiming long-term benefits for Australian motor sport. "I think a street race would initially drain resources, but once established it would help motor racing by making a broader segment of the public aware of what big-time racing is all about. The razamatazz and promotional activities would lure many more companies into support-

Present a
grand prix in
Sydney and the
attention of the world
would be focused
on Australia

ing the sport. The demographics of motor sport — that is, the amount of money earned by the age-group interested in motor racing — are very impressive. The economics of motor sport are also impressive and apart from anything else, Australia would stand to benefit enormously. Present a grand prix in Sydney and the attention of the world would be focused on Australia. Somewhere between 33 and 44 countries would take a satellite feed from your television coverage of this race. And that would be projecting the image of a young, dynamic country."

Stewart, it's worth recording, had an appointment last November with the mayor of Glasgow. The subject: the viability of running a grand prix race through the city's streets . . .

In Sydney, Dainty has already addressed the inevitable problem of wholesale disruption of business in the area of the proposed circuit. His antidote is to arrange an army of perhaps 400 sweet-talkers to do the rounds of every shop and office that would be affected by the closure of streets. The Dainty way is

lay the cards on the table but gild the lily with the benefits the race will bring. "We'll be co-operating with the business people, but encouraging them to be a part of the great occasion. If they care about Sydney and their country then they'll realise that the race is a real fillip. I know it wouldn't bother me if someone wanted to run a Formula One grand prix past my front door." Dainty also explains that shopkeepers might lose trade while the streets are closed for practice and the race, but that concentration of free-spending race fans in that part of the city would more than balance the books.

Dainty sees a 60,000 crowd as viable. As with his tennis tourneys, he's seeking an up-market image for the proposed street meet. Again he uses the Monaco example, where the high rollers jam into the tiny principality, paying top dollar to see and be seen. Let football keep the meat pies and tinnies.

If Dainty's story sounds too good to be true, then it probably is. He still faces enormous hurdles to make it happen. There are plenty of sceptics who reckon it won't see the light of day. Shoot-from-the-lip television motoring personality Peter Wherrett doesn't mince words on the prospects of the Formula One men taking to Sydney's streets: "Sure, I'd like to see it happen, but I've looked at every possible route in the logical areas and they just don't work."

Dainty demurs. While he won't reveal the exact race route he has on the drawing board, he laughs away suggestions that Sydney cannot provide a circuit meeting all the guidelines. "The circuit is a good one, and the scenery is breathtaking," he says with conviction. Delve deeper and we start to assume that the bridge, the Opera House, the historic Rocks area, Circular Quay and a couple of downtown thoroughfares could be involved. Heady stuff.

It's easy to dismiss the grandiose Dainty plan as fanciful — a pipe dream. But then, Dainty is no starry-eyed revhead with overgrown ideas. He's a no-nonsense businessman with extraordinary promotional and organisational skills. He's out to make a quid, remember. And he's already spent a tidy sum on preliminary planning.

The rest of Australia laughed when the City of Churches announced it was bidding for an Adelaide street race in 1986. The laughing has stopped. Again, the proposal is viable because of the support from the city fathers and from the South Australian Government. A lot of heavies want the race to happen. The Jubilee 150 Board is in favor because the GP could become the cornerstone of the city's celebrations. Premier Bannon likes it because of the stimulus to tourism and the local vehicle manufacturing industry, two vital organs of the South Australian economy. And the Adelaide City Council has raised no obstacles to the plan's obligatory capital works requirement.

Instigator Bill O'Gorman found himself getting a dream run; everyone he approached applauded his idea. A steering committee comprising guys with more clout than Joe Louis is now off and running. And O'Gorman is taking aim at the next target: Bernie Ecclestone.

Adelaide as the Southern Hemisphere's counter-attraction to princely Monaco? Maybe not. However, O'Gorman believes a thoughtful approach to the FOCA guru could swing the GP to Torrens territory. "Adelaide hasn't had world recognition," concedes the pragmatic O'Gorman. "We'll have to work very hard to convince Ecclestone that it is quite a substantial city. If Ecclestone is confronted with a total grand prix package — just add drivers, racecars and officials — then it might just do the trick. Competition for races is fierce, and not just from within Australia. Says O'Gorman: "We're doing our homework in cost management, track surveys and track engineering. We must ensure our approach to FOCA is one it can't refuse."

Adelaide's GP proponents can take heart from the successful Detroit example. Motown, USA is no glamor puss, no magnet for the beautiful people. Detroit was struggling with rampant unemployment and a car industry stuck in second gear when Bernie Ecclestone sold the mayor on the idea of a street race. The people of Detroit, with little else to smile about, were captivated by the spectacle of Formula One when the grand prix parade hit town for the first time in mid-'82. Cleverly marketed and promoted, that race almost brought a break-even figure for the organisers. And in '83, the race turned a profit. Detroit city is no lovelier now than it was before the grands prix, and unemployment is just as high. But there's a spring in the step of the burghers. It's all about morale and pride.

From Queensland comes plenty of jingoistic drum-beating and lots of good reasons why a grand prix should go to the Banana Republic. But, as yet, no positive steps . . . no contracts let on track extensions, no announcement of the elusive million-dollar sponsor. The flash new casino now under construction at Surfers will, according to ever-impartial Queensland sources, transform the high-rise tourist town into the Monte Carlo of the Pacific, a magnet for gamblers and high-rollers. The ideal foil for an international Formula One race.

The Surfers Paradise Raceway certainly could be upgraded to grand prix standards.

Forty hectares of otherwise unusable land out back of the existing track could accommodate extensions to stretch the circuit length beyond the required minimum of 3.5 kilometres. The raceway is only minutes away from the beaches, the shopping and the jet port. And there's a DCA-approved airfield conveniently

located in the middle of the circuit.

Melbourne's Sandown circuit has everything going for it except the blessing of King Bernie. That's a problem, though one that may solve itself. If Sydney and Adelaide fail to come up with the goods, then FOCA would undoubtedly look agreeably at holding a GP on an existing circuit . . . like Sandown.

Sharing facilities with the turf fraternity means that Sandown is easily the best-equipped motor racing facility in this country. It even boasts an enclosed grandstand.

The Federal money — almost three million bucks of it — is earmarked for track work. The existing 3.1-kilometre circuit is to be extended to 4.0 kilometres, the track widened to the internationally accepted minimum of 10 metres (wider in some areas), safety run-off areas to be made, and the present tatty pit area bulldozed and replaced with a modern

The flash new casino
at Surfers will transform
it into the Monte Carlo of
the Pacific . . . an ideal
foil for an international
Formula One race

facility on the infield in front of the main straight. Even if the GP scheme doesn't materialise, Australia and Melbourne will score a fine race circuit.

Sandown has yet to formally apply for a round of the world championship. At this stage it would be a waste of time. David Hardy, president of the promotional team from the Light Car Club of Australia, acknowledges a difficult Catch 22 situation: "It's a gamble. The money must be spent and the circuit built before Bernie Ecclestone will talk turkey."

Hardy and the LCCA have been working non-stop on a world championship Formula One race for Sandown during the past two years. They know almost to the last dollar how much it'll cost to stage a race . . . in round figures, \$2.6 million. The charge for the grand prix teams themselves currently stands at US\$906,000 and climbing. The other hefty sum to consider is that for air fares; about \$1.5 million to air freight the circus Down Under, but less if, say, Japan were to share costs with Australia. Another \$100,000 would be outlaid by the LCCA on safety-related facilities such as ambulances, police, tow

vehicles, overhead cranes and helicopters. The rest of the budget would be eaten up by licence fees, promotion, wages and air fares for foreign officials, not forgetting the magnum of Moet for the winner.

The LCCA accountants have figured on sponsorship of \$1 million-plus to offset some of the cost; the rest of the slack is to be made up in gate takings, at \$15 a head. That's light by world standards but deliberately set so as not to frighten regular motor racing fans accustomed to paying a moderate eight bucks admission. Sandown, says Hardy, will have a spectator capacity of 70,000 by the projected race time of 1985. By then, he hopes, FOCA's Ecclestone will opt for the substance rather than the dream.

One man who has already come to terms with reality is Bob Jane, the Melbourne millionaire who nursed an ambition to bring Formula One to his Calder Park Raceway. During 1982, Jane announced a multi-million dollar extension program for Calder with a view to attracting the grand prix set here in '84. Now, however, Calder is a scratching from the race for a race. Jane says he'll proceed with his plans to extend Calder, to bring it to a GP capability, but he's withdrawn from what he pointedly calls the "battle of bullshit."

He is now planning a promotional future based on Le Mans-type championship racing and local touring cars.

The disappointed Jane declares: "I've faced the reality of what Ecclestone wants for Formula One. He's the man with the final say and he wants a street race in Australia. That rules us out. Yes, we're unhappy. We've put a year's work into environmental impact studies. All the experts have been checking out the effects of a Formula One circuit on the environs of Calder. Now we won't be running a grand prix, but I still hope Australia gets the chance. I'm prepared to co-operate with Ecclestone and with anyone he engages to organise a race here. I've told him that."

And where does Jane believe that race will be held? With brutal honesty, he says that Sandown has Buckley's, that Sydney is where it should be but won't because of political complications, and that Adelaide is the best bet.

Then there are the divergent opinions of several other motor sporting insiders. Mark Fogarty, editor of *Racing Car News*, testily suggests that all efforts should be directed towards a Sydney street race. Melbourne-born Fogarty, showing no home-town loyalties, believes the breath-taking bayside NSW capital provides the ideal setting. He also has a high regard for Dainty. Fogarty has a further suggestion: "I'd like to see the Harbor Bridge used for the start of the race. What an incredible

Continued on page 160



BMW's K Series is a direct challenge to the Japanese domination of the motorcycle market

THE RISING SON

Whether it's a mark of respect for the founding fathers, or astute business acumen, or just plain kraut stubbornness, it has taken BMW 60 years to develop a new motorcycle format. The machine that was traced out on blueprints in an unheated room on the edge of an airfield in Munich in 1922 has stood the test of time far better than anyone, including designer Max Friz, would ever have imagined.

However, by the late Seventies BMW motorcycles were at something of a crossroads. Increasingly, they found themselves being left at the lights by their more innovative Japanese competitors. The question was finally posed: What was to become of the BMW motorcycle? It was a case of either creating something radical — a completely new motorcycle — or facing extinction. The latter course looked like being odds-on. The company would have let the entire bike operation slide into oblivion — and was actually planning to do so — when a survey revealed that BMW prestige among their car owners would suffer as a result.

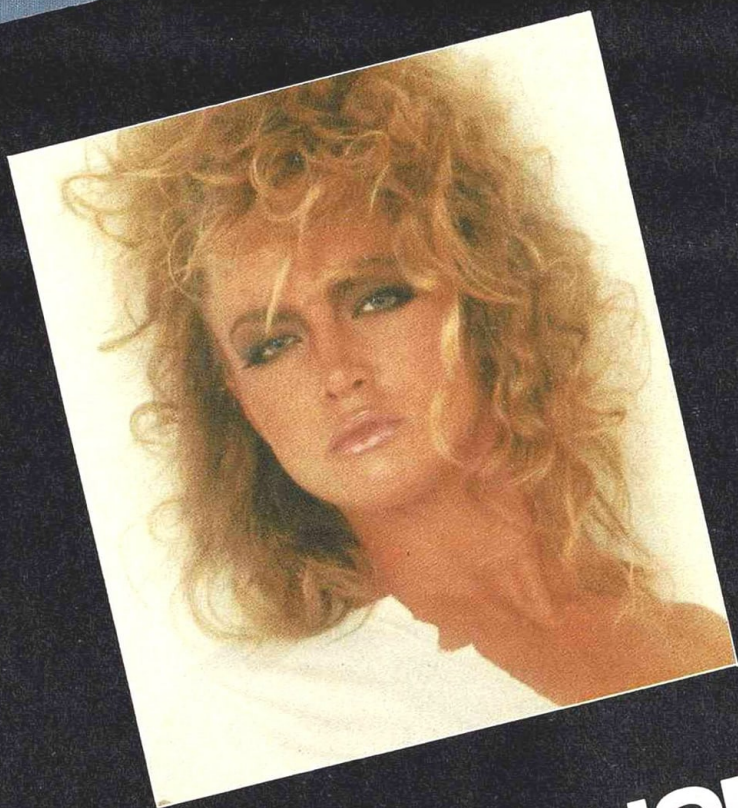
Plan B was to get involved in the Japanese-dominated bike field with a totally new BMW. And so — from the same design think-tanks that brought a succession of high-performance sedan cars on to the scene, as well as the Formula One turbocharged engines for the Brabham team — the K100 Series bikes were born.

Despite the freshness of their creation, it's apparent that the backroom boys of modern-day Munich have taken a few lessons from their old mentor, BMW founder Max Friz.

A reluctant motorcycle designer, Friz was at heart an

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPH BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

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RISING SON

aeronautical engineer in partnership with kindred spirit Karl Rapp. In 1916 they combined their aeroplane engine businesses under the title of BFW — *Bayerische Flugzeugwerke*. Their engines went to the German air force, particularly to the fighter squadron of Baron Manfred von Richthofen. With such approval of their product, business was very good and the firm prospered.

In 1917 they managed to combine with the neighboring Gustav Otto aircraft manufacturers to form BMW (*Bayerische Motoren Werke*). The following year BMW became a public company, with qualified civil and electrical engineer Franz Popp appointed director. After the armistice was signed it was up to BMW to manufacture things other than aircraft, which were *verboten* under the treaty, and their lack of choice dictated that they make air brakes, agricultural machinery, tool boxes and office machinery.

The company's economic future rested with diversification and, with their record of engine construction, motorcycles seemed a logical pursuit. Understandably their first effort was a puny one — the Flink with a 146cc two-stroke, single-cylinder engine — but it was a start, and it served to urge them on.

Next was the Helios, a much improved effort. Friz was not happy with this horizontally-opposed twin-cylinder machine — in fact Friz was not impressed with bikes of any kind — but Popp, realising the company needed something to help it through the hard times, urged his friend to do better. Begrudgingly, perhaps just to get Popp off his back, Friz applied all of his engineering talent to the task of making sense of an air-cooled, horizontally-opposed engine with its smooth torque, perfect primary balance, almost perfect secondary balance, and only a slight rocking couple to disturb equilibrium.

Frizzy was on the right track when he contended that by transverse arrangement the cylinders would protrude into the air stream, and thus be cooled, while the whole engine could be slung low enough in the frame to reduce the centre of gravity and therefore stabilise the bike. But that arrangement required a complicated transmission to drive the rear wheel, so he decided to sacrifice rear cylinder cooling in the 1922 M2 B15 500cc engine by mounting it north-south with the crankshaft transverse.

The real challenge was to get the engine facing the other way and Friz did so with the R32 a year later, and so ushered in a totally new concept — one which was to be at the forefront of BMW motorcycle production for 60 years. The bike was an immediate success, being hailed at the Paris Show for its practical innovation. The engine was coupled to a car-type clutch

and gearbox, and connected to the rear hub by shaft-drive and final bevel gears. Equally significant was the removable rear-wheel spindle and centre hub which made disassembly easier and cleaner than before. Further to Friz's creation was a duplex tubular frame which gave newfound torsional and lateral strength, while unsprung weight was kept to a minimum by using short trailing links at the bottoms of the forks.

So, if you are curious as to what BMW has been doing since then, it's basically been playing around with variations of that same theme instigated by our reluctant hero more than six decades ago. BMW went to war, broke world speed records, helped Germans occupy countries, and was itself taken to Russia as war spoils, after orders from both Hitler and the Deputy Commander of the American garrison in Munich to destroy the plant were ignored.

The new bikes are well equipped to make it in the big, wide world. They're classy and stylish and technically advanced enough to be exclusive

Postwar BMW quickly re-established itself in the motorcycle and car field, and was to carry on with its horizontally opposed cylinder configuration until the crisis point was reached in the late Seventies.

It was in response to this crisis that the new K100 Series bikes were born, and although totally different in design, the new motorcycle has stuck to the same set of values as its predecessor. If you were a betting man and if time permitted, you could probably expect BMW to persevere with this model for another 60 years. But for the time being, the second-generation infant must go out from Munich and make it in the big, wide world. It is well equipped to do so, as it looks both classy and stylish, it's technically advanced enough to be exclusive, and by the time the color fades from this page it will not be succeeded by a new tribe — the marketing hallmark of Japanese manufacturers.

I don't know how BMW twin traditionalists will take to the new liquid-cooled twin overhead camshaft four. So far my canvassing has shown a mixed reaction, but then again, I could never work out their

love affair with the twins anyway. But I do know what I like; and the bike I rode for 600 kilometres at its Australian release impressed me. Although not a world-beater, it's certainly up there with the best of them.

According to the Munich mob, its new range is sports oriented. Clearly, with its twin-cam, fuel-injected, horizontally and longitudinally-mounted in-line four-cylinder engine, it is unique. The design incorporates the motor as a stressed member of the frame, which is manufactured largely from straight tubes and weighs only 11.3 kgs. The rear wheel is held in position by single-arm monolever suspension, first seen on the BMW trail bike released three years ago. Italian Brembo disc brakes, acknowledged leaders in their field and suppliers of F1 Ferrari stoppers, have added powerful anchors to the 239kg bike. The makers claim a power output of 90 hp at 8000 rpm, a top speed of 215 km/h, and a torque peak at 6000 rpm.

From that description, you can get an insight into the bike's personality. The terminal speed is not as fast as some Japanese bikes of only 750cc, but it is just as usable as, say, the BF 1000 Honda's breath-taking 260km/h top end. What the BMW engineers have produced is a really strong engine with the torque at a level much lower than that of other multis of around one-litre capacity.

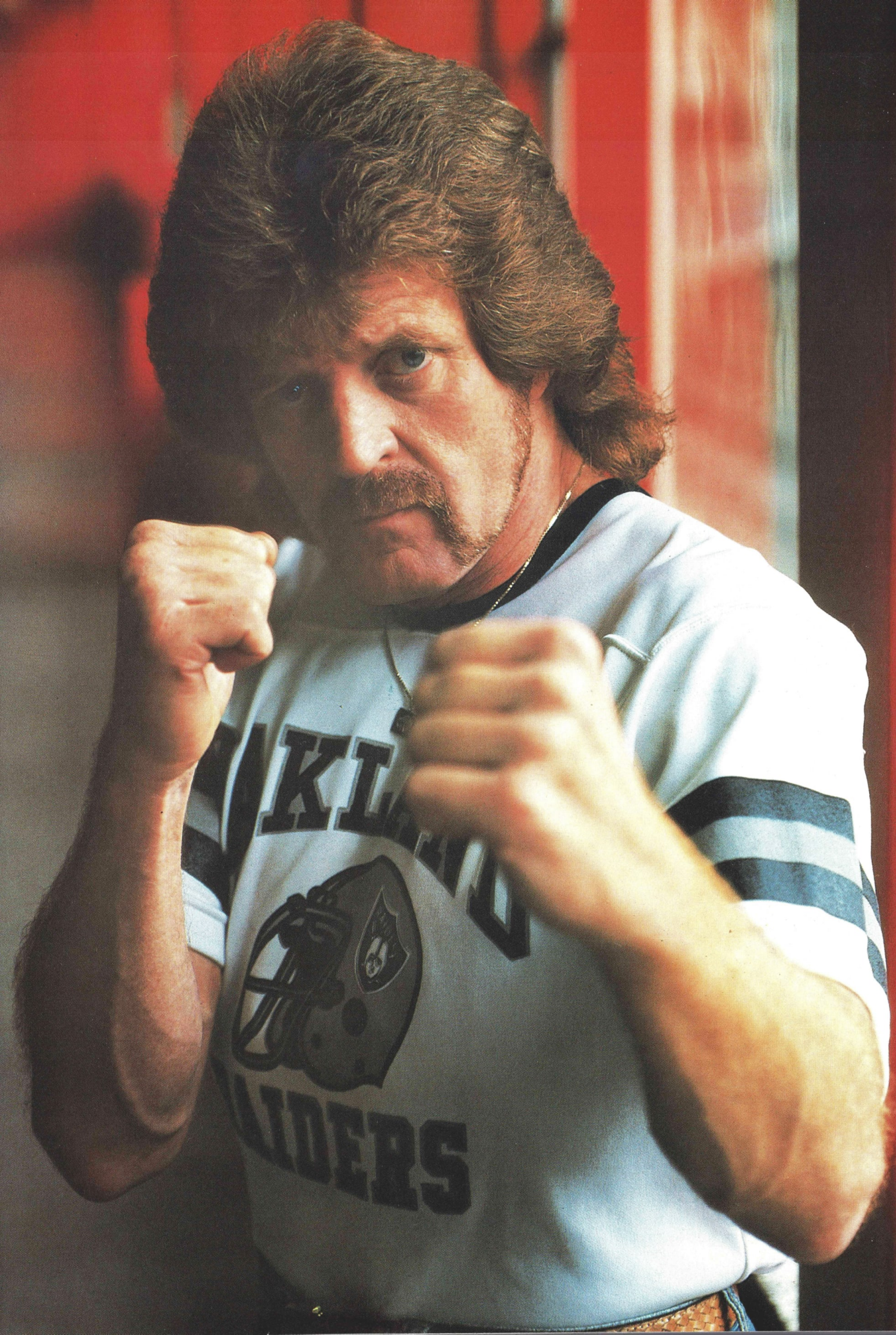
As a matter of necessity, according to the BM hype, a digital gear counter was necessary to inform the rider at a glance which cog was pulling. That indicates the abundance of low-speed torque. Counter or not, the engine has a tremendous amount of flexibility — so much that it can pull top gear around town without any trouble at all.

The ride is smooth, and while winging it from Canberra to Bateman's Bay, on an undulating and winding road, the K100 showed a willingness between bends to climb to near maximum speed in fourth.

Top gear is a comfortable autobahn cog which lets the bike lope along at the 200km/h mark while not straining itself. At high speed and over what could best be described as an average NSW road, the front forks, although operating well and smoothing out the ride, imparted a slightly flexy feeling. However, this was not a cause for alarm.

At \$5795 the K100 is only 30 percent more expensive than its Japanese counterparts, and it will depreciate less as the Japs spin out new models annually. To complete the range a supersports version, the K100 RS, and a luxury tourer, the K100 RT, will arrive early in 1984 with a price tag of \$6750.

I believe the new BMW design will win over a good number of hearts — particularly the up-market trendies and those who may be tired of the magic of Japanese megabikes. 



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

BOB JONES

My fighting style is very aggressive. I am a straight attack fighter. I like fighting more than one person at a time. When I was working in security, I preferred to be attacked by three or four people at once

Bob Jones considers himself to be a 20th Century Shogun. As the leader and figurehead of what he describes as a "martial arts empire", the Bob Jones Corporation, he runs 160 martial arts schools throughout Australia and boasts that he has an army of 2000 Zen Do Kai blackbelts at his command. Jones' current interests include the management of a thriving security business which recruits its guards from the ranks of his martial arts graduates, and the promotion of kickboxing. Most of the fighters who enter the tournaments he has been staging in Australian cities also come from his Zen Do Kai training schools.

His respectable profile in the Eighties contrasts distinctly with the image Bob Jones developed throughout the previous three decades when, as a streetfighter, bouncer and bodyguard, he earned a reputation as a man who knew how to use his fists with devastating effect and didn't mind exercising those skills, even without provocation.

Bob Jones regrets his youthful indiscretions. He says two factors helped him to see the error of his ways. One was his discussions with the leader of the Hare Krishna movement, Prabhupada, for whom Jones was a personal bodyguard during his Australian tour. The other was Jones' ultimate acceptance of the Eastern philosophies which accompany the martial arts techniques he began to learn more than 17 years ago. Jones is now a sixth Dan blackbelt. He spends a lot of time instructing students in his Zen Do Kai discipline, his company was contracted to do the security for David Bowie during his Australian tour, and these days Jones feels quite comfortable with himself. "Today I am either protecting someone, or helping someone to learn to protect himself. So karmically that has got to be very good for me, compared with what I was doing 15 years ago. I have suffered for what I did then," he reflects.

Bob Jones has lived with street violence for 25 years. He did his apprenticeship as a fighter with Melbourne street gangs. The experience he gained from the frequently violent confrontations with rival gangs made his progression to the role of hotel and nightclub bouncer a natural one. He has always had a good sense of timing. Rock and roll boomed in the early Sixties, and it was accompanied by a wave of violence. Dance halls, clubs and hotels needed security, and the promoters looked to Bob Jones to provide it. He became notorious in Melbourne in the Sixties, and soon had a security company providing heavyweight bouncers for all occasions.

When promoters of festival events like Sunbury, Mulwarra and Wallacia — the Australian equivalents of Woodstock — needed someone to handle the crowds, they looked to Jones and so the Bob Jones Security logo became a familiar sight at such events. Jones got involved in the martial arts in the Six-

ties, training at first to improve his skills as a fighter, but later becoming involved in the spiritual side of these disciplines. Once again his sense of timing served him well. When the martial arts boom, inspired by stars like Bruce Lee, exploded in Australia, Jones was ready and his schools were soon opening up all over the country.

Today, his main interest is the promotion of kickboxing tournaments. Jones has staged successful events in a variety of capital cities, and looks like getting a lot of television coverage this year. His kickboxing teams have been given the names of the street gangs he hung out with in the Fifties, names like the Phantom Twins and the Panthers.

The past is obviously an important part of Bob Jones, and in this interview with *Penthouse* Deputy Editor Phil Abraham, he betrays obvious enjoyment in the recollection of his exploits on the streets. Jones proved to be such an excellent interview subject that *Penthouse* is setting a precedent with this piece by dividing the interview into two sections. This month Jones talks about his early days in Melbourne during the Menzies era, as he describes his progression from street fighter to bouncer and bodyguard for just about every major rock and roll act which has visited these shores. Next month he continues his story with descriptions of his martial arts methods, the development of the Bob Jones Corporation, kickboxing and a defence of some of his more questionable activities.

Penthouse: Do you remember your first fight?

Jones: Vividly. I was seven years old and had just changed schools from South Melbourne to Fitzroy. I had a fight with two aboriginal kids on my first day there. One was my age and the other was three years older.

Penthouse: Did you win?

Jones: I have never lost a fight. I was losing at one stage, but a kid who was watching — his name was Freddy Meagher — put a seashell in my hand. It had a jagged edge on it. I started to get a bad time from these two aboriginal kids. I thought I was going to get hurt, so I used the shell. I ended up causing quite a bit of damage. That was my introduction to fighting.

Penthouse: Why did you fight so much when you were young?

Jones: My red hair had a lot to do with it. As a real estate agent, my father's work kept him on the move. I went to six different schools in six years, and my red hair and "new boy" status made me stand out at every one of them. Every time I changed schools I had to fight the local tough kid. I stood out so much the resident fighter always wanted to test me. My red hair was also a sign of something else. In my youth I was an aggressive person. Until I started to train in the martial arts I had a violent, uncontrollable temper. That's why I fought so much.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: How did you learn to fight?

Jones: I learned to fight in defence of myself. I went full on into it, and it worked for me. I always beat the other kid up. By the time I had reached the Sixth Grade I was a seasoned fighter.

Penthouse: Were you a loner?

Jones: Yes. I had a younger sister but I never related to her. I left school after Fourth Form. My parents had moved to a middle class suburb by that time, but I had already been influenced by my slum upbringing. A spell in Pentridge looked inevitable.

Penthouse: What did you do when you left school?

Jones: I joined an inner-city street gang. There was a lot of turmoil during that period — the Menzies era — and the gangs were ruling the streets.

Penthouse: Which gang did you join?

Jones: I started hanging with a notorious gang called the Phantom Twins. It was run by a couple of identical twins, Billy and Reggie Ball. Our meeting place was the Princes Bridge Railway steps, right in the centre of the city. That was our block. The police were understaffed in those days and there was a lot of vandalism and a lot of violence.

Penthouse: So you were one of a bunch of bodgies.

Jones: Yes. Before the Olympics in 1956 the word got around that the police were going to clean up the gang scene. The 21st Squad was known to us as the Bodgie Squad. Their job was to get us off the street. I remember laughing about their chances at the time.

Penthouse: What were the distinguishing characteristics of a bodgie?

Jones: We didn't like the fashions of the US juvenile delinquents at that stage, so we followed the fashions of the Teddy Boys in Britain. We dressed expensively. Our standover tactics on the street gave us plenty of cash, so we went out and bought English tweed overcoats, double lapel jackets. We were the best-dressed blokes in town and none of us had jobs. The Phantom Twins were untouchable until the 21st Squad moved in.

Penthouse: How did the 21st Squad clean up the streets?

Jones: For a start, they got the Ball twins in and shaved their hair. Bill and Reggie were a couple of good-looking blokes and they had the best Tony Curtis style brush-backs. But when I saw them bald they didn't look so flash.

Penthouse: What happened to you when the squad cleaned up the streets before the Melbourne Olympics?

Jones: They got me one night. I was just

a young teenager, but six of them beat the living daylight out of me. They took us into the cells and stripped us to the waist. Then they brought us out one at a time. There was one guy there, Joey Wilson, who was like the twins' protector, and he gave me support. He said, "We're all flesh and blood. If your mind is strong enough you can take it." Joey had been beaten up by the cops before. His father was a painter and docker, and Joey is now working as a painter and docker, dodging bullets. He went through that juvenile delinquent lifestyle and never got out of it. A lot of the kids I associated with in those days now lead dubious lifestyles.

Penthouse: Who are some of the others?

Jones: The Kane Brothers are probably the most notorious. There were three of them. Two are dead. Les Kane was shot three years ago. His body has never

Until I started
to train in the
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temper. That's why I
fought so much

been found. Brian Kane was gunned down last year in a Melbourne hotel. Reg Kane now lives in fear of his life. It's easy to see why I'm glad I didn't get involved in that sort of lifestyle.

Penthouse: How does the street scene in the Eighties compare with the gangs in the Fifties?

Jones: I feel the gangs today are needlessly violent. In the Fifties, our aim was to be the strongest gang. You lived within your suburb. That was your territory and you defended it. Gangs travel more now. They are more educated in crime. And now a lot of them survive from the drug trade. When I was on the streets, we lived for free. We had what you might call a standover thing going. We knew the waitresses and the usherettes. They fed us, they let us into the movies. If we wanted clothes, we took money from a girl's till. It wasn't actually so much a standover thing — it was sexual. Guys like the Ball twins were very attractive to girls. It was the bodgie/widgie thing.

Penthouse: How did a girl become a widgie?

Jones: She got her name by sleeping with seven members of the gang. That represented seven days of the week. The title gave her pride, credibility and prestige. There was another thing which made the gangs of my day different. Back then you never helped the police. It was taboo. But today, the drug involvement has corrupted the criminal code. The gang scene as I knew it ended in the mid-Fifties. We were forced out of the cities.

Penthouse: Where did you go?

Jones: I joined a more travelled gang. I went out to Preston and hung around a dance hall called the Arcadia, and started to mix with older teenagers and guys in their early 20s. They were all heavy drinkers.

Penthouse: How did you get out of the gang scene?

Jones: I fell in love with a girl and she became pregnant. We got married. That motivated me to try to achieve something. I went out and got a job. I worked as a laborer for three years in the brickworks, pushing bricks up to the kilns. The only people who'd do a job like that were migrant Greeks and Italians. It was incredibly hard work. I was the only Australian willing to do it. That manual labor developed me into a very fit person. My shoulders expanded, my waist condensed, and my stomach muscles came through.

Penthouse: What happened to your marriage?

Jones: It went sour. After I left the brickworks, I became a truck driver and that lifestyle put a lot of strain on my marriage. I couldn't stand the drudgery. The marriage broke up, I got sick of driving trucks, and I moved into security. My trade was fighting. That was the skill I learned on the streets.

Penthouse: How did you get involved in security?

Jones: I had a slight involvement in managing rock and roll bands and saw an avenue for a security business. This was the beginning of the skinheads and the sharpies era — the Sixties. They were similar to bodgies. They had the same dress sense but their hair was short and they liked tattoos, particularly from the elbow to the shoulder. The emergence of these trends created another wave of suburban violence.

Penthouse: With bands like Lobby Lloyd And The Colored Balls and Billy Thorpe And The Aztecs playing the local halls, I guess rock and roll became synonymous with violence in those days.

Jones: That's correct. The dances were having a lot of trouble. I was working as a bouncer. I met two big guys, Bill Sabotka and Dave Milne. Dave was a former swimming champion. He was six foot five and weighed 16 stone. Bill was an inch taller. I teamed up with

them and we called ourselves The Troubleshooters. We only handled dances that had a lot of trouble. We could clean up a dance in no time at all.

Penthouse: Where did you go from dance hall security?

Jones: We moved into hotels. At that time the Matthew Flinders Hotel had the biggest beer sales in Victoria, but the manager was about to lose his licence because of the amount of violence on his premises. He asked us to help. It took us three weeks to clean the place up. In the first week it was more violent than it had ever been, but once the drinkers who were looking for trouble realised we were better fighters they quietened down. My partners were just so big. I'm six foot and 13 stone, but I was a better fighter. I'd had the best teachers in the country in my days on the streets and I'd picked up all their best techniques.

Penthouse: Like who?

Jones: I met a guy called Vin Scott who used to box under a different name. He had a devastating right hand punch. I studied him and learned how to punch like him. He was a vicious man. In a big fight at Footscray one night I saw him bite an Italian's ear off. He was reputed to have also once bitten someone's nose off. Anyway, our business as trouble-shooters expanded. We soon had promoters ringing us. They needed us. We broke into three groups and each of us employed two others. Within three months I had over 100 guys working for me in teams of three. That was in 1962.

Penthouse: Did you ever get injured yourself?

Jones: I'd rather not say. I can go right over my whole body and it doesn't sound good. The facial scars are obvious. I'll mention the others if you turn the tape off. *(Jones lists a variety of injuries from stab wounds to broken bones; he does not want to be specific because he would rather some people did not have a knowledge of his weak points.)* But they are insignificant. The main injuries for me have been all the bad karma I accumulated during my violent years, the breakup of my marriage, losing my kid, the business failures.

Penthouse: Did any of the skirmishes you have been involved in throughout your years in security result in fatalities?

Jones: Not in security work. But fatalities were common during the street fights of the Fifties. The weapons of suburban warfare included shotguns and iron bars, and some people weren't worried about using them.

Penthouse: What is unique about your particular style of fighting?

Jones: My fighting style is very aggressive. I am a straight attack fighter. I

like fighting more than one person at a time, because when I fight one person I am restricted to using my hands. I wouldn't kick someone if I was fighting him solo. When I was working on security I liked to be attacked by three of four people at once. When that happens I can get my angles down, my spins. You can really take people by surprise. When most people fight they are very head conscious. An untrained fighter thinks a fight is just punching someone in the head. Gangs are head conscious too. They just want to punch their victims' heads, then get them on the ground and kick them. Martial arts techniques counter that approach. Spins and sweeps to the legs put the attacker off balance. You can get behind him and do a lot more damage. I don't have a particular technique. But generally, the more aggressive I can be, the better it is for me.

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Penthouse: The venue in which you really established your notoriety was the Catcher disco. How did you make such a reputation there?

Jones: The press paid a lot of attention to our activities at the Catcher. The *Truth* had us on the front page for seven weeks in a row after a couple of cub reporters came down there one night and took photos. We pulled the film out of the camera, and Dave backhanded one of them. They "beat it up" in the paper, claiming the reporters were brutally bashed and that we'd smashed the camera, and it just went on from there.

Penthouse: The Catcher wasn't like your average Eighties nightclub, was it?

Jones: I'll tell you something that will amuse anyone who's recently spent three million leasing a venue, \$250,000 on sound and a similar amount on decor for a disco today. The Catcher was run by a very enterprising guy called Graham Geddes. He called it the "Piggery", and all the patrons "pigs", because the place used to be such a

mess in the mornings. Geddes got hold of this old three-storey warehouse in Flinders Lane. It cost him about \$80 a week. He bought 16 gallons of flat black paint, mixed it with 16 gallons of water, used a mop and spray gun and painted the ceiling, walls and floors black. You couldn't see a thing so he put UV lights through the place and luminescent arrows which helped people find their way around. He was getting up to 3000 people in there a night, it was open seven nights a week, with Saturday and Sunday afternoon sessions, and it ran for about six years. Geddes wouldn't have spent much more than \$200 getting it started but you couldn't guess how much money he made out of the place.

Penthouse: Did all the newspaper publicity about fights at the Catcher tend to attract a violent element?

Jones: Yes. Some people did come down there looking for fights. We were getting so many people trying to get in that we often had to refuse entry to a lot of individuals. Naturally some of them resented it. That was another reason we got into so many fights. A lot of them could have been talked out, but we were toey in those days. In the end, after dealing with them 12 hours a night, you'd get sick of talking. It was more fun to start knocking them down. That was where I got a lot of bad karma. I was practising my martial arts techniques on live targets.

Penthouse: Were you ever outnumbered?

Jones: Frequently. One night there only six of us working the place. Gangs used to come down and attack the place occasionally. If you tried to ring the police and tell them that a bunch of guys were outside who wanted to kill you, they'd say "good luck" and come down two hours later. We had to take matters into our own hands. These were life and death situations.

Penthouse: What did that involve?

Jones: We had a plan. The technique was to bolt the door when the gang was almost inside. Then they would be crowded around the entrance. On the second floor of the building above the door there was a room with louvre windows, with a five-gallon urn of hot water for coffee. We'd rigged it so you could remove the louvres in seconds and have the urn tipped out the window. Then on the roof there were a stack of brickbats. We had a lighting system inside the building which alerted us to various things. If the lights went blue the patrons knew the cops were there and they could refrain from doing anything illegal. There was a similar light for other sorts of trouble.

Penthouse: It sounds like a medieval seige.

Jones: Our defensive techniques were

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very effective. On the night that there were only six of us on duty we managed to repel a gang of almost 100. When my boys got the signal that the gang was massed outside, one went upstairs and let go with the boiling water, a couple more were on the roof using the brick-bats as missiles, while the rest of us waited just behind the door. While the gang was recovering from the injuries and confusion caused by these attacks from above, we burst out of the doors with pick handles and dealt with them. They dispersed quickly. Then the police and ambulance came down for the leftovers. That was how it was in the Sixties.

Penthouse: Do you find your background as a fighter a hindrance or a help in your business dealings today?

Jones: The aggression and ability I developed as a fighter meant that I never lost a fight. But as I matured and learned that the physical approach wasn't getting me anywhere, I still applied the strategies I learned then to my business and they work as well there as they did on the street. I'm still winning.

Penthouse: Why did your security business suddenly boom?

Jones: The changes in the liquor laws, the end of the six o'clock swill, gave Australians extra drinking time and they weren't used to it. More trouble was inevitable. Everybody needed security and because I'd developed that Troubleshooters concept, they all wanted us.

Penthouse: You soon moved from hotels and clubs to the live rock and roll concert scene. That sort of outdoor concert on a grand scale must have been very hard to manage.

Jones: Yes, the Australian copies of Woodstock were often not nearly as well organised. The love and peace thing was happening at that stage, and the promoters' attitude was often that they didn't care what sort of drugs were used as long as there was no alcohol in the area. They didn't want any juice freaks. We had to keep the alcohol out. People would come down to the concert after a night at the pub with their arms full of bottles and we couldn't let them in with it. So there was often a lot of violence on the gate. Down at the stage and arena everything would be great. The kids were having a good time. Meanwhile we were fighting World War III on the gate to keep the love and peace thing happening inside.

Penthouse: Those music festivals must have presented you with some unusual problems.

Jones: You never knew what was going to happen next. When we did Mulwalla on the NSW/Victorian border, three

kids drowned in two days so we were wandering around trying to keep the kids out of the river.

Penthouse: I believe you found a rather unusual solution for a potential suicide at one of the Sunbury Festivals.

Jones: Channel Nine were filming the second Sunbury and they had constructed a huge tower for the event. One day a guy climbed the tower and was threatening to jump off. He was completely spaced out. I think he'd dropped a couple of trips and had an argument with his girlfriend. Anyway, the promoters went up there but couldn't coax him down. The St John's Ambulance were also unsuccessful, as were the police. By this stage the crowd was jeering at him and encouraging him to jump. The promoters asked me if I could do anything. I took a couple of my big guys, John King and Sandy Fricker. We climbed the ladder up the

“
In the end you'd
get sick of talking.
That was where I got a
lot of bad karma. I was
practising my techniques
on live targets
”

tower, and on the way up I was thinking that I would be in a lot of trouble if the guy jumped. So I psyched myself up for it. When I got near the top. I simply said to him, very aggressively, "We're sick to death of your carrying on and we're not going to lose face over this. You've got 10 seconds to come down with me. If you don't, these two guys — I pointed to Sandy and John — "are going to throw you off. But we'll make it look as if you jumped." The reverse psychology worked. He came down fast.

Penthouse: In those days there were a lot of accusations being made about your security teams being too enthusiastic in their attempts to control crowds. Your blackbelts were sometimes accused of inciting violence. How did you answer that criticism?

Jones: That was the press. Rather than report a peaceful festival, they always preferred to look for trouble. The *Truth* newspaper in particular was always keen to blow up the slightest thing that went wrong. The press did give us a bad image. But the proof that they were wrong was that we got on well with the

kids and the promoters kept hiring us.

Penthouse: I guess it wouldn't have hurt to have the reputation as an enforcer.

Jones: It probably did get us a lot of respect. It stopped a lot of people from getting out of line. In my mind, the 95 percent of people who go to concerts to have a good time reckon we're all right. The five percent who are looking for trouble are bound to make a noise if they get handled roughly.

Penthouse: You've been a bodyguard for a variety of performers over the years, including Joe Cocker, David Bowie, Linda Rondstadt, Fleetwood Mac and Rod Stewart, to name just a few. Do you end up developing close relationships with these performers?

Jones: Definitely. I'll tell you why. Most of these stars live in reverse. They're going to bed at four or five in the morning after winding down from a concert. They're into a late-night lifestyle of drinking and snorting cocaine. That lifestyle results in a lot of anxieties and health problems. In contrast to this, the Bob Jones blackbelts who are guarding them are up at dawn doing their training. The bands notice this and start to talk about it. Often after a few days they'll start asking questions about the martial arts and soon they'll be inquiring as to whether they can join in the training sessions, or if they can learn some self-defence techniques. So just about every band I've toured with — except Joe Cocker, who wouldn't exercise to save his life — has taken an interest in us. Also a lot of these performers have to keep fit. The Stones, for example, are a pretty agile group. Abba were doing a couple of hours of jazz ballet every day to keep themselves fit for their concerts. Stevie Nicks and Linda Rondstadt had an interest in physical fitness. By the end of their tours most performers are fitter as a result of their association with us, and that exchange usually results in the development of quite close personal relationships.

Penthouse: So there's obviously more to the job than just looking after the performer's personal safety.

Jones: Yes. You've got to be more than a terrific bodyguard. You have to be a good companion. If you don't get on with the guy, after a couple of days he'll be going to the promoter and saying, "I don't like this jerk. Get me someone else."

Penthouse: How did you become a bodyguard?

Jones: After the Joe Cocker tour in 1972, during which he got busted for possession of marijuana, Paul Dainty had lined up the Stones for their first tour, and he didn't want a repetition of the scenes which had occurred during the Cocker visit. Dainty approached me and said he had the Stones coming but

they wouldn't appear unless the security was tight. He'd heard of my work at outdoor events and asked if I'd work with him.

Penthouse: How did you organise that one?

Jones: I created a military-style security system for the Stones. We had the hotels they were booked into change the locks on the fire escapes so the doors only allowed you to exit. We had two-way radios in the foyers and on the floors where the Stones were staying, and we had permission to refuse entry to that floor. My ideas convinced the Stones' manager Peter Rudge that it would be safe for them to tour, and it was.

Penthouse: Have you noticed any changes in Australian audiences over the years?

Jones: Certainly. Modern music has improved so much over the years, in a technical sense, and the audiences' ear has improved with it. Today, the average person who goes out and buys an album understands the techniques involved in its production, and he genuinely appreciates good music. A couple of decades ago festivals and concerts were often just a venue for people to play up. Now people go along to really listen to the music, and the music is usually worth listening to. It's a serious art form, not just a soundtrack for a violent scenario.

Penthouse: As a bodyguard to the stars I suppose your presence is usually enough to deter trouble. Do you often have to actually defend a performer from physical threats?

Jones: Hundreds of times. Not so much in a concert situation, but afterwards, when the performer wants to go and check things out. He may want to go to the Botanical Gardens, or Luna Park, or have a look at the club scene. When he's exposed to the public in those situations it can often be a hard time for the bodyguard. The public can sometimes be over-enthusiastic. It's understandable that the guys get sick of giving autographs. As you'd expect, the girls are most difficult to discourage.

Penthouse: What about violence at concerts?

Jones: The worst situation I was ever confronted with occurred at a David Bowie concert in New Zealand. The bikies are bad in New Zealand and the Mongrels are one of the most infamous gangs. At one Bowie concert there was a pack of them down the front. One of them was off his face. He had a chain about a metre long bolted to his wrist and he was swinging it above his head to the beat of the music. I don't think he wanted to hurt anyone but he probably couldn't have cared either way. It was the Bowie All White show. The stage was white, he was dressed in white and

during the climax of the show they flooded the sky with white light. They were building up to this point when the show's manager came up to me and said that the guy swinging the chain was killing the show. The biker had cleared a huge area around the base of the stage and that was just where everyone wanted to be. The tour manager didn't understand how big the biker gangs are over there. When you hire 80 security guys — most of them Maoris — even though they may be dressed up in dinner suits they're just bikies with their colors off. Apart from the security guys there were about 50 bikies at the foot of the stage anyway. So the manager says to me: "I want you to go in there and get that guy with the chain out." I told him it wasn't my job. I was Bowie's personal bodyguard, and this was a task for security. I told him it was a police or security matter; I wasn't

“
The only time
I'll go out of my
way to hurt someone
is when I'm outnumbered
and it looks like I could
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”

there to control the show. But he insisted, so it looked like I had to do it.

Penthouse: I presume you formulated some sort of plan before going down there.

Jones: I went behind the crowd because the spotlights would then be silhouetting the guy. He was standing there with his legs wide apart, waving this heavy-linked chain around with a circle of bikies around him. I ran flat out, straight at him, forgetting for the moment that I was a martial arts expert. I burst through the crowd and punched him from behind. He fell backwards with his crotch falling over my forearm, so he was sitting on it. At the same time I grabbed his hair and pulled his head back. He was backwards with his toes off the ground and I kept on running. I had him through the crowd before the other bikies knew what was happening. I threw him over the security fence and jumped on top of him, but by this time we were both throwing punches at each other. I realised that the security guards nearby could be his brothers, or members of his gang, so to get him

away I forced him under the stage. It was like a meccano set under there. There was scaffolding everywhere. I finally managed to grab the chain — he had been trying to hit me with it through all of this — and I wrapped it around his neck, completely incapacitating him. Then a couple of security guards picked him up and threw him out the gate. You had to be there to appreciate that scene.

Penthouse: What sort of techniques do you use at festivals?

Jones: Defensive techniques. The only time I'll go out of my way to hurt someone is when I'm outnumbered and it looks like I could get into trouble. Then I'll use a technique that will do damage.

Penthouse: What technique is that?

Jones: I'll usually aim for the body, the diaphragm area. If you hit someone in the face, you'll break skin and make the situation look bad, but your opponent can still keep on fighting. I've realised after working in security for so long that it's much better to go for the body. You can do a lot of damage working on the diaphragm area, the solar plexus, the floating rib cage area and around the kidneys. These are very vulnerable spots. When you know how to strike and what to strike, you can hurt someone for only a limited period. I can hit a guy to break his ribs or I can just wind him bad. When you drop him like that he'll often get a very pained expression on his face as he tries to suck air back into his lungs. All that gasping often tends to frighten others off. That's one way to quieten a gang down. If there are 20 or 30 people against you, you hurt one or two. I can have three of four guys down in a few seconds. But I wouldn't want to go in and do full damage. You can break bones easily if you know how. But when you start doing that you get press problems and police problems. You can get yourself into a lot of trouble.

Penthouse: You have been charged with assault a number of times.

Jones: Yes, in 1973. I wasn't as experienced with my martial arts techniques then. Although I was charged, I was never convicted.

Penthouse: Why were you charged with assault?

Jones: I came under pressure from the Victorian police force in 1973. They had given me an open hand until then. From 1963 until the early Seventies, I was virtually allowed to do as I pleased. Violence was bad on the streets and we were helping to alleviate the problem. I was never actually told this but I assumed it, because the police never tried to restrict our activities.

Penthouse: How many fights were you getting involved in then?

Jones: At the Catcher disco, I would average 12 to 15 fights every Saturday

INTERVIEW

night. I am talking about actual physical confrontations. We used to alternate up front. We had a roster system. And the police would come down regularly when we'd fought someone and pick them up.

Penthouse: Why did the police change their attitude?

Jones: The police force got its act together. In the early days they didn't have the numbers to control crowds like the ones that turned up at Sunbury. A security force like ours was necessary. We always liaised with the Melbourne police. They told us what we could do, how the traffic would be handled and all that.

Penthouse: So why did they turn against you?

Jones: I think that possibly I got carried away with having this free hand. Without even realising it, we probably had a few fights that could have been avoided. There was a change in police policy. They didn't appreciate the number of fights we were getting involved in and they started pulling in more people off the streets for fighting. I didn't get the message, I didn't slow down, and eventually I was charged a couple of times.

Penthouse: Do you have any police problems these days?

Jones: No. I have a national security company which has trained guard dogs in a number of cities. Some of my security guys have pistol licences. So do I. And they don't give them away these days. The police are well aware of my activities and I believe I have very good communications with them on all levels.

Penthouse: You like to boast that you have a private army of 2000 blackbelts at your beck and call. How do the police regard what could be seen as a private army?

Jones: I think they appreciate that as I've got older, I've become more level-headed. I run my activities as a business, and we no longer allow the things that went on in the Seventies, when we were immature, to happen now. The people I worked with then are still with me now, but these days they're married with kids. They are respectable members of the community. And there are enough of them to train the younger guys coming through the ranks who might want to do something silly. We are a successful business run on a professional basis and I assume the police are happy with us because we never have any problems with them.

Penthouse: After progressing from streetfighting to bouncing, how did you move into the martial arts?

Jones: I was looking for a way to keep

fit. When I was on the streets I used to train with weights and run. But I became impressed with the martial arts after seeing a demonstration by a guy called Don Draeger. At that time he was 44 but he looked 20 years younger. I started to train in 1965.

Penthouse: What was your aim?

Jones: My aim was to be a better fighter. I wasn't concerned with the philosophies at first. It took me nearly eight years to accept the spiritual basis of the martial arts. That spiritual awareness was awakened when I became the bodyguard for the leader of the Hare Krishna movement, Prabhupada. That was in 1974. He was in his eighties. He knew all the rock and roll bands I'd been touring with and he asked me questions about them. I reciprocated with questions about his religion. We discussed meditation and the philosophy of karma. I guess you could say

At the Catcher I would average 12 to 15 fights every Saturday night. I am talking about actual physical confrontations

he gave me spiritual enlightenment. I'm not saying I agree with or approve of the Hare Krishna movement. But he was such a high person, spiritually and intellectually, that I could not help but be impressed with him. Everything he said to me made sense. My life has improved dramatically since I began living by the principles of karma described by him. My defence mechanisms as a bouncer — the fact that I had to be a heavy duty dude — made it difficult for me to maintain relationships with men and women or to succeed in business. I put much of my success since then down to my discussions with Prabhupada.

Penthouse: Have you managed to blend the physical and spiritual sides of the martial arts?

Jones: Yes. My training methods develop strength of character as well as physical strength. Fortitude is the key word. That is the characteristic we strive to develop in our students.

Penthouse: How did the martial arts improve your fighting skills?

Jones: I have said that I was forced to

learn to fight as a kid, but then I often fought as a reaction to fear. When I had my back to the wall my fear gave me strength. The martial arts taught me to control that fear and turn it into a positive force. The depth of concentration you have to put into Zen Do Kai movements develops mental strength. The physical movements push you into an instinctive state. You begin to move like a wild animal. I have learnt a lot from studying the movements of the animals which fight to survive.

Penthouse: Do you think modern man still has that natural instinct to fight?

Jones: It's obvious. The law now prevents men from expressing that natural instinct. But the martial arts release that desire. New students invariably fall in love with the martial arts. People love to learn to fight. It's a powerful instinct.

Penthouse: Don't they want to go out and try out their skills on the street? Another criticism which has been levelled at your organisation is that you are training thugs.

Jones: You'd be surprised. A high percentage of people who learn the martial arts never want to fight. If they do want to, they can do it in competition. But a lot of people don't even want to do that. They don't like to lose. They don't like putting themselves on the line. Although the martial arts may raise a person's self-confidence, it doesn't mean that he is going to go out and beat people up in the streets. If that happened my schools wouldn't last long. They'd soon be closed down.

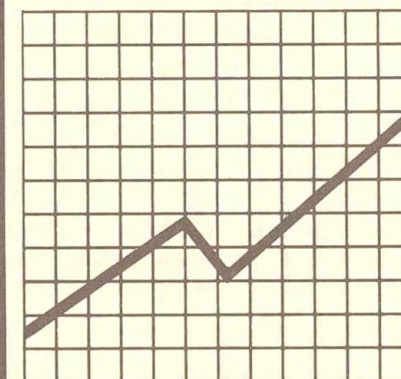
Penthouse: How did you progress from being a martial arts student to a teacher of these skills?

Jones: When I started training I was involved with literally thousands of people in my job as a bouncer. It was a high profile position. As I worked through my belts to black, I started using the techniques in my work and I was looking pretty good. Through the late Sixties I developed a notorious reputation on the streets. As I got better and better I started to do more and more damage and I hurt a lot of people during those years. As a result of that a number of people started to ask me how they could learn similar techniques. Teaching became a natural progression. But before I became a teacher of the martial arts a turning point occurred in my life. It was before the Stones tour and before I met Prabhupada. In 1972 we did security for a pop festival for 3XY in Melbourne which just got completely out of control. I didn't mind a skirmish in those days. Almost 50 people ended up in hospital after our battle with hundreds of drunken skinheads. That event was the climax of my violent years.

To be continued next month

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU IN A TIME WARP?



- (b) the average number of years
(c) fewer years than average

3. How do you feel about this statement: "Within my lifetime, science will find a cure for most diseases."

- (a) agree strongly
(b) agree somewhat
(c) basically disagree

4. If you could buy one day of time, would it be:

- (a) a day in your past life?
(b) a day in the historical past, before you were born?
(c) a day in your future life?
(d) a day in the distant future, beyond your normal life span?
(e) None of the above. I wouldn't be interested in doing anything like that.

5. If you were to inherit \$20,000 that you didn't need to live on, would you be more likely to:

- (a) spend it on things you'd like to have or on activities you've always wanted to do?
(b) invest it in a speculative way that offered a large potential payoff down the line?
(c) invest in something conservative, like a certificate of deposit?

6. If you had to live in one of the

following three cities, which would you choose?

- (a) Canberra
(b) Hobart
(c) Brisbane

7. With which of the following statements do you agree?

- (a) In the past, the quality of life was better than it is today.
(b) Life today is better than it was in the past, and in the future things will probably not improve much.
(c) In the future, life will be better than it has ever been.

8. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?

- (a) It's harder to become successful today than it was in the past.
(b) Today is the best time ever for becoming successful.
(c) Future generations will have more opportunities for success.

9. Do you think time is passing too quickly?

- (a) Yes.
(b) No.

10. Do you think the most important events in your life:

- (a) are still to come?
(b) have already happened?
(c) are in the process of occurring?

11. How much control do you feel you have over your own future?

- (a) a lot — almost total
(b) quite a bit
(c) some, but not a great deal
(d) very little
(e) virtually none

12. Would you say that life is:

- (a) relatively orderly?
(b) relatively confusing?
(c) a relatively equal blend of order and confusion?

13. Do you think the future is going to be a dangerous time?

- (a) Yes.
(b) No.
(c) It may be, but it probably won't be any more dangerous.

A test to determine whether you're living in the past, present or future

14. How comfortable are you in dealing with new people and situations?
 - (a) very comfortable
 - (b) relatively comfortable
 - (c) quite uncomfortable
 - (d) very uncomfortable
15. Do you own a personal computer?
 - (a) Yes.
 - (b) No.
 - (c) I had one but got rid of it because it didn't do much for me.
16. If you could own any house you wanted, would it be:
 - (a) a house in the latest architectural style?
 - (b) a house that's new but designed in a traditional, conservative style?
 - (c) the house you grew up in?
 - (d) a carefully restored Colonial or Victorian house?
17. If you could own any car you wanted, would it be:
 - (a) a new sports car?
 - (b) a new luxury sedan?
 - (c) an old classic?
18. How were your grades in school?
 - (a) far above average
 - (b) somewhat above average
 - (c) average
 - (d) somewhat below average
 - (e) far below average
19. Which of the following well-known sayings comes closest to reflecting your view of life?
 - (a) "Today is the first day of the rest of my life."
 - (b) "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."
 - (c) "He who forgets the past will be condemned to repeat it."
20. Is your wristwatch:
 - (a) usually set a little bit fast?
 - (b) usually set to the exact time?
 - (c) usually a few minutes behind?
 - (d) sometimes fast, sometimes slow, sometimes on time, because you don't pay much attention to it?
 - (e) I don't wear a watch.
21. Do you feel isolated from others?
22. When you get up in the morning, do you know what your schedule will be throughout the day?
 - (a) Yes, I always keep to a schedule.
 - (b) I have a general schedule, but it's flexible.
 - (c) I don't have a schedule; I play it by ear.
 - (d) I don't need a schedule; each day is like the day before.
23. When you go to bed with a new woman, do you always make sure one of you is taking birth-control precautions?
 - (a) Yes.
 - (b) No, I'm too horny (or maybe too romantic) to think of such practical matters in the heat of passion.
 - (c) I'm not one to have affairs, so the question doesn't really apply to me. It may sound corny, but I'm usually faithful to one woman.
24. When you daydream, are you more likely to:
 - (a) think about things you've done in the past?
 - (b) think about how you can handle your life now?
 - (c) imagine what your life will be like at least a year or more from now?

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 120 points; the lowest, 24.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. a-1, b-3, c-5 | 14. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1 |
| 2. a-5, b-3, c-1 | 15. a-5, b-1, c-3 |
| 3. a-5, b-3, c-1 | 16. a-4, b-5, c-1 |
| 4. a-2, b-1, c-4, d-5, e-1 | 17. a-3, b-5, c-1 |
| 5. a-3, b-5, c-1 | 18. a-5, b-3, c-3, d-3, e-1 |
| 6. a-5, b-1, c-3 | 19. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 7. a-1, b-3, c-5 | 20. a-5, b-5, c-1, d-3, e-3 |
| 8. a-1, b-4, c-5 | |
| 9. a-1, b-5 | |
| 10. a-5, b-1, c-3 | |

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| 11. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1 | 21. a-1, b-3, c-5 |
| 12. a-5, b-1, c-3 | 22. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1 |
| 13. a-1, b-5, c-3 | 23. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 24. a-1, b-3, c-5 | |

If you scored 91 to 124 points:

You appear to be highly oriented toward the future. You have little interest in the past, and even the present has value for you only as a time of preparation for better things to come. You're the type who can postpone gratification. You don't mind being miserable today as long as you feel it will get you what you really want tomorrow. At work, you're the type who will come in earlier than anyone else and stay later, provided that you feel you'll eventually be rewarded. Success is likely to be extremely important for you, and you appear to have the psychological makeup to achieve it. However, if your career path should become blocked and the golden future you envision begins to crumble, you might have more difficulty than most men in accepting it.

58 to 90 points:

You seem to exhibit a blend of future-oriented and past-oriented characteristics. A person in this category tends to live for the moment. He figures that the past is over and done with and that the future will take care of itself. This type of person may not have an easy time succeeding in the corporate world, but he can do well in fields that require a certain trendiness or a devil-may-care attitude. Researchers have found strong concern for the present to be quite pronounced among women.

24 to 57 points:

You appear to be living in the past. You are most comfortable in situations and among people that are familiar. Deep down, you probably wish that things would never change. The future doesn't intrigue you; in fact, you may be positively frightened of the changes it is likely to bring. And you probably have trouble enjoying the present, because you see it merely as the gateway to an uncertain future. If a man in this category finds a nonthreatening job he may be quite content, but in a more stressful position he may be anxious and unhappy.

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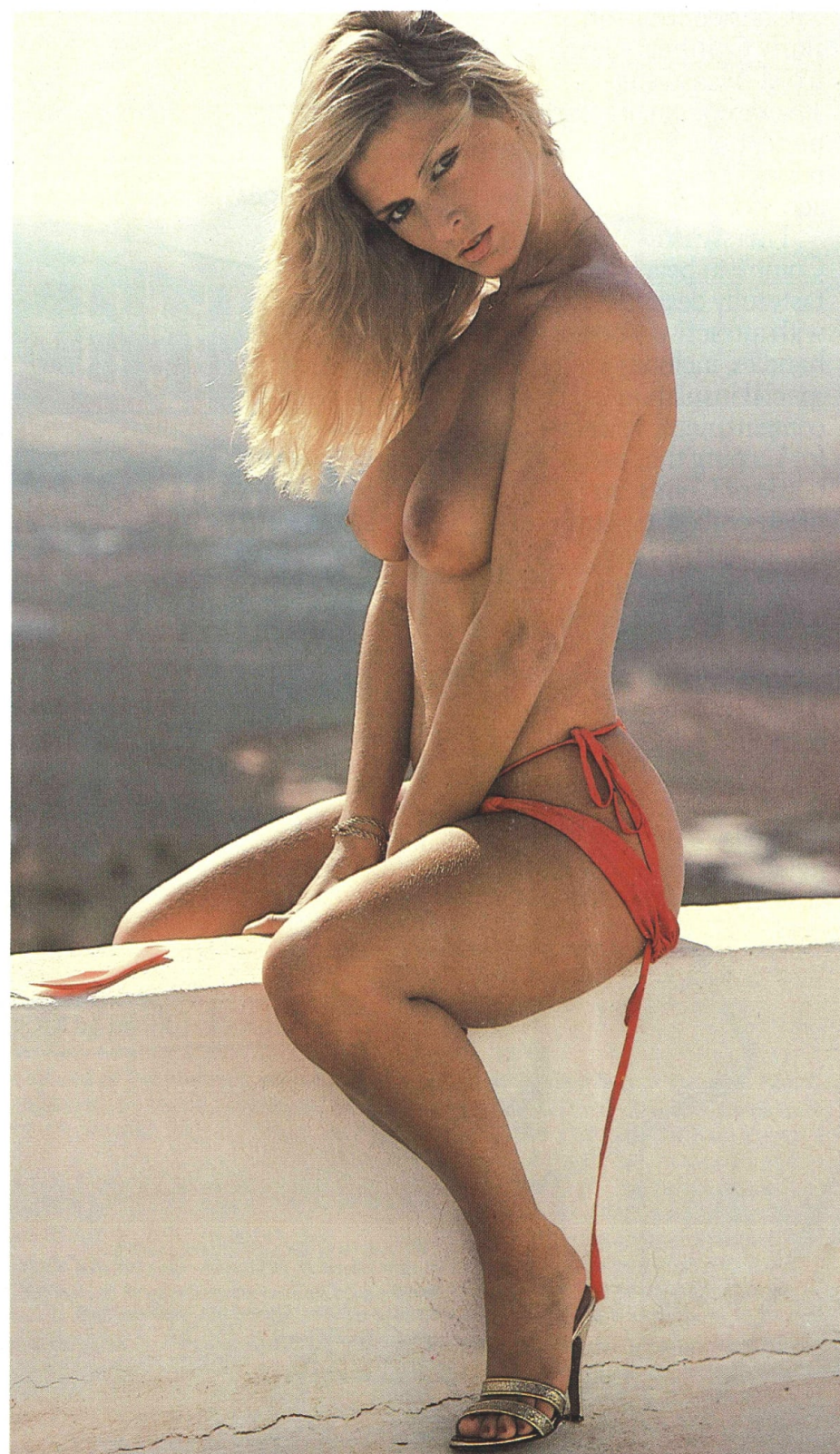
BELGIUM

SHEAN

Belgium has never been a land with a high profile, but sultry Sean de Roder looks set to change all that. The stunning 23-year-old model and actress has been seen on so many TV commercials all over Europe, she's fast becoming Brussels' best-known product since the humble sprout first appeared on the scene.

A fitness fanatic, Sean keeps in trim by cycling through the Flemish farmlands — a Belgian *tour de force*, we think.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDIO PETER



IRELAND

SUSY

Leprechauns don't leave pots of gold at the end of Irish rainbows any more. These days the colored arches kiss the ground at the feet of 19-year-old Susy Griffin.

Susy is an architecture student who hails from the wild and beautiful Dingle Peninsula on Ireland's western coastline. What more need be said, except that in a land of root vegetables, Susy's one hot potato.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD STATZ

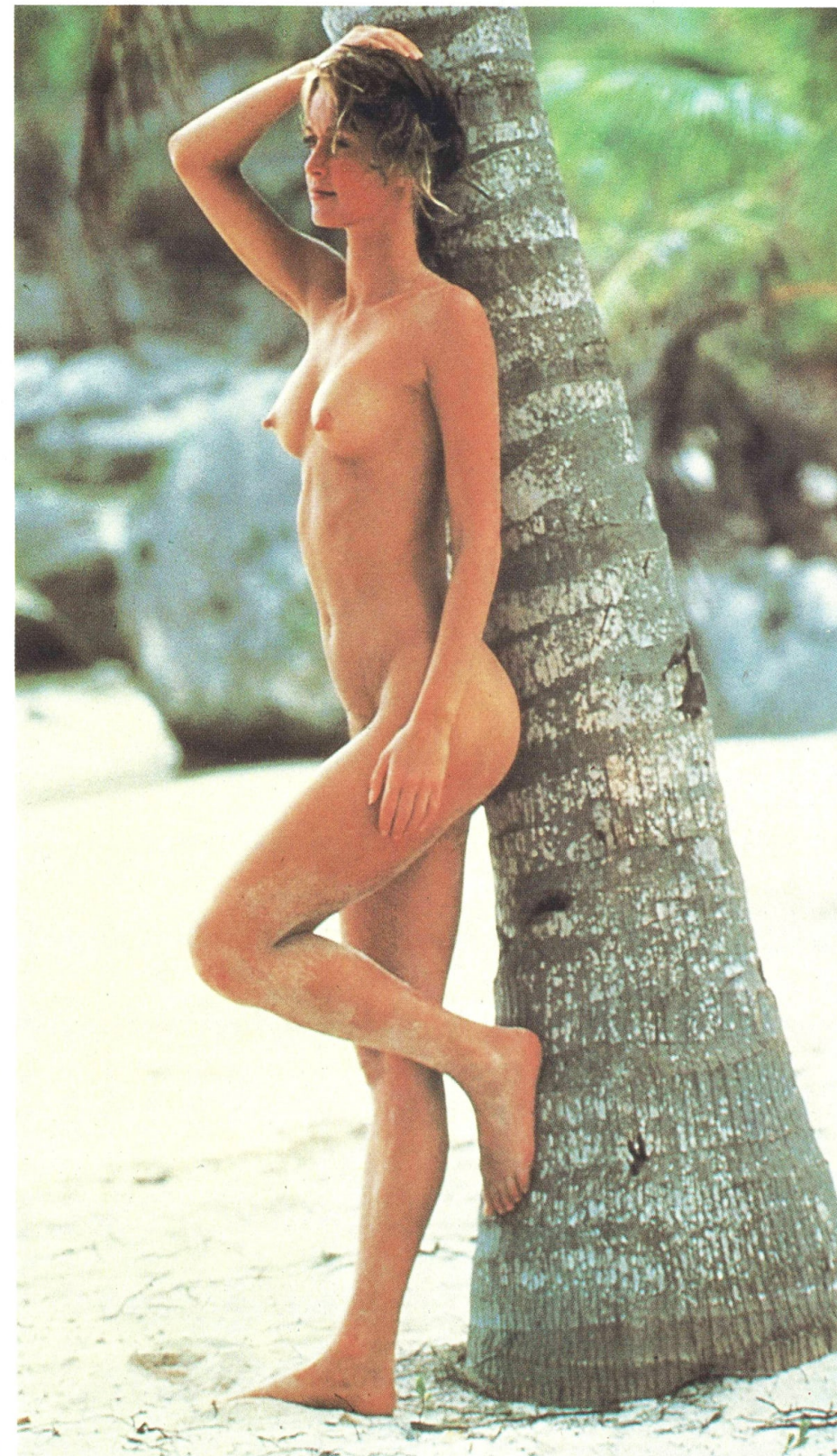


ISRAEL

HANNA

Sunshine, oranges and Hanna Singer — there's three good things Israel has got going for it at the moment. Hanna, 23, is a design student from the coastal city of Haifa. Apart from having served her time in the army and learning to handle herself in action, there's nothing orthodox about this Jewish princess. Her ambition is to rule the world. Now that takes balls, and we're not talking about the matzo variety.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARSSON/FLODQUIST



FRANCE

CLAUDIA

Strip a mademoiselle of her *haute couture* and what do you find? Take a look at Claudia Udy and you may start wondering why the French fashion designers go to all the trouble of gilding their national lilies. Claudia is a French starlet with a string of films to her credit. Her latest, a celluloid treat called *Joy*, is currently showing in Australian capital cities.

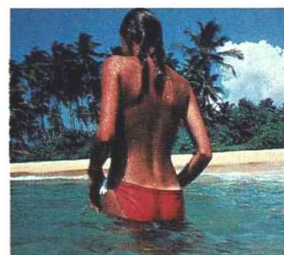
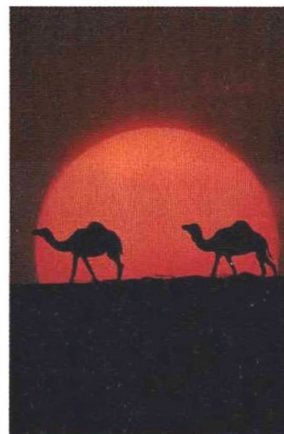
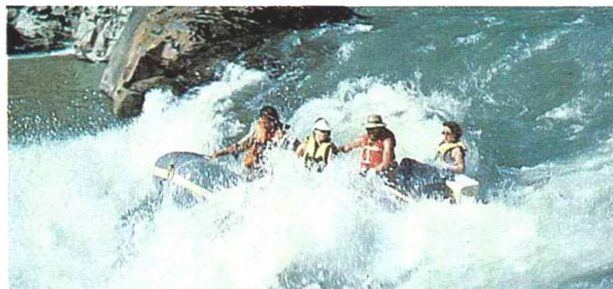
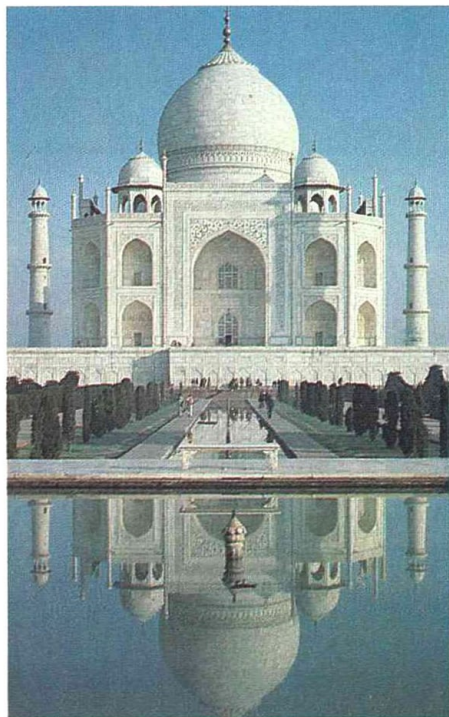


**WIN
A \$4000
HOLIDAY!**

Hold on to your hats! This month *Penthouse* offers you the chance to win the biggest and best adventure holiday of them all. It's called "Le Grande Adventure Show" — an extravaganza directed by Australian Himalayan Expeditions, Australia's premier adventure travel company. The show's setting sweeps through Nepal, India, Sri Lanka and the Maldives Islands; the action includes trekking, sailing, rafting, cycling, camel and elephant riding. The curtain comes down after 48 days of non-stop excitement. Tickets for this epic drama would normally cost you \$4139 — but if you answer the three questions on the coupon overleaf, you could be on your way to a date with a camel on the Great Thar Desert of Rajasthan to open up the show, courtesy of *Penthouse* and Australian Himalayan Expeditions.

WIN!

LE GRANDE ADVENTURE



In putting together Le Grande Adventure, Australian Himalayan Expeditions selected six totally different adventures from its list of holiday programs and ran them back-to-back to create the most interesting, varied and action-packed itinerary available anywhere in the world. Each of these adventures takes place at its premier venue — sailing through the Maldiv Islands, the most beautiful tropical archipelago in the world; trekking through the Annapurna range, surrounded by the gargantuan Himalayan peaks; rafting Nepal's Trinsuli River, frothing with white-water excitement but as safe as a bubble bath; elephant riding through the plains below the Himalayas, where the great Indian one-horned rhino, tiger,

leopard, sloth bear and crocodile dwell; camel riding through the ancient forks and caravanserai of Rajasthan; cycling from the legendary "pink city" of Jaipur, through the villages of India and on to the Taj Mahal, and again through the misty hill-sides and magical splendor of Sri Lanka.

Throughout this adventure of a lifetime you'll be personally looked after by people who really know their business. And you don't need any experience at any of the activities included in the tour, since you'll be guided by experts who are dedicated to making every trip a winner. Nor do you need to be any sort of ironman — a reasonable level of physical fitness and the ability to appreciate some of the most spectacular environments on the planet

are the only requirements.

To enter the contest, simply answer the three questions on the coupon below, fill in your name and address, and get your entry in. The first correct entry drawn by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win Le Grande Adventure.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form.

The "Le Grande Adventure" prize, mutually agreed between the winner and Australian Himalayan Expeditions, may be taken on any of the dates listed in the Australian Himalayan Expeditions catalogue for the 1984/85 season. The prize is not transferable or redeemable for cash.

Entry and participation in the competition is completely free and open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families and employees of Australian Himalayan Expeditions and their families.

One correct entry will be drawn by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* from all the correct entries received. That entry will be the winner.

Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Friday, February 24, 1984. The winner will be announced in the June issue of *Australian Penthouse*.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person, and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters may reasonably require.

The promoters, Australian Himalayan Expeditions and *Australian Penthouse* magazine, shall be under no liability to the winning contestant for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to persons or property or death or injury caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the "Le Grande Adventure Competition" (including negligent acts or omissions). On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

This competition is brought to you by Australian Himalayan Expeditions and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

Clip and send your completed coupon to "Le Grande Adventure Competition", *Australian Penthouse* Magazine, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2026. The answers to the questions can be found in an encyclopaedia or in the Australian Himalayan Expeditions catalogue, obtainable from the Australian Himalayan Expeditions Head Office, 159 Cathedral Street, Woolloomooloo NSW (Tel.(02) 357 3555) or from any travel agent which caters for adventure travel. The three questions you must answer are:

1. In which Indian city is the Taj Mahal?
2. What is the major crop grown in the hill country of Sri Lanka?
3. Name a wild animal which inhabits the plains country below the Himalayas.

Name: _____

Address: _____

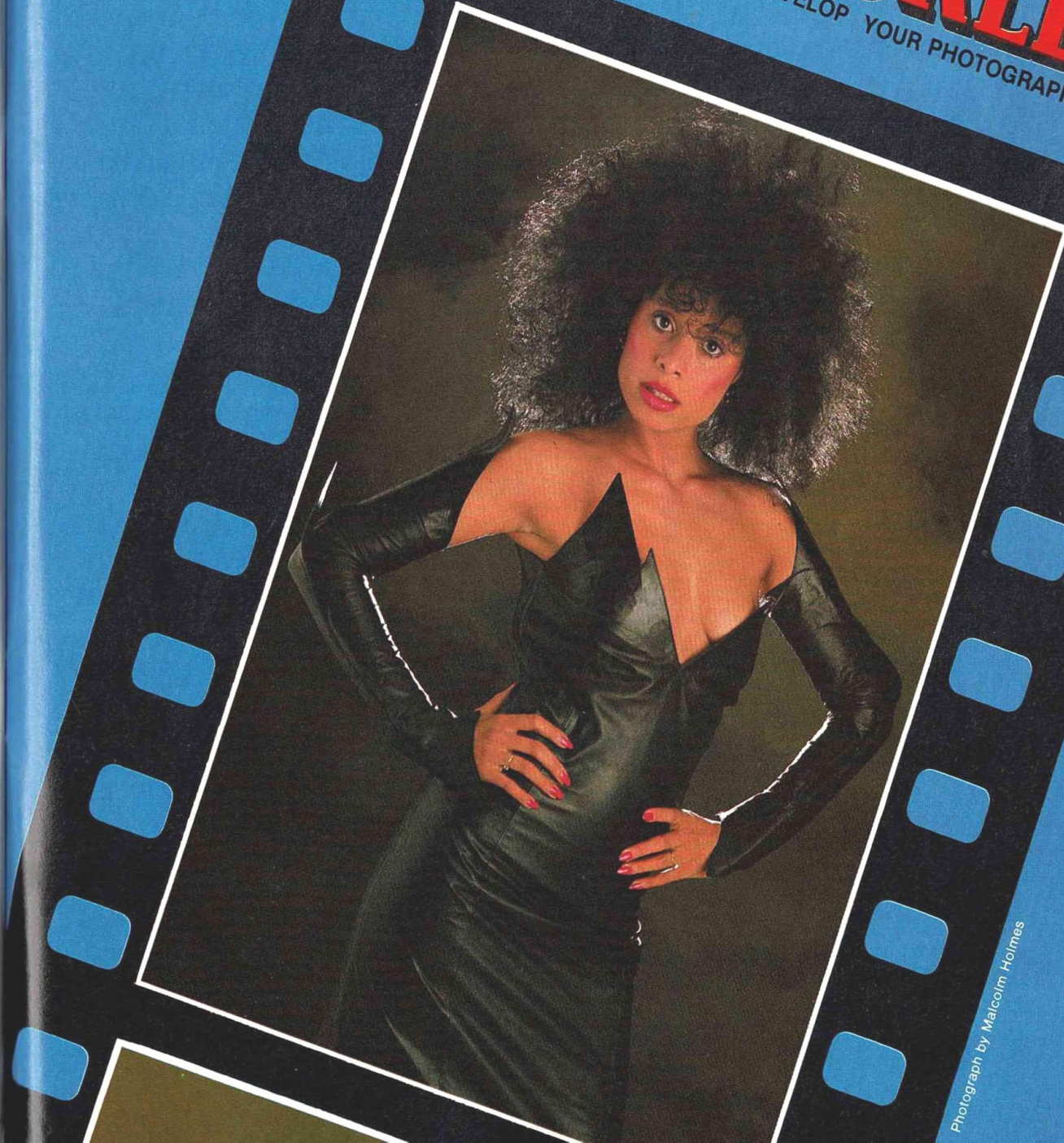
Telephone: _____

Permit No. TC83/2194. Issued under the Lotteries & Art Unions Act.

IT'S ALL EXPOSED!

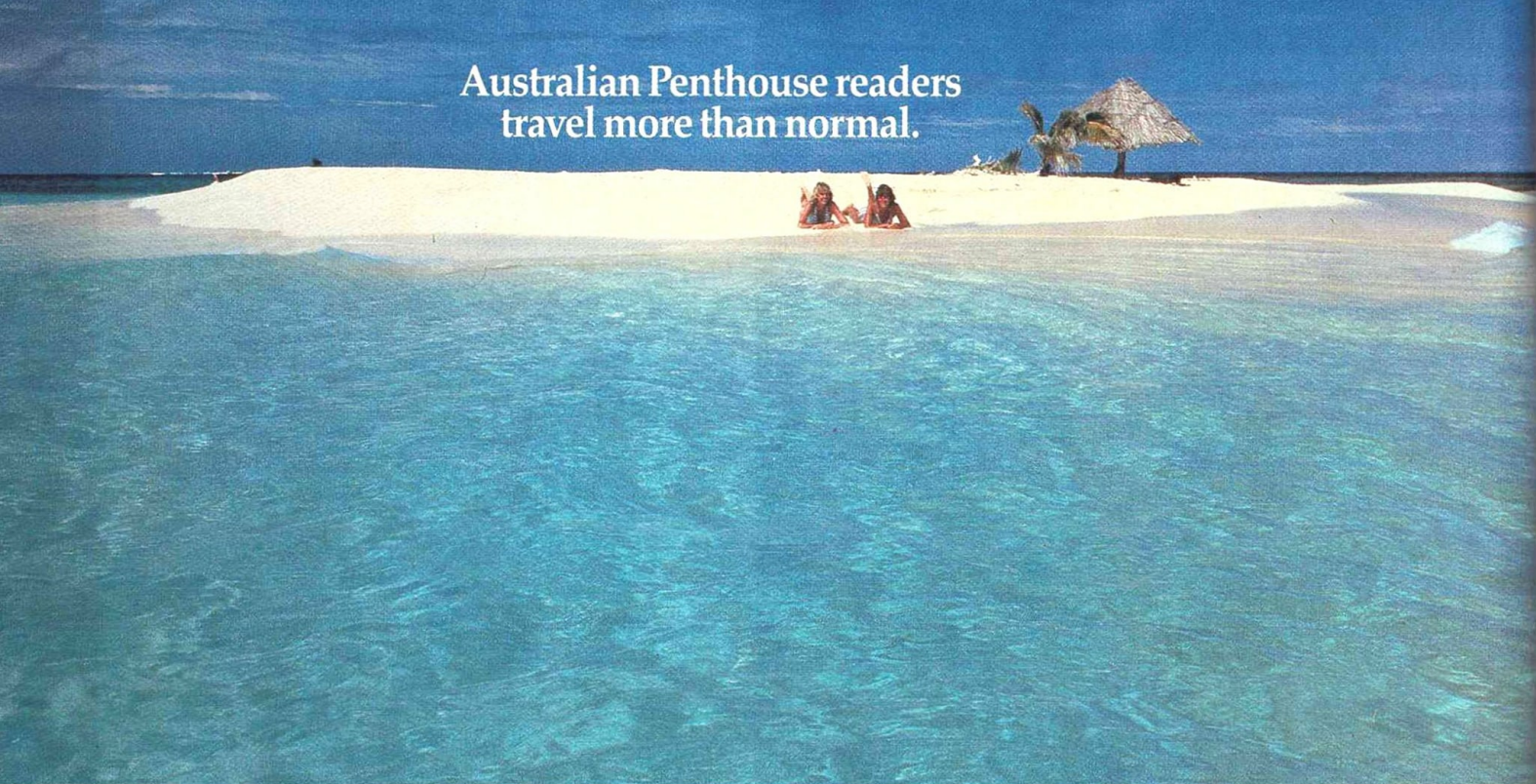
PHOTOWORLD

AUSTRALIA'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO DEVELOP YOUR PHOTOGRAPHY



Photograph by Malcolm Holmes

Australian Penthouse readers
travel more than normal.

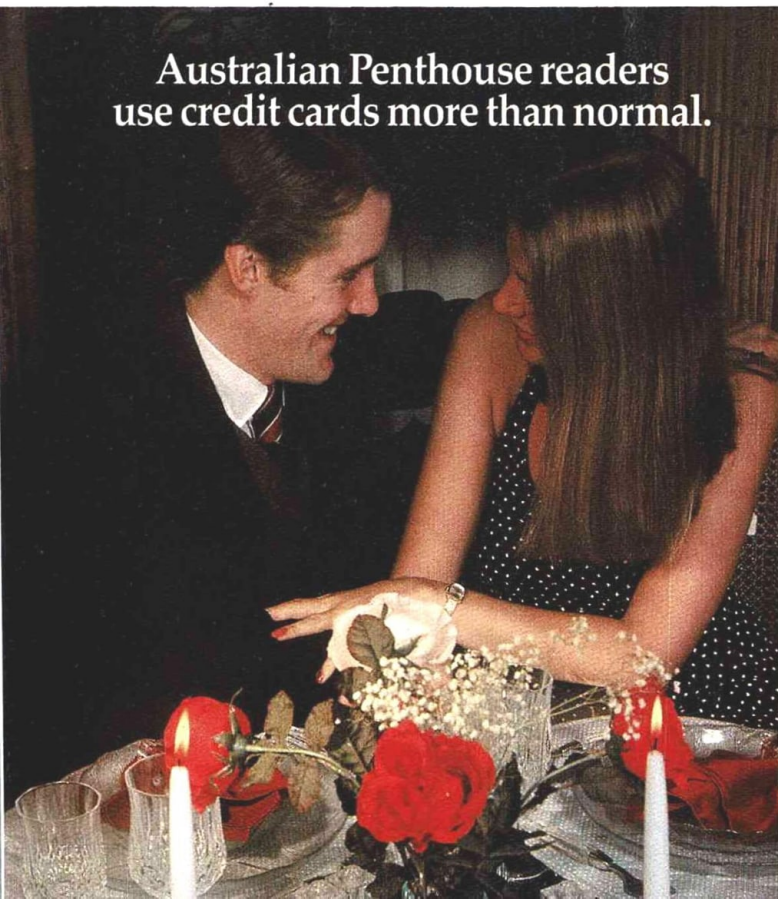


Many publishers go on and on about numbers of readers being of prime importance.

And it would be easy for us to agree with them, after all, the largest selling men's magazine on a per issue basis in Australia is Australian Penthouse.

The latest ABC figures verify that. We outsell the Bulletin, Time, Newsweek, Playboy, Australian Business, BRW and all the sporting magazines.

Australian Penthouse readers
use credit cards more than normal.



But unqualified numbers are of little importance.

Millions of men could be reading a magazine and it might look great on a media schedule. But if they're the wrong men, the results in the market place won't look very good at all.

While people choose to read one publication or another for emotional reasons, the reasons an advertiser chooses a magazine have to be logical ones.

It has to be a business decision and one based not on his or her own reading habits, but on ones based on facts.

And the facts simply are the Australian Penthouse reader drinks more wine, spirits and mineral water than the average Australian male.

It follows that such an abnormal person must be a prime target for companies marketing such products.

The Australian Penthouse reader also is more interested in owning or renting VCRs. He smokes more than the average man. And he intends making more overseas trips.

Also, he uses American Express and Diners Club more than the normal Australian male does.

From these facts there's only one

Jacka 930L

Guys who read Penthouse aren't normal.

conclusion to be drawn:

The Australian males who have the money to spend, and are spending it, read Australian Penthouse.

And as Australian Penthouse is kept, there's a lot of repeat viewing of your advertisement, among other things.

These are extras that aren't even included in our already attractive cost effective figures.

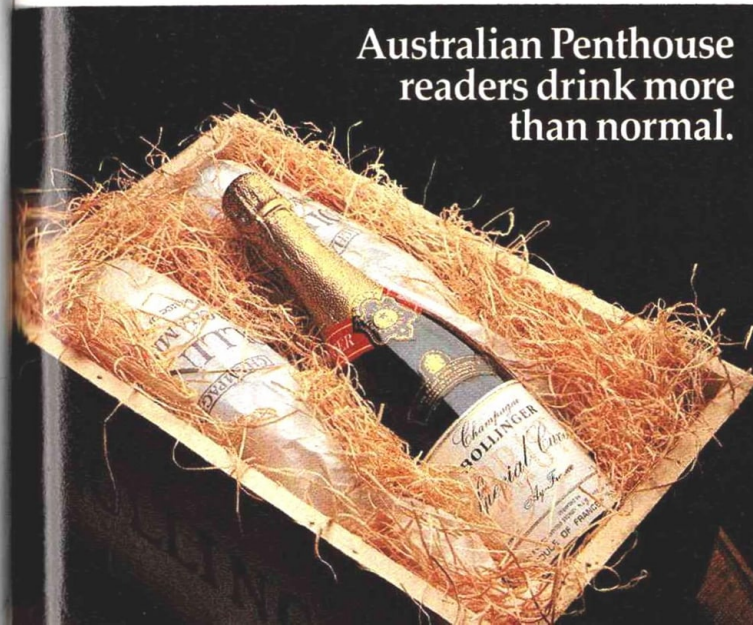
So don't let embarrassment stop you from putting Australian Penthouse on your schedule.

It could be more embarrassing explaining why it isn't.



Australian
Penthouse readers
smoke more than
normal.

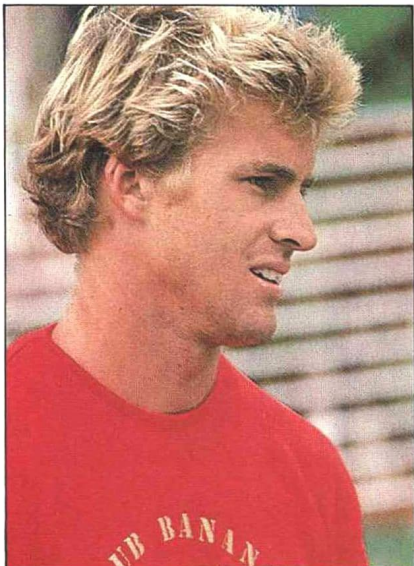
Australian Penthouse
readers drink more
than normal.



Sydney: Max Press,
Howard Jenkins, Paul Dotson (02) 929 6144,
Melbourne: Bob Gaff (03) 690 8233,
Brisbane: Geoff Horne (07) 202 6813,
Adelaide: Steve Birbeck (08) 332 8144,
Perth: Tony Allen (09) 328 9593, 328 9363

Australian
PENTHOUSE
NOW, MORE THAN EVER,
IT'S A BUSINESS DECISION.

Jacka 930R



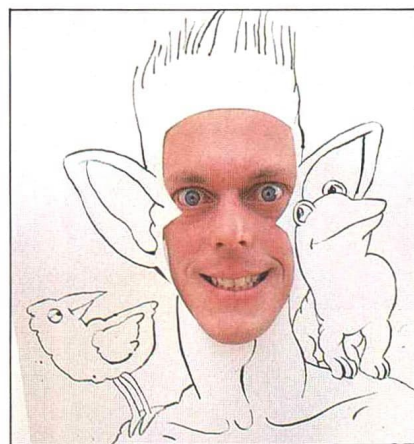
GREG DAY

Brotherly love and potatoes are major factors behind Greg Day's elevation in the past couple of years to the elite bracket of professional surfers. Potatoes build up the carbohydrate supply Greg needs in the run-up to a contest, while brother Terry provides the push. A few minutes with Greg destroys the common myth about surfers being layabout beachbums with little future hope and even less money. Greg, an articulate, well-dressed and handsome 25-year-old, gave up a job as a computer operator two years ago to chase fame on the world circuit. It's been worth his while. "For the first time I'm on top of things. Before this season I was struggling financially but now I'm living comfortably," he said. Some of the world's best surfers never actually win a Grand Prix contest, and that is Greg's burning ambition. He has fought his way into the world's top 10 and is determined to finish in the top five this season. Just a matter of staying on the board? No way. "My brother Terry, a fitness instructor, and I train together daily. We swim a mile in the morning, play squash, take part in an aerobics class and do weights. Then I go surfing." Greg says he will never go back to computers. "That was only a job of convenience really. I've become very interested in the clothing industry and I hope to start my own company in the future." But for now, Greg is starting as a sales representative, covering the east coast for his latest sponsor, beachwear manufacturer Ocean Pacific Australia. And the circuit? "I'll compete for another two, maybe three years. I don't want to be struggling around the circuit when I'm 30. This year I'll be more selective in the overseas contests I compete in, so I can give my new job time." Greg says his brother has been a huge help to him. "He's always backing me up, yelling encouragement at me. I hate eating all these potatoes, but he makes me do it, and it works!"



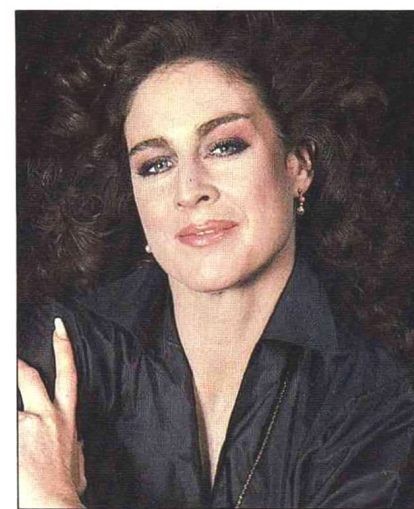
ELIZABETH LOPEZ

Elizabeth Lopez has arguably the most perfectly defined female body in Australia. Recently the 28-year-old Victorian look out the United Body Builders of Australia's 1983 title with a gut-wrenching display of rippling pectorals, totally taut abdominals and bristling biceps. However, Elizabeth is not a musclebound Amazon. In the controversy-riddled sport of women's body building, she belongs to the school of ladies whose objective is to look *more* like ladies by stripping away excess body fat to reveal the quintessential female form beneath. Elizabeth does it better than her competitors in this country. She's the only woman to have won both the amateur and professional Miss Australia titles, and she placed second in the inaugural Miss Universe competition held in London a year ago. Her contribution to the rapidly expanding sport has been immense. Apart from representing Australia in overseas contests, she conducts body building and fitness classes in her own gymnasium in the Victorian town of Geelong and has inspired many others to join her in the quest for the perfect body. Women's body building is far from just a flimsy adjunct to the men's events; if anything it requires even greater dedication because women have to shed more body fat to make their muscles shine through. For Elizabeth that means two hours of weight training followed by two hours of walking or cycling and then an aerobics class, six days a week. A strict high-protein diet completes the harsh regimen — but the results are spectacular. When she goes into her "free posing" routine, audiences go wild with delight. In a few months time she may turn pro and go after the big bucks on the international circuit, but as with all body builders, the real reward for Elizabeth's three years of gruelling weight training is the ability to capture the imagination of a vast audience simply by showing them what a woman's body should look like.



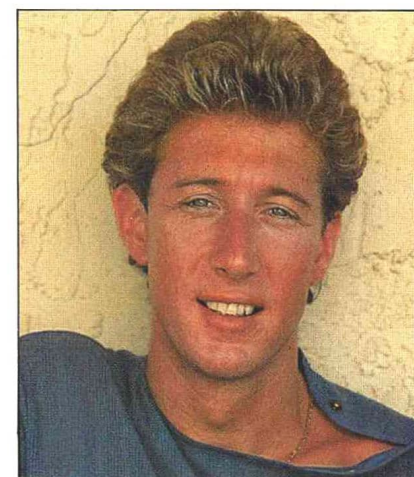
MATTHEW MARTIN

A good newsprint cartoonist is required to be an artist, a joker, a social commentator and a deadline-observing philosopher who can render a character or situation with a few strokes of the pen to get his message across at a glance. And, in spite of the rigorous requirements of the job, Australia continues to produce some of the finest cartoonists in the world. One of the likeliest lads to emerge on the scene in the past few years is Matthew Martin, a pop-eyed, spiky-haired bloke whose work is seen in the *Sydney Morning Herald* and the *National Times*. Martin, 31, turned to full-time cartooning less than two years ago after many years of drifting and freelance work. In his time at Fairfax he's won an ever-swelling bunch of diehard fans, most of whom religiously follow his loony cartoons on the *Herald's* popular Stay In Touch page. Martin was born in Broken Hill and grew up in Adelaide, where he studied Graphic Arts. He worked a spell as a commercial artist with a department store, a period he prefers to forget, then chucked it in and paid his bills doing freelance work. He spent some time cruising the United States, attempting to peddle his wares before landing in Sydney and his Fairfax job. Martin says his humorous drawing has been the one constant in his life, and what he's doing now allows him to let rip with his head and his pen for the first time. Surfing used to be a constant until the demands of his work cut off that outlet. He's just finished illustrating a book (*Blokes*, to be published by Pan) and is headlong into another, his fourth. He's still keeping up his freelance output and has one popeye fixed on film and video work. Martin is not a political cartoonist, though he doesn't hesitate to have a go at the powers that be when he deems it necessary. His work is signed "M." and it's characterised by clean, confidently drawn figures with pointy heads. You'll often find a small bird sporting sunglasses in his cartoons. Simply put, Matthew Martin's work can't be simply put. Suffice to say his hero is Spike Milligan. Check him out.



REBEL RUSSELL

Rebel Russell is best known to Australian television audiences for her roles in soap operas like *Prisoner* and *Cop Shop*, in which she has played a variety of odd characters. However, her own creatively nonconformist real-life role outperforms the soapie scriptwriters' most eccentric inventions. "I had one of the most bizarre upbringings an Australian child could hope for," says Russell, the last surviving member of the wealthy wine-making Penfolds dynasty, whose sometimes scandalous conduct in her youth made her a favorite with the more salacious gossip writers. "I'm a bit like the boy named Sue. What else could you do when you had a name like Rebel?" When asked what effect her upbringing has on her today, she replies with a laugh that she would not make a very good mother. "I could teach my children to ride a horse, and I could show them how to serve the soup with style... on roller-skates!" Russell's moods are capricious. She can be defiant, melodramatic, brilliant, hilarious, and tragic within the space of a minute. "I had such a theatrical background that it was difficult for me to do anything else but join the thespian forces." She studied at NIDA, joined the South Australian Theatre Company, then went to England, where she worked with the BBC and studied at the London International Film school. Her next move was to New York, where she studied and worked on the production of a number of short films. Then she made a much-publicised return to Australia, where she became involved in a diverse range of film and drama projects. How does she see her future role in the industry? "I see myself directing films as well as acting." Russell rejects the poor little rich girl tag. "Everyone seems to say: 'Why does she need work? She's just a dilettante.' That's tough. I know I'm not. And I know that somewhere along the line I'll be in the happy position of surprising everyone."

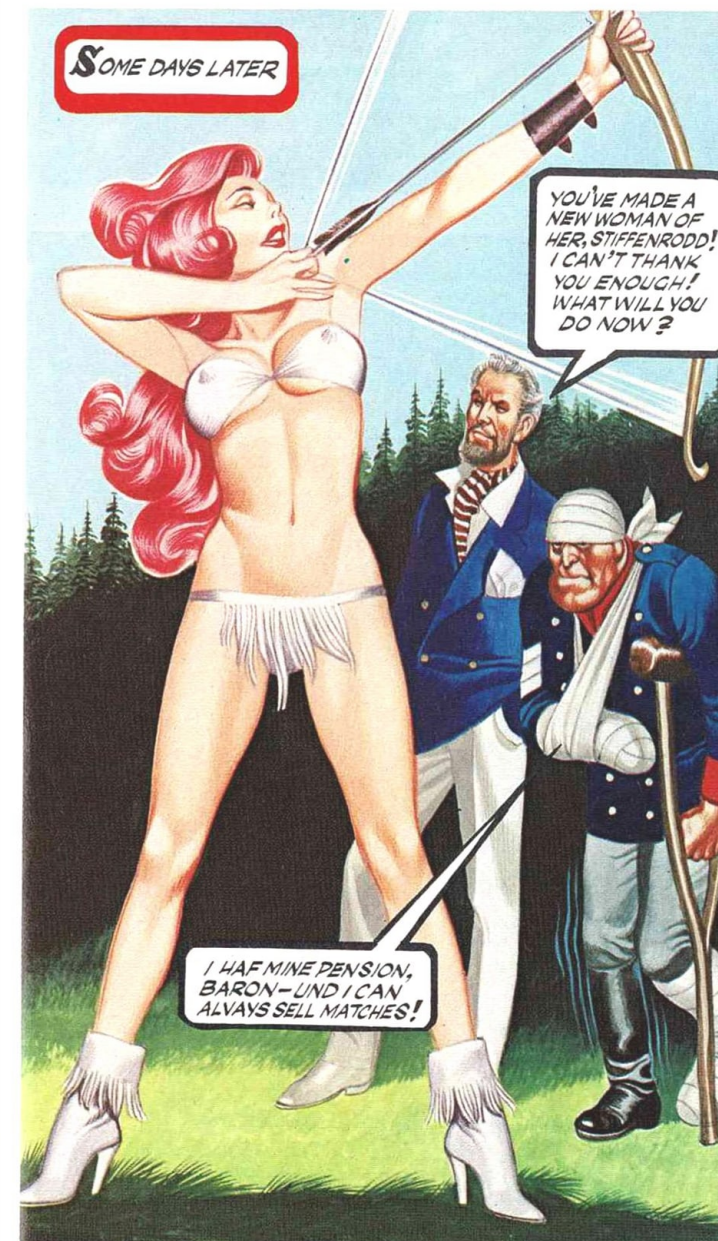
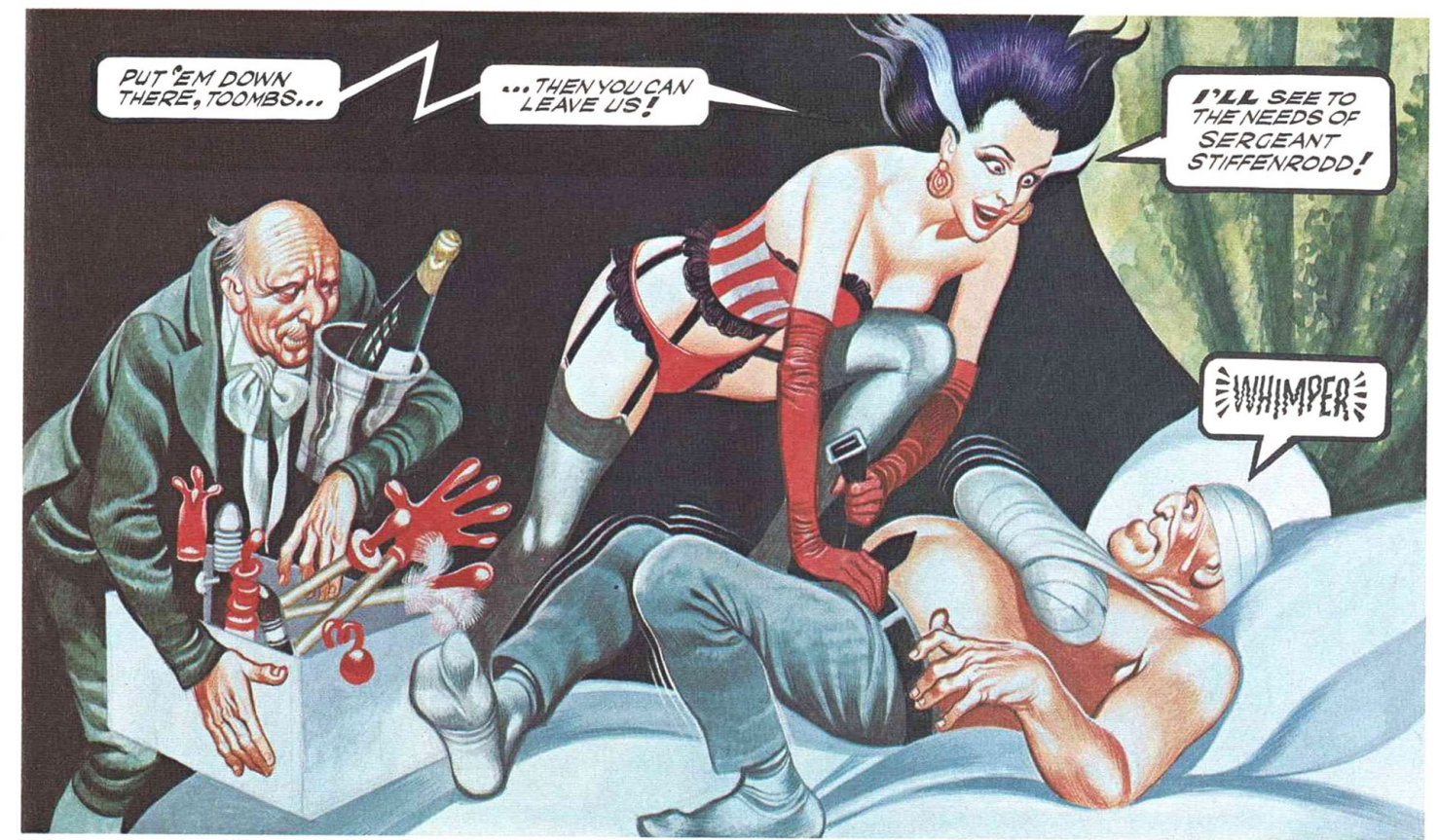


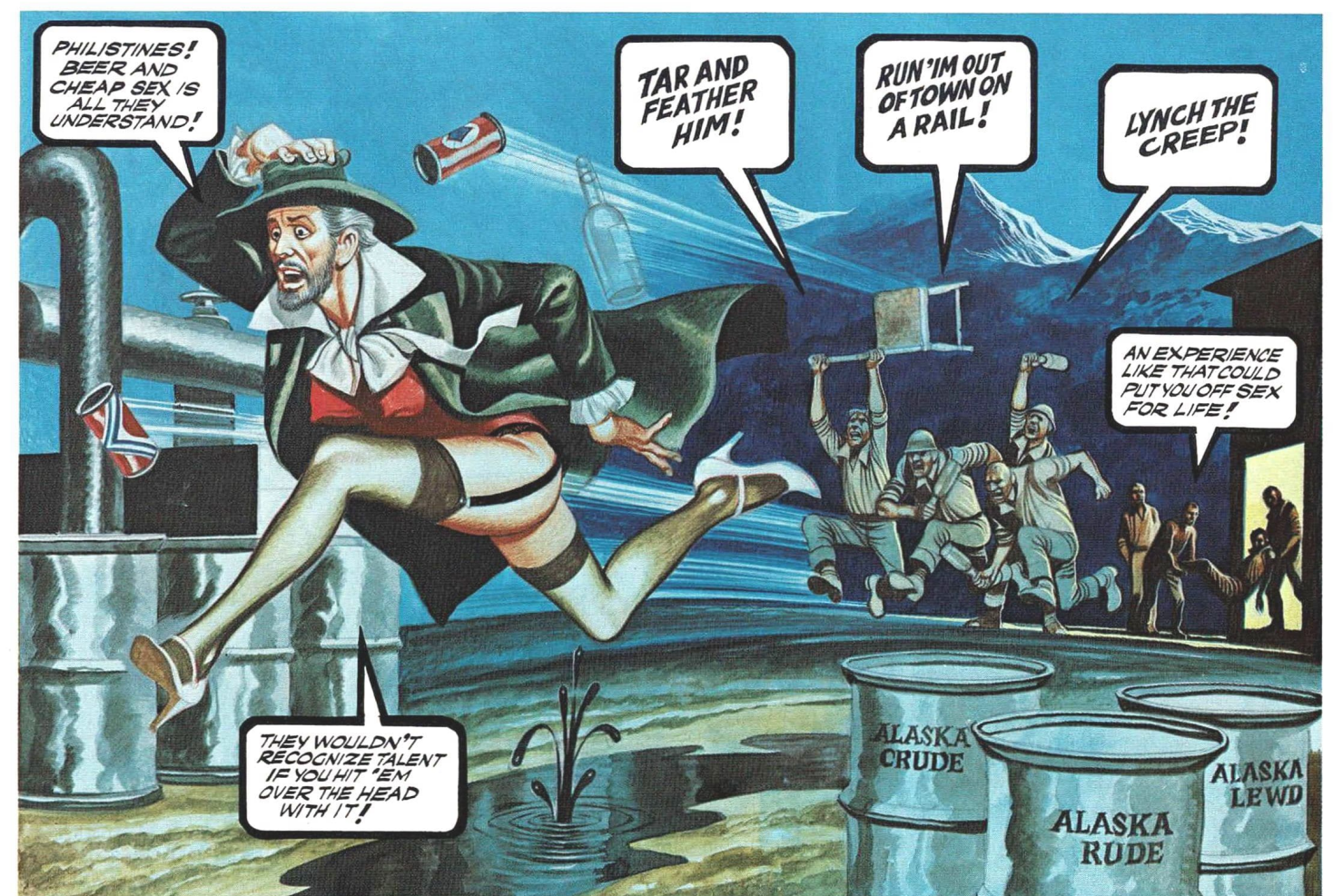
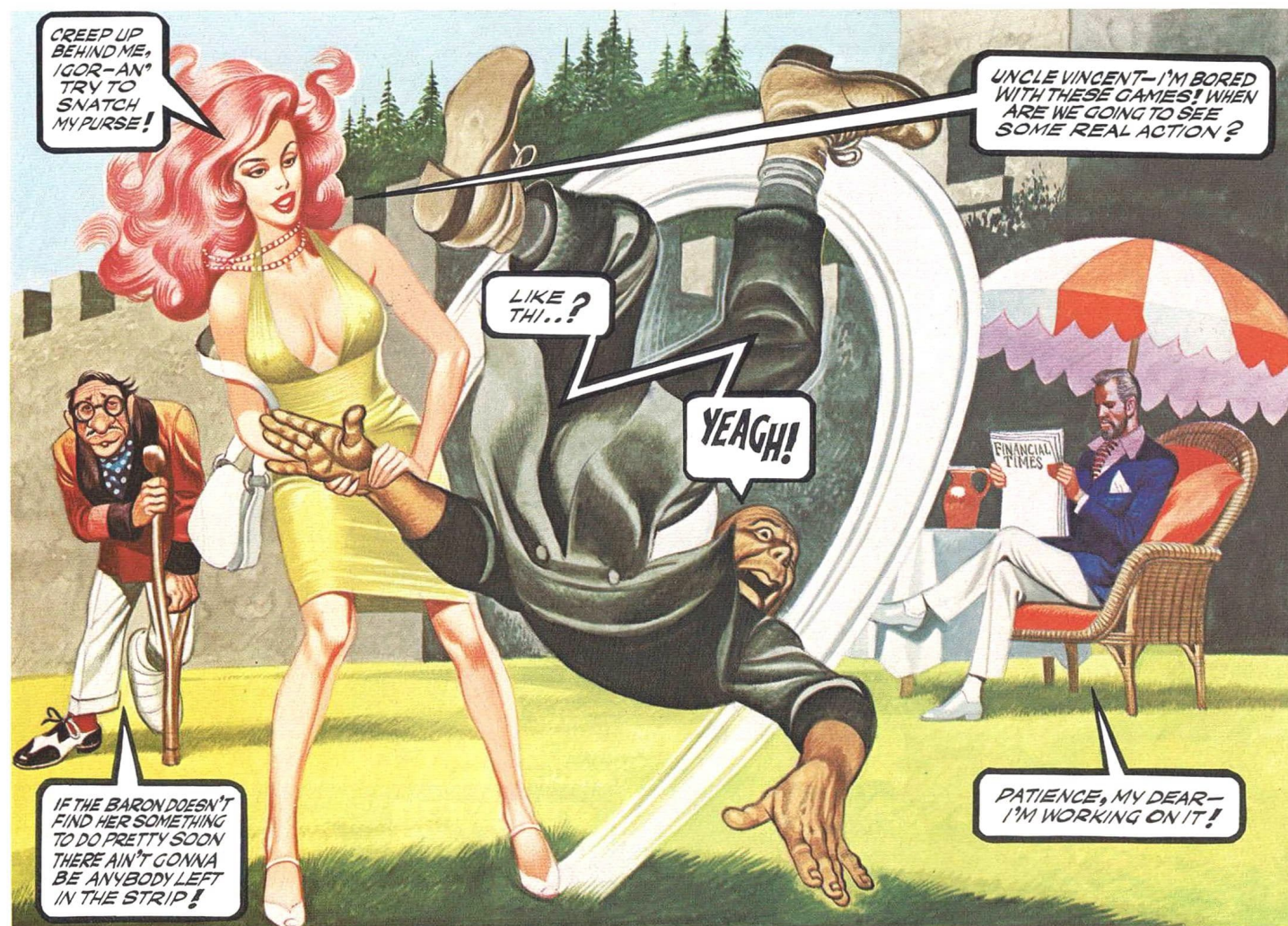
GREG BONHAM

If you can work the Sydney clubs you can work anywhere," says Greg Bonham, who has recently been working everywhere — from Novosibirsk to Miami, where he is currently doing his fourth season at the Thunderbird Hotel. Bonham says his success in Russia, where he has sold 14 million records after playing to packed houses during four lengthy tours, is the most miraculous achievement in his singing career. And they obviously like the lad from Wagga Wagga in the US too. During a recent visit to his home country for television appearances and club work, Bonham paid tribute to the groundwork done by performers like Peter Allen, the Little River Band and Olivia Newton-John, who have made it an advantage to be an Australian performer in the USA. "Their success has helped my credibility," says Bonham without the faintest trace of an Australian accent. He is poised to outdo all those Aussie expatriates who have gone before him to the mecca of the middle-of-the-road singer. After recently lining up a multi-million dollar recording deal, he has now formed an association with wealthy and influential producer David Susskind and looks a certainty for a lead role on Broadway, which, despite his earlier disclaimer, is a big step from the local Leagues clubs he was working in seven years ago. Bonham left Sydney in 1975 with his wife Liz and their baby daughter in search of greener pastures. He got lucky in London, doing lengthy seasons in popular venues, and won a lot of accolades in the process. America was the next logical step, while the USSR represented a profitable detour. When asked about his most memorable touring experiences, he mentions the time when he was travelling through Russia on a train which was chaotically derailed only metres from a deep ravine. Bonham, whose success can largely be attributed to his ability to be extravagantly nice, is unlikely to go off the rails again. He's built up enough steam to ensure that his career stays glued to the track.

Sweet Chastity

SWEET CHASTITY IS RESPONDING TO THE STRICT TRAINING PROGRAM IN THE MARTIAL ARTS WITH REAL ENTHUSIASM. UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF PROVOST SERGEANT STIFFENRODD, PRIDE OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN MILITARY ACADEMY, SHE IS FAST BECOMING A REALLY FORMIDABLE LADY.....





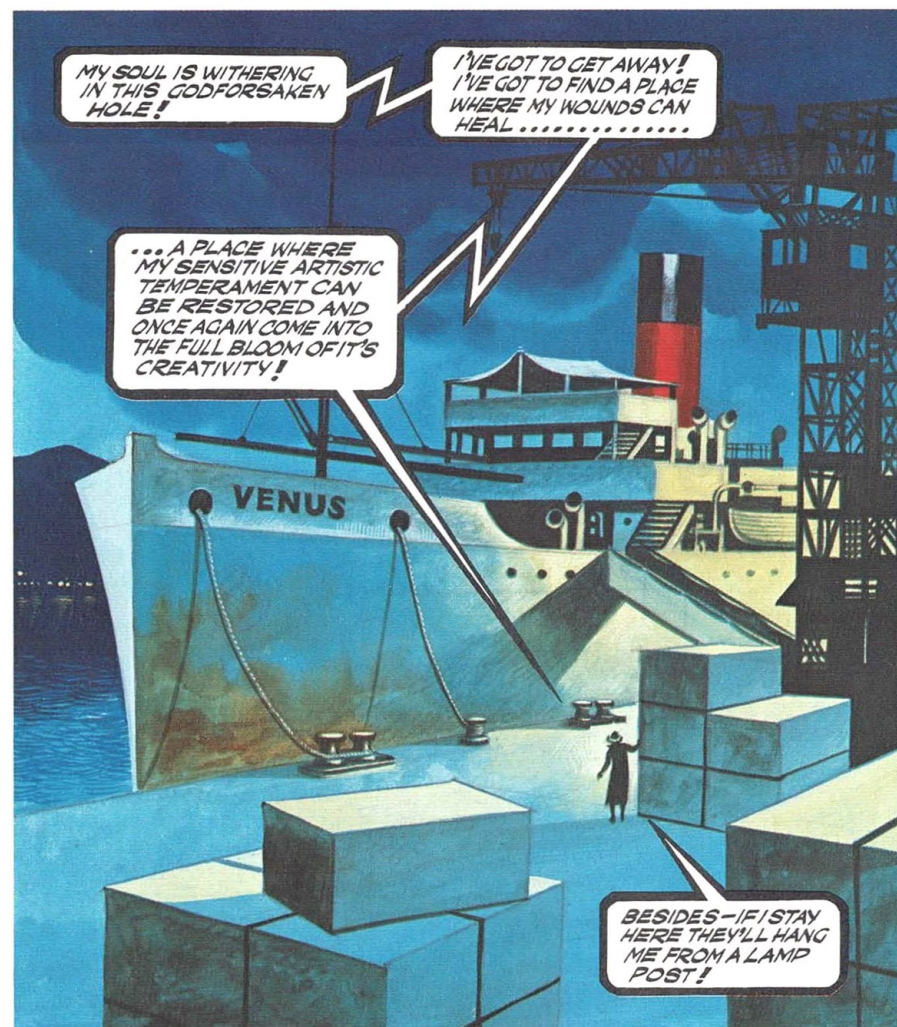


GASP!

I'VE LOST 'EM!

PANT!

OOH! MY FEET ARE KILLING ME!



MY SOUL IS WITHERING IN THIS GODFORSAKEN HOLE!

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! I'VE GOT TO FIND A PLACE WHERE MY WOUNDS CAN HEAL.....

... A PLACE WHERE MY SENSITIVE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT CAN BE RESTORED AND ONCE AGAIN COME INTO THE FULL BLOOM OF IT'S CREATIVITY!

BESIDES—IF I STAY HERE THEY'LL HANG ME FROM A LAMP POST!



OH, WELL— BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS!



U.S. AID PROGRAMME

CANNED ALASKAN PRAWNS

DESTINATION TRANSYLVANIA

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! TRANSYLVANIA!

SOB! PROVIDENCE TAKES A HAND IN MY SAD LIFE!

TRANSYLVANIA! THE FAMILY HOME—CASTLE DREER!



THE YEARS ROLL AWAY AND MEMORIES OF A LONG FORGOTTEN CHILDHOOD COME FLOODING BACK. HIS TWIN BROTHER, VINCENT.....

COME AND PLAY MOTHERS AND FATHERS, VINCENT?

GET LOST, OTTO! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M DISSECTING THIS FROG?



IMAGES OF HIS PARENTS, PHAEDRA AND LUDWIG, THE 12TH BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN, SWIM BEFORE HIS TEAR FILLED EYES.....

I'M WORRIED ABOUT OTTO, DEAR—HE'S SO UNLIKE HIS BROTHER, VINCENT. HE DOESN'T BEHAVE LIKE A FRANKENSTEIN AT ALL!

I GAVE HIM A SCALPEL FOR XMAS—AND HE GAVE HIMSELF A PEDICURE WITH IT!



I THINK WE'LL HAVE TO SEND HIM AWAY!

TO SCHOOL?

ANYWHERE!



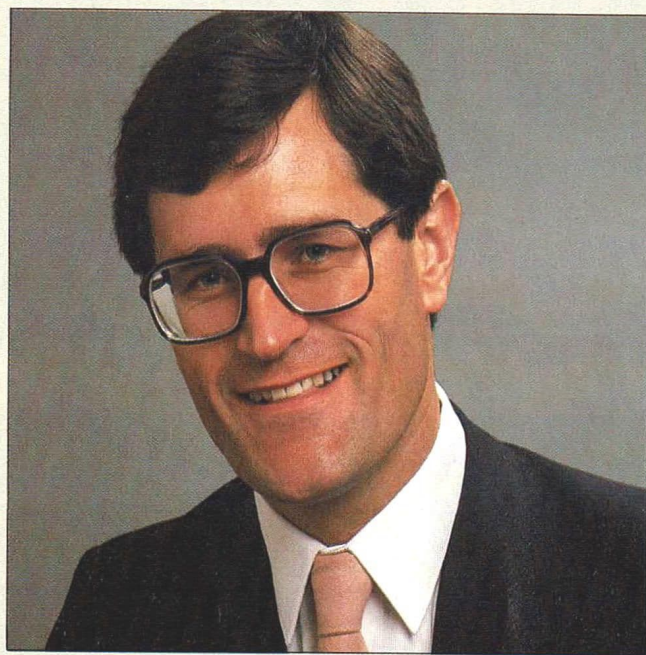
I'M GOING HOME! AFTER ALL THESE LONG AND BITTER YEARS OF STRUGGLE AND FRUSTRATION.....

.... THE WARM BOSOM OF MY FAMILY BECKONS!

THE PRODIGAL RETURNS! THE BLACK SHEEP—AND THAT'S REALLY BLACK IN A FAMILY LIKE THE FRANKENSTEINS—IS COMING HOME!

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY DUNCAN FAIRWEATHER

Duncan Fairweather has worked for 15 years as a news reporter and producer for the NZBC, the BBC and the ABC. During the past four years he has been a public affairs spokesman for Amatil Limited, a major Australian corporation with interests in tobacco, beverages, snackfoods, printing, packaging, meat and poultry.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S FIRE

A Cabinet minister threatened to resign. A member of parliament actually did resign from his party. One MP was charged in court with punching another in the face. A senator was formally censured by his state parliamentary colleagues. The cause of all this political passion? A move by the Government of Western Australia to ban the advertising of tobacco.

Prohibition of tobacco advertising has moved higher on the political agenda not only in Western Australia, but also in South Australia, Tasmania and in the federal arena. Bills to ban tobacco advertising are currently before each of these parliaments. This is not coincidental. It reflects a concerted effort by anti-smoking campaigners to pressure politicians into acting against tobacco advertising.

Only in Western Australia has such legislation been initiated by a government. In the other parliaments, anti-smoking pressure groups have had to rely either on the minority Australian Democrats or on Independents to sponsor legislation which bears a common stamp of origin. The advertising ban first proposed in Western Australia late last year by a rebel Liberal MP, Dr Tom Dadour, was imported from Singapore (where a ban has applied since 1970 without any noticeable effect on tobacco consumption) and has since served as a model for Bills introduced in other parliaments. The Dadour Bill was supported by the then Labor Opposition but met its fate in the conservative-dominated Upper House. For political reasons, the new Labor Government in Western Australia immediately placed priority on legislation to ban tobacco advertising, and it is in the west that the battle to preserve commercial freedoms has been most vigorously fought. In the past two months, the pages of West Australian newspapers and commercial breaks on television have been the arena for advocacy campaigns from both sides of the tobacco debate on a scale not yet witnessed elsewhere in Australia.

The taxpayer-funded anti-tobacco advertising campaign has used full-page advertisements imploring: "Give kids a chance." The tobacco industry and its allies countered with adverts crying over lost freedoms, lost jobs and lost sponsorship for sport, culminating in the question: "Is it best for the west?" Scarcely a day went by without the tobacco issue being debated in the press, on radio and on television.

At the end of it all, it seemed that West Australians had decided that a ban on tobacco advertising was not best for the west. In May 1983, an opinion poll conducted by the respected independent Roy Morgan Research Centre indicated a balance of views on tobacco advertising — 52 percent in favour of allowing it to continue, 47 percent against. But in October, after the issue had been

thrashed out thoroughly, support for continuing tobacco advertising has risen to 68 percent (including 20 percent who wanted to see all restrictions lifted) while support for a ban had fallen to 29 percent.

The significance of the large swing is that the tobacco advertising ban was defeated in the court of public opinion well before it was thrown out by the Legislative Council. This strong bias in public sentiment can be put down to one factor which shone through the welter of claim and counter-claim: the people do not like to see interference with basic commercial and individual freedoms. The arguments that smoking is a matter of choice, that advertising is about competition in the marketplace, and that tobacco company sponsorship is a free option for sports, fell upon ears receptive to a commonsense approach. On the other hand, people were affronted by the ready spending of their taxes in a heavy-handed campaign which confused an anti-smoking message for children with a political objective: to elevate the tobacco advertising ban as a way of confronting the conservatives in the Legislative Council.

The anti-tobacco campaign grated upon other sensibilities too — by using children in advertisements without first seeking their parents' permission, by invoking the names of companies without their approval, and by muzzling sporting bodies from defending their right to accept tobacco company sponsorship. All this seemed to highlight the basic point hammered home by the tobacco and advertising industries: that a ban on tobacco advertising would override basic commercial and individual freedoms. They argued that an advertising ban was symptomatic of an attitude which decrees that politicians and unelected officials are best able to decide how individuals should manage their lives and that this should be achieved by coercive means such as punitive taxation and proscriptions on advertising. This "big brother" mentality has spawned media propaganda units, funded by the taxpayer, which embark upon costly public education campaigns "for our own good." The danger is that if individuals cease to exercise self-responsibility and look to authority for guidance on how to live their lives, people will become more dependent on government and increasingly open to manipulation.

The responsible exercise of free choice is essential to a democracy founded on individual liberty. Advertising is a manifestation of the exercise of free choice. This point is illustrated by the fact that of the 29 countries which have imposed total bans on the advertising of tobacco, 25 are either Communist countries, military dictatorships, under Islamic rule or one-party states.

The anti-libertarian nature of legislation to prohibit tobacco advertising is exemplified in two current senate committee

• If individuals cease to exercise self-responsibility and look to authority for guidance on how to live their lives, people will become more dependent on government and increasingly open to manipulation •

reports. One warns that a tobacco advertising ban proposed for the Australian Capital Territory by the Australian Democrats could trespass unduly upon individual rights and liberties. Another points out that laws which reverse the traditional onus of proof — that an accused is innocent until proven guilty beyond reasonable doubt — are in contravention of the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights which has been formally ratified by Australia and which is to be the basis for the Australian Bill of Rights proposed by the Federal Government. Reverse onus of proof is embodied in the legislation for a tobacco advertising ban which is being pursued by the West Australian Government, not only in conflict with the international convention, but also in conflict with federal and state Labor policy. Such are the corners into which governments can paint themselves when setting out to limit the right of free choice epitomised by advertising.

The debate in Western Australia, and in other places where tobacco advertising is proposed, is really about the legitimacy of business, and the tobacco industry has found itself in the vanguard of the fight to preserve commercial freedoms. If it loses the right to advertise a legally sold and legally consumed product, then this will be a precedent to be used against any product which the social engineers may judge to be bad for people. The list is familiar — alcohol, soft drinks, dairy foods, confectionery, and so on. As evidence, there is already a motion before the senate for a "social tax" to suppress sales of tobacco, alcohol and sugared and salted products.

The tobacco industry chose to take a stand against the ban in the west because it judged that its legitimacy as a business was being called into question. The tobacco companies stood up for their right to go about their business in the normal way — by using marketing techniques such as advertising to compete with each other for their share of a market created by the free choice of consumers. As with so many consumer campaigns, the target was not so much the product, but the marketing of it. Nobody suggested a ban on the manufacture and sale of tobacco products. The tobacco industry, not tobacco, was the real target, just as the car makers and not cars were the real targets of the Nader campaign.

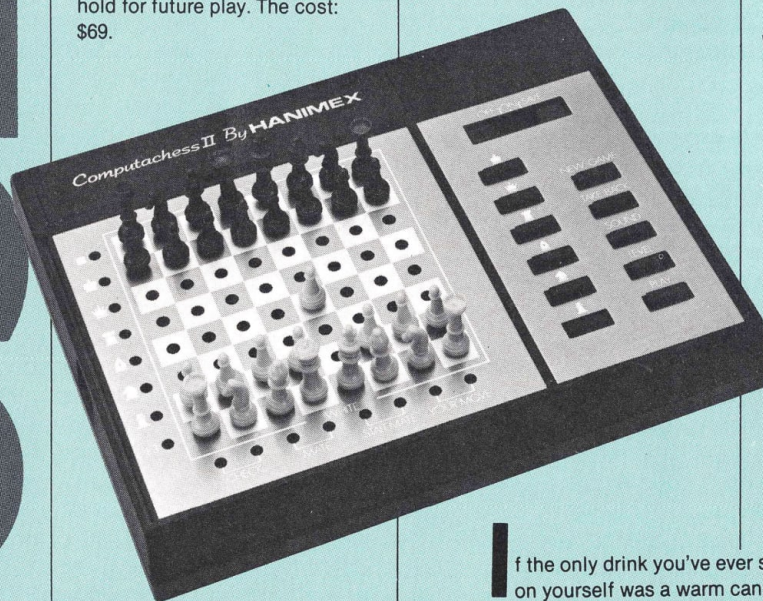
In drawing the line in Western Australia, the tobacco industry demonstrated that by defending itself with frankness, vigor and common sense, it could win public support for the legitimacy of business in a market determined by individual choice. 

The publishers of *Australian Penthouse* acknowledge a vested interest in the continuation of tobacco advertising. However, *Penthouse* recognises a wider issue — the protection of individual and corporate freedom in a democratic society.

Linda Jackson, whose innovative work on the Australian fashion scene has never been anything to sniff at, makes a change by putting her name to a new perfume. It's called Opaessence and in the olfactory department it conjures up everything a good perfume is supposed to. A definite winner for the lady in your life.

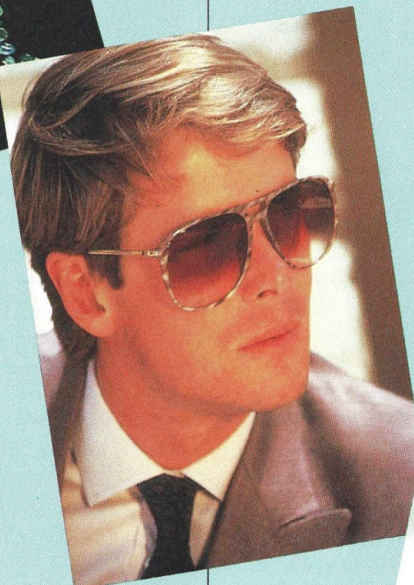


If you're travelling alone, Hanimex and the Computer Age have come up with a great travelling companion to keep you on your toes. Computachess II is programmed to provide four levels of chess difficulty, so any player can take on this whizz. You can even put your game on hold for future play. The cost: \$69.

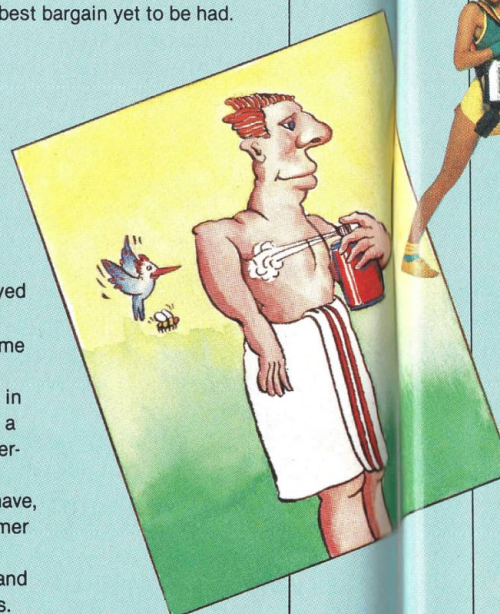


If the only drink you've ever sprayed on yourself was a warm can of Tooheys at the cricket, it could be time for a refreshing change. The famous Evian mineral water is now available in atomiser form for use on the skin as a cooling pick-me-up after summer exertion. The fine mist of pure mountain water is recommended as an aftershave, as a refresher in the car during summer traffic and as a combatant to skin dryness caused by air conditioning and air travel. Available at most chemists.

Christian Dior has translated the latest fashion directions into his new range of *haut couture* sunglasses called the Collection "Cristal". In a wide range of colors from pastels to bold reds and greens, these shades range in prize from \$99 at optical outlets, department stores and pharmacies.



What price perfect sound forever? How about \$799, the price tag on Philips' new compact disc player? Compact discs look set to revolutionise the sound industry within the next 10 years and Philips' front-loading player is the best bargain yet to be had.

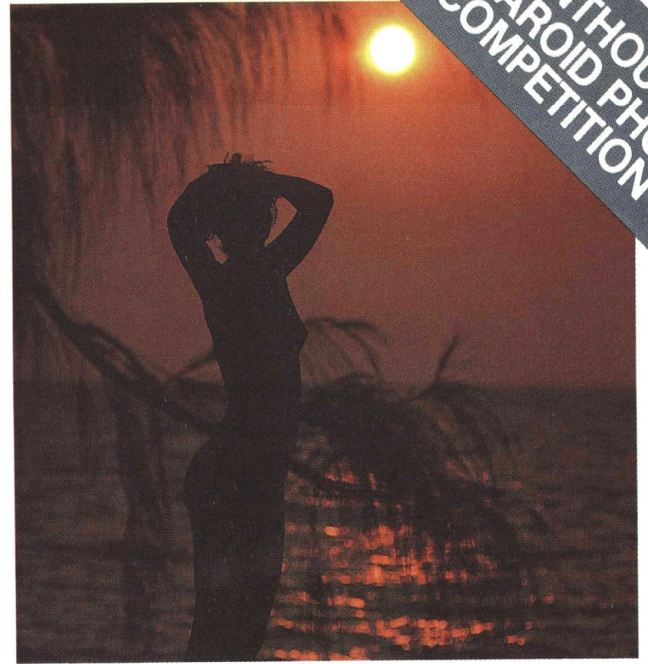


Some people keep stationery in their briefcases, others keep whole stations, trains and little chunks of landscape. Don't believe it? Well, check out the Marklin Mini-Club electric train set, the world's smallest commercially produced model railway system. Precision made in Germany on a 1:220 scale, the Marklin sets fit snugly in a standard briefcase. Hobbyco in George St, Sydney say the basic \$122 set brings out the boy in every man.

Home movies — any color — are getting easier by the day to make. The newly released Betamovie equipment kisses the bulky over-the-shoulder packs and cables goodbye. The Betamovie cameras by Sanyo, Toshiba and Sony are the world's first self-contained video cameras. To play Cecil B DeMille you simply insert a conventional Beta video cassette into the side of the compact camera and start recording your way to your first Oscar. The systems combine camera, recorder, mike and battery compartment in one neat 2.48-kilogram package.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION



What a beauty! This photo by Paul Moir of Weipa in Queensland wins this month's *Penthouse/Polaroid* Competition. For his effort and photographic skill Paul wins a Polaroid SLR 680 AutoFocus/AutoStrobe Camera.

From here on in, winning entrants in our competition will have a choice of Polaroid prizes. Winners may take the camera or the newly released Polaroid 35mm AutoProcess system comprising AutoProcessor, Cutter/Mounter and a pack of Polachrome 12-exposure film and slide mounts. This system allows you to process and mount your own transparencies in a matter of minutes, without the need for a darkroom.

Keep those entries coming. Send us a revealing photo — taken on any film, Polaroid or otherwise — and you could be our winner.

Fill in the coupon below, put it in an envelope with your photo(s) and send it to *Penthouse*. If the judges like your entry, the prize of your choice will be heading your way.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____

Telephone number of subject: _____

I of
am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signed
Date
Witness

GAMBITS

Continued from page 123

scene that'd be." Put that one in your little red book, Mr Dainty.

Cynical publishing rival Phillip Christensen of *Chequered Flag* begs to differ. The Sydney-based magazine editor refuses to get excited about artists' impressions and scale models of proposed circuits: "I've seen dozens of them come and go and I'm still waiting for a proper Australian grand prix circuit. The only indication of government support of a street race for Sydney came from an exuberant Neville Wran at an Alfa Romeo function at the NSW Art Gallery about a year ago. There he responded to a question by declaring that Sydney was a great city and, yes, it should have a grand prix. Where's the substance in that? It's not going to happen in Sydney. Sandown is far and away our best race circuit but it still has to come up with the money to put it on. On the other hand, Adelaide has a ready-made budget sitting there — the money set aside for the Jubilee 150 celebrations — and I can't think of a better way to promote the city than to stage a grand prix. It would be the biggest thing ever to hit Adelaide."

And Colin Young, media motorsports expert and a loyal subject of King Joh, warns not to rule out Surfers: "Some influential people are working hard to bring a grand prix to Queensland."

The last word from Australia's 1980 world champion Alan Jones: "Theatrics and hysterics apart, I believe a current venue should be brought up to scratch for a Formula One race. Australia doesn't have a decent circuit and if the money goes into a street race we still won't have a decent circuit." Which track should be the recipient? "Sandown already has some fine amenities but I think it's just a matter of time before the local residents complain about the noise there. And, of course, at Sandown motor racing will always play second fiddle to the horses. I'd love to see Surfers get the funds . . . it won't be built out overnight and potentially it has all the attributes to make it a classy grand prix venue. However, if Bernie insists on a street race then I would nominate Sydney. Commonsense dictates it's in Australia's interests to utilise our most spectacular and charismatic city. It's got that great harbor, an international airport just minutes away, and plenty of accommodation close at hand. Yes, it has to be either Surfers or Sydney."

STOCKISTS

Cover and centrefold: Hair styled by Judith of Sloanes, Paddington; Make-up by Chris King; Bed supplied by A Touch Of Brass, Mosman, Sydney; Cane furniture from Keyhole Furniture, Neutral Bay, Sydney; Tiles from Classic Ceramic Importers, Leichhardt, Sydney; Clothes, jewellery and bed linen courtesy of Hampshire and Lowndes, Double Bay, Sydney.



Sydney's Debra Braithwaite

COMING IN MARCH AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Hard Bodies — Female body builders don't look like ordinary women, and nor do they look like men. They have created a completely new set of criteria for judging the female physique, and in order to meet their own stringent requirements they put themselves through hell. The results, as you'll see in this pictorial feature, are nothing less than sensational.

The Iceman — The ice hockey goal-keeper's job is most akin to catching bullets. He is the man who blocks the puck — a frozen slab of rubber flying straight at him at speeds of up to 150 kilometres per hour. Is insanity a prerequisite for the position? *Penthouse* asks one of Australia's top goal defenders, Canadian import Ralph Bradbury, why he is so willing to stand directly in the line of fire.

Bob Jones — In the second instalment of the *Penthouse* interview, Australia's number one martial arts entrepreneur talks about his booming kickboxing business, defends himself against criticism of his martial arts methods and his involvement with the criminal element, and tells some more hair-raising tales from his days on the streets.

Adrenalin On The Rocks — With its snow-fed rivers and magnificent wilderness scenery, Nepal is becoming a mecca for white water rafting enthusiasts. A three-day trip down the Trisuli River covers the gamut of sensations — from tranquility to terror.

Pet Of The Month — Debra Braithwaite has to be Sydney's most photogenic photographer. And when this 22-year-old amateur snapper took her turn before the camera, she sent *Penthouse* motor-drives into overdrive. Check out this blonde on blonde in March *Penthouse*.

Let it reign. Let it pour.



King George IV. The Royal Standard in Scotch whisky.

"I'm for Peter Jackson."



"It's the best extra mild value in Australia."